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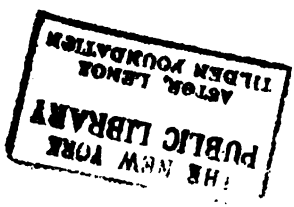

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Your affectionate friend
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THE

TEACHER'S LAST LESSON:

A

MEMOIR

OF

MARTHA WHITING,

LATE OF THE CHARLESTOWN FEMALE SEMINARY.

CONSISTING CHIEFLY OF

EXTRACTS FROM HER JOURNAL, INTERSPERSED WITH REMINISCENCES AND SUGGESTIVE REFLECTIONS.

BY

CATHARINE N. BADGER,

AN ASSOCIATE TEACHER.

BOSTON:

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INTRODUCTION.

THE work of preparing a Memoir of the late Martha Whiting, has been undertaken with a solemn conviction of the responsibility thereby assumed.

Human life, whether public or private, is ever serious and lasting in its influence. And even a *written* life may be productive of results which it is impossible for us to calculate. Unquestionably, these results are modified, for good or ill, by the individual who collects, arranges, and presents in an undivided form, the scattered items which compose a biography. Is it strange, then, that one shrinks from the thought of incurring such responsibility, and inquires, again and again, Is this the path of duty? In the present case, the affirmative to this question having been admitted, we must conclude the path will be found a safe one;

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and, notwithstanding the duty is responsible, fearfully so, we will go on as if fearless, trusting that He, who guided the steps of our friend through her mortal career, will direct us while we attempt to give a true and profitable exhibition of its principal parts.

The life of Miss Whiting furnishes us with less variety of incident to interest the general reader, than we should expect to find, were her sphere of action more widely extended. Let it be understood, therefore, that it is not to record peculiar incidents, or to narrate the circumstances of a life rendered remarkable by achievements which the world would call brilliant, that the sadly-pleasing task has been undertaken; but, to recognize the hand of God in leading one of his chosen people; to offer a tribute of respect and affection to the memory of a friend; and, especially, to furnish a numerous class of individuals with a souvenir of one whose relation to them as teacher they love to remember.

The same relation of teacher and pupil has existed between the writer and a large number of this widely-scattered class. And she has ventured to believe that, under these circumstances, this token of remembrance

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will be received with more satisfaction than would even an abler compilation from the hand of a stranger. Encouraged by this thought, she has decided, in compliance with the wishes of Miss Whiting's friends, to enter upon the work proposed.

DEAR PUPILS, REGARD THIS MEMOIR AS DEDICATED TO YOU. You will receive it in love. We are not strangers. Many, very many of us, have often met for the purpose of instruction. In this new form we now meet again. The occasion is impressive. Miss Whiting's voice is hushed in death, and you can no more be instructed from her lips; yet receive one more lesson as from her—*even the lesson her life affords*—while, so far as the means we have at hand will permit, we trace her history.

In this work, we must depend much on her Journal, which was commenced at the time of her removal to Charlestown, and continued to the year of her death. It was kept, as she has stated, for the purpose of enabling her "to review, from time to time, the way in which her Heavenly Father led her." It is, therefore, decidedly religious in its character, and the tenor of the following pages must be the same. This, too, is

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necessary, that she be truly represented; for, as those acquainted with her well know, in all her teaching the moral and religious sentiment was made prominent.

To strangers who may peruse these pages, perhaps it will appear, that more freedom has been used by way of comment, and the introduction of practical remarks, than would ordinarily be deemed appropriate in a work of this kind. They are desired to bear in mind that a majority of our readers are presumed to be in the morning of life, and many of them, as already stated, were once associated with the Biographer in school relation.

Without further apology, we proceed to the work before us, prayerfully, trustingly, and, therefore, hopefully.

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EARLY HISTORY.

For the following information respecting the early life of Martha Whiting, we are indebted to a relative of her family:

"Out of the youthful home of any life," writes our informant, "the elements of much that is seen in after life may be drawn. The germs of life-deeds often root in homesteads and on childhood's play-grounds, for, in a sense, they are models of the world, to the youthful spirit; it shapes and fits itself to them, and stiffens, in maturer years, into the lines and features then formed.

"Martha Whiting was born in the town of Hingham, about fourteen miles from Boston, February 27th, 1795.

* * * * * *

"Her earlier years were enriched with few privileges. A district school, half a century ago, furnished but few books, little cultivated society, and, at this period we should say, but a small share of instruction. The church two miles distant, and that with a proverbial absence of spiritual life, herself one of a numerous family, bereaved of a father when the youngest of eleven children was but three years old, her girlhood promised little indeed for future usefulness. Added to this, a defective eye, and a larger and less graceful frame than was common to the family, made her way out of obscurity far from hopeful.

* * * * * *

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"But her father, who lived to her sixteenth year, was a man of books. He had been fitted for Harvard College, but prevented from entering by the calamitous fortunes of the Revolutionary war, which fell heavily upon his widowed mother, and him, her only son. He was interested in the education of his children, and Martha, being very slow to learn, was found as slow to forget, and far more sure to understand and apply than her nimbler competitors. So passed her undistinguished girlhood.

"Divine Providence, with skillful delicacy, trains those of whom eminent service is to be required. In Martha's sixteenth year, her elder sister, who was teaching the district school, was detained at home by sickness, and, to keep the school together, this unpromising and (in point of qualification) self-distrustful girl was put in her place. This was her Rubicon—on this event turned her whole career. The dream of her youth had been to 'keep school,' and now, suddenly, without the peril of trying and failing, all unready and unexpectedly, she is inaugurated—*a school-mistress.* Very soon, the school wore a new aspect; an unusual life was in it; a strong, original spirit presided there. She had the genuine genius—the untiring passion for excellence in the work. Two weeks closed this experiment, but it was long enough to deepen her own purpose, and to raise durable confidence in others concerning her.

"The next season she was invited to take charge of a school in the center of the town, which she did, and continued in it for the next ten years, manifesting unusual delight in her employment, and enjoying the love and confidence of both parents and pupils.

"It is not easy to understand the strength and rapidity of her youthful reputation, measuring it by the hinderances to be overcome. During this period, she became a hopeful convert to Christ, and it was more than going round the cross, it was even

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taking it up, to acknowledge this in a place where there had been no society in the town for one hundred years whose views of the way of salvation harmonized with those she now embraced.

"She related to me shortly before her death, a long conversation held between herself and the town committee, who came to renew the engagement for her services after this event. She, frankly told them her purpose to carry her religion into the school if she went herself, and they gave up their opposition, step by step, on the ground, no doubt, of her great excellence as a teacher, and the popular conviction of her rare worth.

* * * * * *

"Her childhood and ensuing womanhood, have passed. They began in the humble home: in quiet scenery and scanted privileges; they closed in a distinction accorded by the love, the veneration, the gratitude of many hearts; and, we believe, a multitude, through her instrumentality, will come up before the throne and sing praises to our King. The thoughtful, ungraceful girl, grew up into the stately woman, with a voice of memorable cadences, of touching gentleness and even softness, and her manner radiant with dignity and grace.

"Much of life's vigor, and perseverance, and heavenly industry, sprung from the scenes in her early history. We, indeed, live two lives—'the child is father to the man'—the birthplace is a mimic world where ideal life and fervid dreams profile and predict the whole course. To one knowing the family history of Miss Whiting, this is especially plain. All the strong traits which marked her maturer years were germinated in her youthful home—there was traced the profile of her after days."

From the statements here presented, we perceive that Miss Whiting did not win her way into the confidence of the community by means of such aids as

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form the chief dependence of many whose ultimate success would not rival her own.

It will be interesting, as we review her life, to notice what traits or elements of character enabled her to surmount the obstacles she encountered, and thus, by her example, afford encouragement to the young who are likewise impressed with an ardent desire to be useful. Nor would we, by any means, fail to recognize at every step that Divine Providence which, as already hinted, not only marked out the course before her, but prepared her for her work. Under the circumstances, the success which attended her first efforts in teaching, seems remarkable, and furnishes an indication that she did not mistake her calling. In addition to the testimony given in the foregoing communication on this point, we are favored with the following from a clergyman who resided in Hingham at the time, and was a member of the committee in charge of the public schools in that place:

MEDFORD, Dec. 23, 1854.

* * * "My recollection of Miss Whiting's modes of instruction and government is particularly distinct. She commenced teaching in Hingham when seventeen or eighteen years of age, and was remarkable for her devotedness to her work. She loved it better than money; and her school was lifted up to herself. Conscientious in the smallest particulars, she was sure of herself, and her self-reliance was not offensive. We were sorry to lose her services in Hingham, but glad to hear of her success in Charlestown. CHARLES BROOKS."

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RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE

PREVIOUS TO THE YEAR 1823.

THE relatives and early associates of Miss Whiting were, professedly, Unitarians, of which denomination the only religious society then in Hingham consisted. None, even of her acquaintance, with, perhaps, the single exception of an aged grandparent, admitted those views of human depravity and of the character and mission of Jesus Christ, which she afterward regarded as Evangelical; but, as she has informed us, her mind was often seriously impressed with thoughts of death and eternity, which impressions were deepened by instructions received from her grandmother, causing her to feel the necessity of a radical change of heart.

Having decided to be a school teacher, she resolved that, when well established in that employment, she would give more attention to the subject of religion, and become a Christian; determining to enjoy, in the meantime, whatever happiness the society of the world could afford. A part of this time was passed in Hingham, and a part in Charlestown, the place of her subsequent residence and usefulness. But, on becoming a teacher, that resolution shared the usual fate of similar ones. She found the frivolities of youth no less attractive than before, and the additional cares and anxieties incident to a teacher's avocation, furnished an excuse for further delay. She endeavored to satisfy

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her conscience by a life of strict morality, refraining from many amusements usually termed innocent, frequently reading the Bible, and sometimes devoting seasons to prayer and meditation.

After having passed six or seven years in this manner, her peace of mind was again disturbed. We have heard her say, this did not arise from the fear of hell, but from the consciousness of being in bondage to sin; miserable in this life, because a slave already, with the prospect of eternal bondage if she could not be made free.

After a season of more than usual anxiety, her mind was relieved, and a temporary calm succeeded, which, for a while, she well-nigh mistook for the peace the Gospel affords. This occurred in 1821, a little more than two years before the time she subsequently regarded as the date of her conversion.

Ten years afterward, alluding to this period, she wrote:

"I have often been led to admire the grace of God, in not leaving me to trust in those feelings which arise from mere conviction for sin. Here, I have no doubt, many lose heaven. They are convinced that they are sinners, that they need Christ for a friend, but their *feelings* alone are touched. By a change of feeling, they lose the weight of sin, and fancy they have become Christians."

Another thing, she thought, serves to confirm such persons in a mistaken opinion of their spiritual state. It is not uncommon for professors of religion to refer to

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their coldness and backsliding. The class of which we are speaking notice this; and the transient joy of their false conversion, and even their love of the world's gayeties, is liable to be considered as a legitimate part of Christian experience, and not at all a cause for alarm; the fact being overlooked that the *real* Christian is grieved on the discovery of his departure from God, and never calls himself happy but when conscious of the smiles of his Heavenly Father.

We could not delineate Miss Whiting's character accurately, without giving prominence to this part of her experience; so impressed was she with a view of the danger from which she had been saved, and so evident the influence of this impression in after life.

1823.

CONVERSION—REMOVAL TO CHARLESTOWN—PRIVATE SCHOOL—JOURNAL COMMENCED—DUTY PRESENTED—NOTES OF SERMONS—PRAYER IN SCHOOL.

During the summer of 1823, Miss Whiting visited her friends in several places, partly for the purpose of hearing such preaching as would accord with the views she had entertained of Gospel truth, and learning the way of salvation more perfectly.

On one of these occasions, a sermon preached in Hanover, from the text, "Look unto me and be ye saved," was the means of great profit. She then per-

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ceived that all her attempts to gain heaven had been fruitless. Her prayers and good works appeared utterly worthless so far as regarded a dependence on them for release from condemnation. Much as she had read the Bible, the discovery had never been made by her before, that "the blood of Jesus" alone cleanses from sin. She went home, more convinced than ever of her wretched condition, but, nevertheless, with a ray of hope.

In August, while on board a packet, in which she was returning from a visit to Charlestown, she listened to the conversation of a young clergyman with an old gentleman on the New Birth, a subject which the latter appeared not to understand. She was much interested in this conversation, and, ascertaining that the clergyman* was on his way to Hingham, to attend a newly-established meeting, resolved to hear him preach.

The hall in which these new meetings were held is thus described in a late history of the First Baptist Church in Hingham:

"It was by no means attractive. There was no plastering on the walls. A small table and chair constituted the pulpit and furniture, and boards nailed on blocks were the only pews they had. But, uninviting and unsuitable as was the place, it was entered with thankful hearts, and became a Bethel to many souls."

To this place Miss Whiting repaired, and eagerly listened to the preaching of the Word. Her anxiety on account of sin increased, and the plan of salvation

* Rev. Mr. Gray.

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was explained to her by a friend, who had recently found its adaptation to meet the wants of the sinner. The natural heart, she afterwards acknowledged, at first rose in rebellion against a way so humbling to human nature. But ere long that heart was subdued, and a new spirit reigned within.

One day, after reading the beautiful words of our Saviour, recorded in the ninth, tenth, and eleventh chapters of John, the burden of sin, which had so long oppressed her, was rolled away. The next evening she again attended meeting at the hall, and heard a discourse from the words, "Hath he spoken, and shall he not make it good?" After meeting, the preacher addressed her with the question, "Have you any faith?" She answered, "I hope I have." His reply, instead of affording encouragement, led her to seek more earnestly to know her true standing in the sight of God.

A day or two after, on opening the Bible, her eyes were directed to the thirty-first Psalm. While reading the words, "Into thy hand I commit my spirit, thou hast redeemed me," she had, to use her own language, "an overwhelming view of the glory of God, and was ready to cry out, *God is here.*" Her account of this manifestation is as follows:

"My soul knew that it was something which man could not impart. My heart was broken, and I was melted under a sense of his presence. Human language can never describe my feelings. They were such as I believe I shall have, though in a

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greater degree, when I arrive at my Father's house. Every object in nature spoke the praise of God, and I longed for the whole world to possess the same blessed feeling. I felt an unspeakable love to all mankind. Earth and heaven appeared united, and my heart was filled with thankfulness."

Eight years afterwards she wrote:

"I love now to revert to those days when the candle of the Lord shone so powerfully around me; when sleep, in a measure, departed from my eyes, and food became almost tasteless; when the happiness I had previously found in worldly pursuits was absorbed in the enjoyments of heaven. God and eternal realities occupied my thoughts almost continually, for the new treasure I possessed eclipsed every earthly object."

We often find that those who are converted in the midst of unfavorable influences, not only have remarkably deep and pungent convictions, but are unusually fearless in their avowal of the change they have experienced, and earnest in their efforts to lead others to embrace the offers of salvation. This seems to have been the case with our friend. Few, if any, of her relatives, or immediate acquaintances, sympathized with her in the new views she expressed, yet several of them have assured us that she hesitated not to testify to young and old concerning the truth, as it was then impressed upon her mind.

Although surrounded by many friends and provided with a pleasant school, yet, being desirous of enjoying religious privileges more in accordance with her views

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of Divine Truth, she had, in her late visit to Charlestown, made some inquiries with reference to a removal to that place.

The way being opened, she removed thither on the third of November, and, with nine pupils, commenced a private school. This having increased so as to consist of a number varying from thirty to sixty, was continued until 1831.

Her Journal commences at the date of her removal to Charlestown. From this, it now becomes our duty to make such extracts as will present the leading features of her Christian character and growth in grace.

Let us not, with rude step, enter the sacred enclosure where the departed was wont to give expression to her inmost emotions. Custom has almost rendered it a matter of course, under circumstances like the present, to make public the expression of thought penned only for private and personal use, but we cannot avoid a feeling of hesitancy, as if in danger of committing a sacrilegious act. May God assist the writer to select, and the reader to profit, so that His name may be glorified.

JOURNAL.

"*Monday*, November 3d, 1823. Left my native town, with many a painful sensation. Parted with near and dear friends, with whom I have enjoyed much that the world calls friendship, and who are still dear to my heart, to form new associations. I pray God that this change may serve to make me more holy, more like Christ. I trust I now enter into my daily

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employments with different motives from those which have hitherto influenced me. I think I now depend on God alone, to guide, strengthen, and assist in every time of need. If He prosper the work of my hands, it will be well; if not, I trust I shall still say, 'He does all things well.' Whatever He sees fit of temporal things to commit to my care, I earnestly beseech of Him that he will enable me to dispose of, in the manner that will best promote His own declarative glory, and the greatest good of a dying world."

It is interesting to trace the progress of the young convert, especially of one who enters upon the Christian course with the determination to pursue it in a straightforward path. In such a life, we can discern the hand of a superintending intelligence, arranging events so as to direct the mind, from time to time, to the discovery of doctrines or duties necessary for its improvement and usefulness.

The duty of making a public profession of religion occupied much of Miss Whiting's thoughts, during the first six months of her residence in Charlestown.

This subject is reverted to in the following extracts from her Journal, by which it will also be seen how early her attention was directed to the cause of Missions—a cause which, ever after, shared largely in her benevolence.

JOURNAL.

"*Lord's day*, November 9th. Heard Rev. H. J—— preach from Acts, xxvii. 25. 'Wherefore, sirs, be of good cheer, for I believe God, that it shall be even as it was told me.'

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"*Evening.* Heard an Indian of the Cherokee nation. He gave some account of his countrymen, their customs, religion, &c. It was peculiarly gratifying to hear one of the sons of the forest, standing before a crowded audience, declaring the great truths of the blessed religion of Christ. More impressed than ever, that it is a day for all who have named the name of Christ, to labor for God. O, gracious Father, teach thine unworthy dust the path in which she must walk, and give her grace to obey thee.

"*Wednesday evening*, 12th. Lecture by Rev. F. Wayland, from Luke, xii. 32. 'Fear not, little flock,' &c. After some general remarks, he divided the subject into three parts.

"1. The children of God are a *little* flock.

"2. They have in all ages been subject to fear.

"3. Their fears are always groundless.

"Under the first head, he spoke of Noah, Abraham, the children of Israel, and others, down to the present day, showing that the people of God have always been few in number compared with the people of the world.

"Under the third, he spoke of the promises, showing that true Christians, and such only, have no reason to fear.

"The sermon was well calculated to strengthen the real Christian and discourage the self-deceived.

"*Thursday*, 20th—Thanksgiving-day. 'What shall I render the Lord for all his benefits towards me?' So said the Psalmist when recounting the mercies of Jehovah, and so may I say, on enumerating the blessings of which I have been the recipient since the last anniversary of this day. Surely, the service of my whole life can add nothing to his glory, or repay, in the least, his benefits towards me.

"May I be enabled to walk worthy of the high vocation

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wherewith he has called me, and make it the business of my future life to promote his glory. If I can be kept from bringing a reproach upon the cause I have professed to love, and be made an humble instrument in the hands of God, of building up the Redeemer's kingdom on the earth, I ask no more for this life.

"*Lord's-day morning*, 30th. Expect to witness the ordinance of Baptism. My mind much exercised upon this subject. Renew my covenant obligations to God. Feel determined to seek His direction by prayer and supplication, that He may lead me in the path of duty. Whatever he commands, I must obey. Oh that I may be kept from error!

"*Saturday*, December 6th. Have fears respecting the mainspring of all my apparent goodness. When I address the throne of grace, afraid of selfish motives;—when doing kind offices, afraid of ostentation, pride, or vanity;—in assisting the cause of Missions, afraid of false zeal. 'Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me and know my thoughts.'

"*Wednesday evening*, 24th. Heard Mr. J——— preach on the Nativity of Christ. Never shall I forget the impression made on my mind this evening. If angels, who have no sins to be forgiven, praise God for sending His Son into our world to die for sinners, how much more reason to praise Him have *we*, who are personally interested in it.

"*Lord's day*, 28th. Much exercised in my mind in regard to Baptism and the Lord's Supper. Begin to feel that if I am a child of God, I must own him before men. But my mind is in darkness respecting the terms of communion—whether baptism by immersion is a pre-requisite, as some think, or not. If not deceived, am willing to be led by the Spirit of God, and if so, know that I shall be led *right*, eventually. Am determined

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that I will go no further than duty is made plain; and whatever God commands, that I will do."

Before closing this year's portion of our history, one other item will be given for the benefit of those who are young in their Christian experience.

JOURNAL.

"*Monday*, December 29th. Desire to be thankful that I have been enabled to take up my cross, in opening my school with prayer. Most blessed season this morning."

Who that was familiar with the free and easy expression of devotional feeling, which has been remarked not only in this department of her school duties, but also in the social praying circle, would suppose Miss Whiting could ever have regarded the performance of this duty, *a cross!*

Be encouraged, then, young disciple. Trusting in Divine aid, take up your cross, never failing to render the tribute of thanksgiving after having been enabled to do so. Thus continuing, you will not only be blessed in the deed, but your talent will increase by the exercise.

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1824.

DESIRES FOR USEFULNESS—INSTRUCTION IN SUNDAY SCHOOL—BAPTISM—ANXIETY FOR THE UNCONVERTED—DISCOVERY OF INBRED SIN—NOTES OF A SERMON—ANXIETY FOR THE CHURCH—THOUGHTS OF DEATH AND HEAVEN—DARKNESS OF MIND—CONSECRATION—REFLECTIONS ON THE CLOSING YEAR.

To one who has just been delivered from the bondage of sin, the deplorable condition of those still under condemnation becomes the occasion of a strong desire to be made instrumental of good to them. This state of feeling next appears prominent in the Journal before us.

JOURNAL.

"*Lord's-day, evening*, January 25th, 1824. Surely, I can say this has been one of the days of heaven to my soul. Heard Mr. J——— preach from the text, 'There is no other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved.' The way to salvation by Jesus Christ is just such a way as the Christian loves; just such a way as will honor God, and save the poor lost sinner. When reflecting on what he has done for a lost world, his condescension in not only giving His Son as a ransom, but in sending His Holy Spirit to convince of sin and lead the soul to Jesus, and especially, his kindness to me, a poor sinner, I am led to wonder and adore. If I had ten thousand lives, they should all be devoted to his service. But I mourn my proneness to wander from the Fountain of life,—that I no more honor his holy name.

"*Saturday*, 31st. 'One thing have I desired of the Lord—

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that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life.' This expresses the desire of my heart. May God give me grace to live to his glory, to be useful in the world and adorn the doctrine of God my Saviour in all things.

"*Thursday*, February 12th. 'The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord.' The good man has such a desire to imitate Christ that he lives in constant dependence on him, seeking direction, constantly, from the true fountain of wisdom, and as constantly receiving from the same. Consequently, his steps are ordered by God.

"*Friday*, 13th. Some strong desires to impart religious instruction to my scholars. May I have grace to perform this duty.

"*Tuesday*, 24th. Spent the evening at ———, and aided in the formation of a society for instructing the poor children of the town. On reviewing the manner in which I spend my time, and the objects which engage my attention, am led to the inquiry, In *what* am I different since I have entertained a hope in Christ? I feel that there is a difference. My desires, motives, manner of spending my time, are all different. Upon examination, I do feel that there has been a great change. Still, I mourn that I am no more useful in the world, and do so little for the cause of my blessed Redeemer. Surely, if I ever felt the value of my own soul, I must feel for the souls of my fellow men.

"*Wednesday*, 25th. The solemn thought that so many souls are placed under my care, and so many all around me are going on in the broad road to death, fills me with sorrow. Oh that I could carry them to the Throne of grace in faith, and be enabled to plead their cause as their case requires!

"*Lord's day*, 29th. A discourse from the text, 'Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God,' was a seasonable one to me; for my mind has been much exercised the week past with

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the thought how I can best glorify God. Witnessed the ordinance of Baptism. It was solemn and affecting. Felt willing to take up my cross and follow my Lord and Master in his own appointed institutions.

"*Saturday*, March 6th. When I reflect on the many years I have spent in sin, I feel that I ought to do much in a little time for God. To have grace to enable me to be useful to my dying fellow men, and to be the means of extending the gospel of Christ, is the chief desire of my heart.

"*Friday*, 26th. Returned from visiting. How little do the people of the world enjoy! They little know how much they are losing now, but oh, the loss, when the soul is lost for ever! But pure, celestial bliss the Christian feels, when in converse with Immanuel.

'Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee.

Other refuge *want* I none. Having God for my refuge, I need fear no evil. I can cheerfully trust my *all* in his hands, for time and eternity."

Many records of a similar character appear during the first three months of the year, containing the expression of an ardent desire to be useful, and strong confidence in God, although there seems to have been less enjoyment than was afterwards experienced. On witnessing another baptismal scene, her attention was called anew to the duty of making a public profession of religion. This question being settled, and the path of obedience fully decided upon, notice how evident the fulfillment of the promise, "If ye be willing and obedient, ye shall eat the good of the land."

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JOURNAL.

"*Thursday*, April 1st. Another expression of my Father's goodness. Long have I been undecided in regard to the subject of 'close communion' and baptism. But on awaking this morning, light broke into my mind and dispelled all my previous doubts. I felt that I had nothing to do but obey my Divine Master.

"*Friday*, 2d. My heart is filled with love to God for his unspeakable goodness in making the path of duty so plain that I cannot mistake. Yet I find in me an evil heart of unbelief. I want to be kept, continually, at the feet of Jesus, that I may apply to him for constant aid.

"*Tuesday*, 6th. I know that God heareth and *answereth* prayer. This fact, I trust, will never be doubted by me again. For a long time it has been my desire to experience some of those glorious manifestations I enjoyed when first I knew the Lord. This has been more than realized. The flood of glory which has burst into my soul during the present week, at times, has almost overpowered me. Such condescension in God, such goodness, has laid me in the dust. I know *it is God*. To him be all the glory.

"*Thursday*, 8th. Attended meeting at a private house. Text: 'I am the light of the world.' My soul knows it to be truth. My dear Saviour is the light of my soul now, and will be in eternity. Heaven is begun on earth.

'This holy calm within the breast,
Is the sweet pledge of glorious rest.'

May I never forget the goodness of God in His recent manifestations. Returning from meeting, related some of the exercises

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of my mind to ———. Was humbled in the dust, in relating the dealings of God with such a *worm*."

Thus, by an acknowledgment of the light received, a blessing was obtained. It will ever be found true, in grace, as in nature, that *light enlightens only when in motion.* For grace, unconfessed, soon fails to give us evidence of its presence.

JOURNAL.

"*Friday*, April 9th. How sweet it is when we awake in the morning and retire at night, to have our Saviour's presence, and to feel that it goes with us during the day! I pray that I may never be indifferent to my Master's instructions, or fail to live so that his name may be honored.

"*Lord's day*, 11th. This morning, commenced instructing in the Sabbath-school for the first time in my life. May some good result from these exertions."

It was the happiness of the writer to be a member of the class, formed at this date, and she can confidently testify to Miss Whiting's faithfulness and success as a Sabbath-school teacher. To this, however, reference will be made in another place. Suffice it here to remark, that the interest of our deceased friend in the sphere of labor now entered, remained through life; and by her death the Sabbath-school was deprived of an efficient member.

JOURNAL.

"*Tuesday*, April 13th. Unusual nearness to the Throne of grace. It is a blessing to have a friend who is never weary of

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hearing my request. My greatest concern is, lest I shall be weary of asking.

"*Thursday*, May 6th. Temporal things have so much engrossed my mind, for a few days past, that I have lost those seasons of enjoyment that are dearer to me than life.

"*Lord's day*, 9th. What a heart of unbelief do I possess! It pains me that so much sin remains within me. 'Let not sin *reign* in your mortal body.' But I fear I do. If not, why these worldly thoughts in the house of God? Oh! when shall I be delivered from 'this body of sin?'

"*Lord's day*, 16th. How good is my Saviour to remove from me those clouds of darkness that have so long hung over my mind! Have to-day enjoyed in the house of God, pure, uninterrupted happiness. How unspeakably happy should I be, could I keep at the feet of Jesus!"

To give a proper attention to temporal things and yet maintain a heavenly frame of mind, is often a difficult lesson for the young convert to learn. It is rendered still more difficult, by the undue estimate the inexperienced are prone to place upon emotions which vary with changing circumstances. But the thought is consoling, that an infant's smiles and tears receive no more sympathy from its loving parent, than do the young Christian's joys and sorrows from the compassionate Saviour.

On the last Sabbath of May, Miss Whiting, with four others, was baptized by Rev. Henry Jackson, and became united with the Baptist church. The administration of the ordinance was rendered more impressive by the fact that two of the candidates were but

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twelve or thirteen years of age. In the Sabbath-school, they occupied a seat not far from Miss Whiting's class; and her warm appeal is still remembered, as, on that day, she referred us to those young witnesses that "religion never was designed to make our pleasures less."

The reader will be interested to peruse her exercises at this period, as recorded by herself.

JOURNAL.

"*Wednesday*, May 19th. Felt an unusual degree of timidity, for a few days past, at the thought of appearing before the Church; but now I commit myself to Christ. If he influences me, by his Spirit, to tell of his dealings towards me, well;—if he withholds, I hope it will serve to humble me.

"*Friday*, 28th. Related to the church the dealings of God with my soul. Esteem it too great a privilege to own Christ before the world and be united with his people. Incur a solemn responsibility in taking the vows of God upon me. The eyes of many are upon me, to watch my conduct. May I so live that the world will have *no* reason to speak lightly of religion on my account.

"*Lord's-day morning*, 30th. Expect to appear in a new light to the church and to the world, to-day, by owning my Lord and Master in receiving the ordinance of baptism. How unworthy! If I can only have grace to live to Him, whom I hope I love, shall rejoice. *Evening.*—Can adopt the language of the Psalmist: 'Great peace have they that love thy law, and nothing shall offend them.' Should my future days be all like this, I would willingly wait my three-score years and ten. This has been a day long to be remembered. When at the water-

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side, had such a view of the goodness of my Divine Master in leaving such an example for his followers, that my soul was filled with love and gratitude. The well-known lines,

'The men of grace have found
Glory begun below,'

rushed upon my mind with such a sweet and heavenly influence, that I was unwilling to leave the place. I hope never to forget this day; ever remembering, that solemn vows are upon me; that I am now obligated to live for the glory of God. May I ever be kept from backsliding, lest I bring a reproach upon the cause which I know I love. I wish to live, daily, as in the immediate view of the eternal world. I wish to live many days in a few. Keep me, O my Saviour, and I shall be kept."

The records of a few succeeding days and weeks show that "in keeping the commands," she found "great reward."

At one time she writes, "Well might the Apostle say, whether in the body or out, he could hardly tell. This is the language of *my* heart. I want to spend my life in praising my Redeemer, and, when I die, have no new employment, only an increase of the same." Again: "This blessed day of sacred rest is a foretaste of the glories of the upper world. I long to be there and unite in the blessed society of angels and glorified spirits. But I rejoice that

'The saints below and those above
But one communion make.'"

We next find that new desires for the unconverted were awakened.

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JOURNAL.

"*Lord's day*, June 13th. Am willing to be esteemed the *least* of God's dear children, if I can only be reckoned among them. * * Sat by my window and saw people passing by, probably for pleasure. How I pity them! Long to tell them of a Saviour's love.

"*Lord's day*, 20th. This morning, in the Sabbath-school, had such strong desires for the conversion of the dear youth, that I was unwilling to leave them without some signs of their repentance. Oh that God would crown my labors with success!

"Have been reading the Memoir of H. Martyn. It is delightful to see so much humility, spirituality of mind, and devotion to his Master, in a worm. Oh that I were such a self-denying Christian as he was! Doubt much whether, if I were placed in a similar situation, far from Christian friends and the means of grace, I should honor the cause of my Redeemer as he did. But I *think*, if I were called of God, I should rejoice to leave all and go any where for his cause. I care but little where I spend my days, if favored with the presence of Jesus. O my Father, help me to be faithful in the little thou hast committed to my care. For 'he that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much.'

"*Thursday*, 24th. Have been meditating on the dreadful state of the unconverted. Long to have them apply *immediately* to the Fountain of life, that they may be rescued from their danger. Wonder why they do not,—but wonder more why I do not intercede with God, more earnestly, to pour out his Spirit upon them; seeing I know their danger and they do not.

"There is nothing I so much desire as communion with God. I delight in his service. It is my meat and drink. I want to

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wear the world like a loose garment, so that I can throw it off at any time without inconvenience.

"Have been reading the state of the church, about A. D. 180 and 190. Feel thankful that those martyrs were enabled to endure, with fortitude, the trials to which they were exposed in that cruel age. Desire to be grateful that I live in an age and country, where I can enjoy religious privileges unmolested. But should I be called to suffer, even death, for my Master, I trust that he never lays great trials upon his children without imparting grace to bear them."

The thoughtful reader cannot have failed to perceive a gradual preparation for the discovery of that native depravity from which the young convert, in the ardor of early joy, sometimes imagines he has become free.

The subject of our review had, in the first place, a deep sense of *condemnation* on account of sin; not so much, it would seem, from a view of the extent of her depravity, as from a conviction that *sin*, even the *least*, is sufficient to exclude one from the favor of God. *She had sinned*, and that was sufficient to seal her condition as a *slave*. From this bondage she sought release, and found it by a voluntary submission to the terms of the Gospel. She sought justification in the sight of a holy God, and found it in the imputed righteousness of Christ. All the known wants of her soul were met. The state of a world under condemnation became then, for a while, the subject of anxiety. But soon, she had duties to perform, direct commands to obey, and thus, was called again to give attention

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to her own course. These questions being settled—the path of duty fully entered upon—crosses taken—commands obeyed—as a consequence, new joy and peace pervaded the breast. Again, and with a new impulse, the conversion of *others* becomes the great object of solicitude. Can she, henceforth, to the end of life, make this the sole object of attention? Safely lodged within the pale of the church, is she now prepared for heaven, and can she cease to watch over the concerns of her own soul? By no means. The Christian's earthly course is one of discipline. Kindly and wisely is that discipline administered; just what, just how, and just when it is needed.

To Miss Whiting's mental vision, the depravity of fallen human nature had not yet been disclosed in all its vileness. She had, as we have seen, known something of sin, and so far renounced it;—had felt something of her weakness, and so far trusted in Christ. A new lesson was now to be learned, one that, we believe, every true follower of the Lord Jesus must, sooner or later, learn for himself.

JOURNAL.

"*Lord's day*, June 27th. Much affected while hearing the circumstances of Peter's fall read. Try to examine my own heart, to ascertain whether, if tried, I should not do as he did. Think, now, I should not. So Peter thought, but he knew not his own weakness. If left of God, there is no hope. O thou Saviour of sinners, keep me by thy grace, and I shall be kept.

"*Evening*. In all the duties of this day, sin has obtruded. Oh! when shall I be rid of 'this body of sin?'

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"*Saturday*, July 10th. A short time since, could not have believed that there remained in my heart so much of my vile nature as I find, on trial, exists there. Wish not only to have sin subdued, but totally eradicated. But this evil heart is so deceitful that I am afraid, when I pray 'Lord, search me and try me,' that, should the trial be made, I should shrink.

"*Wednesday*, 14th. Much remaining corruption in my heart. Little did I think, once, that an injury could have been borne by me with so little patience. Have tried to rise above such feelings, but find human nature objects.

"*Lord's day*, 25th. Love to feel such a sweet forgiving spirit as I have been favored with this morning. If not deceived, the glory of God and the good of souls lie near my heart. Have been meditating on the value of the soul. Would willingly give up my life, if it would save one soul. But God does not require me to do so. He only requires me to be faithful. It is my desire that he will keep me by his grace, and make me faithful till I die.

"Heard my pastor preach this morning, from Jer. iii. 22. 'Return ye backsliding children,' &c.

"1. One symptom of a backslider is a want of that holy principle which excites to action.

"2. Want of enlarged conceptions of the worth of the soul.

"3. Christ does not appear lovely and glorious.

"4. Want of a general interest in the cause of Christ.

"5. Want of a broken and contrite spirit.

"Inferences. 1. No person can enjoy the favor of God without conforming to his will. 2. Hypocrites in Zion shall tremble.

"*Afternoon.* Attended the ordinance of the Lord's Supper. An interesting season. How grateful I ought to feel for the hope I cherish in his mercy! I do think my soul has been

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washed in his blood, and am determined on Him alone to rely, and, if he gives me grace, to go straightforward in the path of duty."

We may not easily think of Miss Whiting as a new disciple, but, while reviewing this portion of her exercises, such we must regard her. The expression, "if left of God," and also the clause, "if he gives me grace," shows that the idea had not yet distinctly occurred to her mind, that God never leaves his people, their separation from him being always by their own departure; and so long as they are determined to rely on him alone, he will most assuredly bestow the needed grace.

Notice, now, the dawn of special feeling for the Church of God. Observe how it commences. The danger of those who feel no interest in the way of salvation by Christ, awakens desires that, *for their sakes*, Christians may possess a prayerful spirit.

JOURNAL.

"*Tuesday*, July 27th. The low state of religion in this town distresses me. I am quite unwilling to confine myself in school during the day; I want to be telling sinners their perishing state, and point them to the Lamb of God.

"*Friday*, 30th. When will sinners awake to their perishing state? When will our Church feel the value of souls around them? Oh that God would pour out his Spirit upon us, that we might all become wrestling Jacobs and prevailing Israels!

"*Lord's-day evening*, August 1st. Once more have I been permitted to sit under the sound of the Gospel and hear the en-

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treaties as well as warnings and threatenings set forth. If the Church is not unprepared for a blessing, some sinners must be alarmed for themselves, to-day. Text: Acts, iii. 19. 'Repent ye, therefore, and be converted,' &c. First, it was shown to be the duty of all to repent. Secondly, that God has in store eminent blessings for all who do repent and turn to him.

"*Wednesday*, 4th. If these anxious feelings for the prosperity of Zion are not real, I wish to know it; if they are, may they remain till Zion arises, till sinners are convinced of their awful situation, repent and believe.

"*Thursday*, 5th. If not deceived, the precious cause of Christ lies nearer my heart than any other object. I think I am willing to make any sacrifice for the Church of the living God.

"*Saturday*, 14th. Want deeper feeling for the prosperity of Zion, but such a proneness to wander from him whom I hope I love, grieves me. How unholy am I in the sight of a holy God!

"*Friday*, 27th. General La Fayette visited the town to-day. Much parade made to receive a worm of the dust. Soon we shall hear that he is dead. But the dear Saviour, who ever lives—lives to bestow continual favors, when on earth had not a place to lay his head."

Here is the expression of a feeling with which all are familiar. If a *dear friend* is neglected, we naturally observe manifestations of regard toward others, and especially toward those less worthy, with dissatisfaction.

When, as in this instance, such feelings are called forth with reference to the Saviour, may we not receive it as an evidence that we love Him, of a truth?

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Occasionally we find reflections noted on some portion of Scripture.

JOURNAL.

"*Lord's day*, August 29th. Reflections on reading Luke, xvii. 7–10. As it is the duty of servants to be faithful to their masters, so it is the duty of Christians to be faithful to Him who has bought them with His own precious blood. A good servant esteems it a privilege to labor for his master; so the faithful Christian feels it a privilege to do any thing to aid in his Master's cause. Conscience, reason, gratitude, all convince the servant that he has no right either to waste his time, or desert his master before the time appointed: so with the Christian; he knows he ought not to waste his time, talents, or money, but use them as a faithful steward in such a manner as will best accomplish his Master's object; viz.: the advancement of His kingdom on the earth."

After this, a few clouds of darkness obscured her mental horizon, and she says, "how can I live so? Give me Christ, or else I die." Soon, light breaks in, and she has peace.

JOURNAL.

"*Lord's-day morning*, September 5th. Have had a good season in meditating on God, and on leaving the world and entering into that blessed state of rest, which I hope ere long to enjoy. With delight, I look forward to the moment when I shall drop this tabernacle, and my spirit rise to be with God. I desire nothing so much as to be completely formed into the image of Jesus. If he will preserve me from sin and present

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me blameless before His Father's throne at the great day of retribution, I ask no more."

Death and heaven are subjects often mentioned in subsequent records. They seem to have been, from this period, themes of frequent meditation.

JOURNAL.

"*Lord's day*, September 12th. Feel that I have a warfare before me. My desire is, to press onward in the path my Redeemer trod.

"*Wednesday*, 29th. Sometimes, I long for my work to be done on earth, that I may be away to my long-wished-for home, where I shall be *for ever* free from sin. But, trusting in Jesus, my all-sufficient Friend, I can patiently wait till my change comes.

"*Thursday*, 30th. Visited with some Christian friends. Some profitable conversation. It is good to meet those on earth with whom we expect to spend an eternity in glory. Some precious thoughts on my much-wished-for heavenly home. Oh! if I should come short at last! Solemn thought!

"*Tuesday*, November 2d. God is good. After all my backslidings, as soon as I return to Him, he allows me his gracious smiles. I can not, nor do I wish to enjoy any thing without His favor.

"*Tuesday*, 9th. Some enjoyment in God, to-day. Long to be useful. Think I am willing to stay on earth as long as my Master permits, but, oh! I do long at times to be *where I can be free from sin.*

"*Lord's day*, 21st. Some gratitude, to-day. Called upon a sick person, distressed and poor, but rich in faith. I love to visit such places.

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"*Lord's day*, 28th. Try not to let a day pass without doing something to promote my Redeemer's cause. Inquire of God in the morning, what I can do, to-day, for the souls of men. Long to be more useful.

"*Friday*, December 17th. How changed! A short time since, I could not bear to speak upon any subject but religion; now I can enter into the very life of worldly conversation. Once, I could not refrain from prayer but a few hours at a time, and then could not help pleading for sinners; now, I can hardly plead for myself. For some days, my state has been distressing; not that I do not trust in God, not that I have no hope that I am a Christian, but I am such a sinner, such an unprofitable servant, I have felt it impossible to live so. In such a state of mind, where can I go but to Him, who, I trust, has redeemed me? I desire, this evening, to dedicate myself anew to God and beg of him to keep me.

"*Saturday*, 25th. 'One thing have I desired of the Lord,' and that has been granted me. I would be thankful for the light of his countenance enjoyed this day. How transporting the thought that I have been permitted to hear of the Saviour of sinners, and that my soul has been redeemed by his precious blood! I wish to live perfectly devoted to Him—to make no reserve, but consecrate all the faculties of my mind, the members of my body, my time, talents, *all* to his service."

This is, by far, the most explicit declaration of an ardent wish to be entirely devoted to the service of Christ, that has yet appeared in Miss Whiting's Journal. It was the legitimate result of meditation on the great atoning sacrifice. She has, before, wished *to be useful, to live for God*, but here is a definiteness of expression which indicates advancement.

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This new dedication, perhaps, was needed. True, she had once surrendered her all to God, so far as her want of conformity to him was realized. But, recently, new discoveries of the natural heart had been vouchsafed. This heart, as now enlightened, must be brought to the cross and surrendered. *Can* she, *effectually*, consecrate "all the faculties of her mind, the members of her body, her time, talents, *all* to the service of God"? Perhaps so. But *will* she? Not without an enlarged view of the Atonement, if even then. We shall see how wisely the steps of God's chosen people are guided, so that they may be led to discover just the truth they need.

JOURNAL.

"*Friday*, December 31st.

'And now, my soul, another year
Of my short life is past;
I can not long continue here,
And *this* may be my last.'

"This day has been observed by our church as a day of prayer. Have enjoyed an unusual degree of love to God, and nearness to his throne, for which my soul longs to make some return. But, alas! I have nothing to offer, for even a holy *desire* comes from Him. Tongue cannot express nor pen describe the feelings of my heart. I can say, with the patriarch of old, 'If God will keep me in this way that I go, and give me bread to eat and raiment to put on,' and at last bring me to my *heavenly* Father's house in peace, I will care for nought this world can bestow. Having Christ, I have all things. O Lord, create in me an ardent desire for the salvation of souls, a holy

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love to Thy church, a consciousness of the shortness of time, and a continual preparation for eternity, that I may be better prepared to glorify Thee, should my life be spared another year, than ever before, and to thy name shall be *all* the glory."

We have reviewed at some length the first year of Miss Whiting's religious profession, because it is pleasing to trace the development of Christian character, illustrated by the exercises of a young convert.

Some of our readers may wonder that portions of her Journal, in no way peculiar, such as we find in almost every recorded experience, are quoted so fully. Have they never watched the opening buds of spring, with a delight which later flowers have failed to inspire? and does the annual repetition of this phenomenon prevent its power to charm? or, have they not viewed, with peculiar interest, the early essays of a little child, as, one by one, its newly-discovered powers were called into exercise? If the lovers of nature are interested in things of earth, let them not think strange that those who have learned to admire the operations of the Holy Spirit should discover attractions in the infancy of a religious life, which those who live only for this world can never appreciate.

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1825.

VIEWS OF CHRIST—ANXIETY FOR HER PUPILS—TRIALS—CONVERSION AND DEATH OF MISS M. CARPENTER—DEATH OF DR. BALDWIN—SUNDAY-SCHOOL AT MORTON'S POINT.

WE have seen that near the close of the year last reviewed, Miss Whiting expressed a strong desire for entire consecration to God. Through Christ alone, a contemplation of whose love to her soul gave life to that new impulse, can the desire be realized. But she is yet a child in experience, and knows not her own wants. Doubtless, an effort to make the desired surrender of her unsanctified affections, without a corresponding view of the power of Christ to save, would result in a failure, and, as before, she would look to Heaven instead of Christ for complete deliverance. *Now*, by the preaching of the word, by appropriate reading, by Christian converse, her mind is led to dwell more on Christ.

JOURNAL.

"*Lord's day*, January 2d, 1825. The blessed character of Christ has been set forth to-day. He is the one 'altogether lovely,' and the 'chief among ten thousand.' Think I never enjoyed such nearness to him as I have this day. This is what I have been desiring for some time past. I long to drop this tabernacle and mount on high, where I can enjoy the Divine presence of him I love, without a vail between.

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"*Tuesday*, 11th. Have been reading Flavel on 'The Essential and Primeval Glory of Christ.' It gave me clearer views of Christ, than I have ever had before. I long to live for *Him* and devote my *life* to his service. Very happy this afternoon.

"*Wednesday*, 12th. Meeting in the Vestry. It is sweet to enjoy the society of Christian friends on earth. How much more so it will be to meet them in the world of glory, where each will reflect, in perfection, the glories of our great High Priest! It is my chief desire to live on Christ, daily, conscious of my own weakness.

"*Lord's day*, 16th. Sermon on the *Intercession of Christ*. This subject has occupied my mind much, during the week past, and I wished to have it brought before the congregation. What an ocean of bliss! Having my dear Redeemer, I have all things. He is to my soul a rich fountain of inexpressible love. 'Both He that sanctifieth and they who are sanctified are all of one.' What condescension!

"*Wednesday*, 19th. Meeting in the Vestry. A stranger spoke of the goodness of God. *He* is the same in every country, in every clime. What a proof of the reality of religion! How precious is Jesus! I long to know more of him."

Who does not discover in all this, the hand of a wise director? And every one who loves the Lord has a right to indulge the sweet reflection, "My life, too, is under a Father's watchful care."

The monthly concerts during this year are mentioned with deep interest. The services of the sanctuary, also, seem to have been peculiarly blessed, and are often noted.

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JOURNAL.

"*Monday*, March 21st. For a few days past have been exceedingly troubled with in-dwelling sin. I go mourning all the day because of my own wicked heart.

"*Friday*, 25th. Light has again burst in upon my soul, and, amid all my worldly cares, I find my God is near. Can adopt the language of the poet and say,

'I love the Lord, he heard my cry
And pitied every groan;
Long as I live, when troubles rise,
I'll hasten to his throne.'

"*Saturday*, April 9th. A constant warfare! well, why should I complain? I do not expect rest here. Wish to be willing to endure *patiently* all the trials allotted me, and spend my days in the service of God, let what will become of me at last.

"*Friday*, 29th. At home. (Having visited Hingham.) Before leaving C., prayed that God would grant me grace to be faithful to my friends and all whom I met. Wish to record his loving-kindness to me, in that he has, I trust, heard and answered prayer.

"*Lord's day*, May 29th. Heard Rev. Eustice Carey, missionary from Calcutta, preach from the words, 'Looking unto Jesus.' It was a plain, simple, yet eloquent and impressive sermon. Jesus Christ and Him crucified, was its prominent feature. I love to hear the name of Jesus held up as the *all* in the sinner's salvation. Wish I could be as much devoted to the cause of my blessed Master as this dear missionary! Long for greater devotedness to the precious cause of my Master."

She then, for some weeks, expressed more confidence

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in Christ as her all-atoning sacrifice, although there were occasional misgivings, and she did not, after all, *abide* in the enjoyment of full assurance.

JOURNAL.

"*Tuesday*, May 31st. Awoke, this morning, at an unusual hour. Had some pleasing anticipations of the Judgment-day. By faith, I saw Jesus, sitting on the throne of his glory; a *world* placed before him; myself, standing before the Judge. Without the Saviour for my Friend, what could I do? Felt more humbled than ever. Willing to resign myself to him. What a privilege to be a Christian in *time*, much more, in a day that will try our souls!

"*Thursday*, June 2d. Much enjoyment in meditating on a Saviour's love. While musing in the street, this morning, on what he has done for me, felt as if I could never doubt more. Want that he should glorify himself in me—a worthless worm. *Lord's day*, 5th. Stormy; but the Saviour's presence dispels every cloud from my soul.

"*Monday*, July 18th. 'They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion.' This passage has dwelt sweetly on my mind, to-day. I am safe while resting on God. I want to feel more union to him, and have my whole soul engaged in his blessed service, for time and eternity. I have given myself to God, to be His for ever.

"*Saturday*, 23d. Unusually impressed, this morning, for the souls of my pupils. Commended them to God in prayer, and conversed with them, without any apparent effect. I pity them, but must leave them in the hands of a just God. How can I think of ever being useful, when I am so little calculated to do good?

"*Evening*. Pressed down with a weight of care for souls

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If these dear friends should be brought to a death-bed, I could not *then* discharge my duty. May I do it *now!* Oh, for Divine aid!

"*Wednesday*, 27th. Was vain enough to think that I could be instrumental in doing good to the dear youth committed to my care; but every day teaches me that my labors with them in spiritual things are in vain. Long to be alone, that I may humble myself before God. Am all polluted, but rejoice that death will soon release me from this body of *sin;* and my soul, I trust, will be cleansed by the purifying blood of Jesus."

Ah, Christian, it is *not* a "vain hope" that the child of God indulges who expects to be made instrumental of good. What matters it, whether giant or nursling drop the seed?

"The precious grain shall ne'er be lost,
For grace insures the crop."

Many can recall, in some period of their own experience, just the train of thought above expressed. Unmindful of two considerations, which we are slow to learn, viz., that duty, alone, is ours, results belong to God; and again, that the seeds of Divine Truth, sown in the sterile soil of the human heart, may be productive of a harvest far in the future, we are prone to be discouraged. Then, overwhelmed with a view of our own insufficiency and sinfulness, and failing, perhaps, to discriminate clearly between the two, we comfort ourselves with the thought, "well, there is one consolation; *in heaven*, we shall be free from sin." Then, as if some inward monitor suggested, *death can-*

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not purify, we acknowledge that the blood of Jesus alone cleanseth from sin.

We are now to see the result of a new course of discipline. Thus far, Miss Whiting's trials have had their origin, for the most part, within herself. Few, very few are exempt from *outward* trials, and these are none the less real, if others can not or do not sympathize. Remarks like these have been heard: "Well may Miss Whiting, and such and such an one, enjoy religion; they have no trials." We have wished to ask, are they, then, excluded from the promise of our Saviour, "In the world ye shall have tribulation"? Doubtless, to the true Christian, exemption itself would become a trial; since this evidence of discipleship would be wanting. It will be seen, however, that her soul was left unharmed, and she soon tasted "the peaceable fruits of righteousness."

JOURNAL.

"*Saturday*, July 30th. During the past week, there has been one continued series of trying events. Every day has brought with it some new sorrow. I will not murmur, but pray that they may be sanctified, and more sent, if my Father sees I need them.

"*Monday*, August 1st. Feel more convinced than ever that God has other instruments by which he can accomplish his work. I am sure I wish to live for no other object. I do not pray for these trials to be removed, but rather that they may be sanctified.

"*Saturday*, 6th. Find there is comfort in affliction, though, for the present, it is 'not joyous but grievous.' The blessings

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to be derived from afflictions are many. Christians are thus better qualified to comfort others. Where true support is found, the object is accomplished; viz., to purify them, that they may be better fitted for their Master's service. Surely, every Christian will be willing to suffer any affliction that will make him more like Christ, and prepare him to live above the world.

"This afternoon, visited the family of brother F———. How I love these dear friends! Walked over the alms-house. Conversing with its inmates, found only *one* who gave evidence of piety. A sad emblem of our daily walks among men!

"*Monday*, 8th. Have thought much, of late, of the poor pagan children growing up in ignorance of God. Were it His will, should esteem it a privilege to labor among them.

"*Tuesday*, 9th. If I ever realized the value of the soul, it was to-day, in the chamber of a sick and dying friend. Endeavored to show her the danger of her case and direct her to Christ, but felt my inability to effect any thing of myself. Left the house, praying that God would bless my feeble attempts to rescue a soul from death.

"*Lord's day*, 14th. The week past, have felt more willing to live longer on earth, if I can be useful to my fellow creatures.

"*Monday*, 15th. Have had enlarged conceptions of God, to-day. Contemplated his power in speaking into existence, not only this little planet, but the millions of worlds in his wide domain. The thought filled my soul with wonder, love, and praise. Had I ten thousand souls I would give them all to him. What an innumerable throng there will be to praise him, when all the saints get home! O my soul, shall *I* be one of that happy number! I trust, through grace, I shall. Is it possible that I am deceived? if I am, what a deception!

"*Friday*, 19th. Dreamed, last night, that I was about en-

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tering the eternal world. It was a pleasing thought. Have enjoyed much to-day, in meditating on God and heaven. Hold communion with Him as familiarly as with an earthly friend. He is very near.

"*Saturday*, 20th. Long for perfect purity of heart, and for the blessed employment of angels above. Sometimes am almost unwilling to remain longer in this sinful world.

"Yesterday, called on some of the sisters of the church. Found a sick friend who is without hope. Could say nothing to her. May this be a monitory lesson to me, to warn sinners while in health."

The individual to whom reference is made in the above extract was a young lady who had manifested much opposition to religious truth. Some of her friends were exceedingly anxious respecting her eternal welfare, but, by her own request, as well as by the special direction of her father, they had been denied the privilege of personal conversation with her upon the subject. On the afternoon previous to her death, Miss Whiting left her school-room, burdened with a sense of the danger of a soul about to enter eternity without a hope in Christ. Three other individuals, influenced by similar feelings, had left their homes to seek some kindred spirit with whom to unite in prayer.

Without previous appointment, these four sisters met each other, and, having repaired to the Vestry, offered fervent prayer that the Spirit's power to convict and convert might here be manifested; and that, before her departure, the subject of their petitions might render to her mother, who was a devoted Chris-

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tian, a satisfactory evidence that she had passed from death unto life; and, moreover, that she might testify to the remainder of the family, that *the Saviour in whom their mother trusted,* alone could afford the preparation needful for an exchange of worlds.

The lady who watched the succeeding night stated that during the night the sick girl expressed much uneasiness at the thought of appearing, unpardoned, in the presence of her Maker, and, having caused the family to be called to her bed-side, solemnly warned them against delaying repentance to a dying hour, or trusting in any thing short of an interest in Christ. "Seek *mother's religion,*" said she; "that is the religion I need in an hour like this. You must have a change of heart, and thus be born again."

She appeared fully aroused to a sense of her danger and her need of just such a salvation as that offered in the Gospel. This salvation, even at the eleventh hour of her life, it is hoped she embraced.

JOURNAL.

"*Tuesday,* August 23d. Have some evidence that the young lady who has been made a subject of prayer, has experienced a change of heart. On hearing it, I exclaimed, 'It is enough,'—but immediately her dear father was before me. May this event be sanctified to him.

"*Afternoon.* Closed the eyes of the young lady above mentioned. Almost long to quit this house of clay. I die daily to earth; it is a tiresome place. May my work soon be closed, and my weary soul be where I can behold my Saviour without a vail between.

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"*Friday*, September 2d. Heard of the death of our good father, Dr. Baldwin. He died on the 29th of August while on a visit to Waterville. While in school to-day, have contemplated much on the joy there was in heaven, on the arrival of that holy man. I long to accompany him. Am unwilling to be detained in this corruptible body. But hush, my sinful heart; shall I not be willing to perform my work on earth, when Jesus has done so much for me?

"*Lord's day*, 4th. A good day. My Father has favored me with a glimpse of His own precious Self. The sermon to-day, I think, was in answer to prayer."

Miss Whiting's presence in the Sabbath-school, on that day, is distinctly remembered. The Female Department, under the faithful superintendence of one who long since closed her earthly labors, met, at that time, in Lawrence-street, in a building since converted to a dwelling-house, just opposite the present site of the seminary.

On that Sabbath, just before the opening of the school, the Superintendent* came and sat down by our class (Miss Whiting's), to converse with its teacher. Their conversation left an indelible impression on the mind of at least *one* listener.

"Well, Dr. Baldwin is dead," said one. "Yes," replied the other; "and what a Sabbath he is now enjoying!" Miss Whiting then made the same observation she has recorded in her Journal, respecting the joy undoubtedly felt in heaven on his arrival there.

* One of the four who met for prayer on the afternoon of August 22d.

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She, moreover, made a remark like this: "That is just the way *I* should like to die. He was useful up to the last, and, when his work was done, he went home. If it is my heavenly Father's will," she added, "I should like to die without being laid aside by a long sickness."

Little did she think that saying would be stored in the memory of her then youthful auditor, to be brought forth twenty-seven years afterward from its safe lodgment, and this annexed, *Her desire was granted!*

Sabbath-school teacher, let us heed the moral this incident teaches. In view of the indelibility, not only of direct instruction, but even of incidental remarks, let us be careful—be faithful—be encouraged.

JOURNAL.

"*Tuesday*, September 6th. Dr. Baldwin interred. His last text was, 'The life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God.'

"*Saturday*, October 22d. While in school to-day, the thought suggested itself, that something could be done by establishing a Sabbath-school on the 'Point.' Don't know that any thing can be done, but am resolved to try.

"*Monday*, 24th. Made an effort to establish a Sabbath-school on the 'Point.' Pray for direction.

"*Wednesday*, 26th. Collected forty-three scholars for the above-mentioned school. Wish to go in the strength of the Lord, and good, I trust, will be done.

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"*Lord's day*, 30th. Commenced the Sunday-school on the 'Point.'

Morton's Point is a part of Charlestown in the vicinity of Chelsea Bridge and the Navy Yard. Many families of Irish Catholics reside in that neighborhood, some of whose children Miss Whiting succeeded in gathering into the school here named.

For a time, they met in a small school-house. Other individuals went to assist, and, eventually, this became a branch of the Baptist Sabbath-school. Miss Whiting then relinquished her connection with it, having, already, charge of classes elsewhere.

The remaining history of this school may be thus briefly stated: After it became connected with the central school, preaching was commenced on Sabbath afternoons, the desk being principally supplied by students from Newton. The interest increased; a chapel was erected; and the school and preaching were continued until 1844; when, upon the formation of the High-Street Baptist Church, and consequent establishment of another school, the interest at the "Point" was abandoned and the chapel sold.

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1826.

NEW TRIALS—TRUST IN GOD—PEACE OF MIND—GROWTH IN GRACE—DEATH OF A FRIEND—USEFUL CALLS.

NOTWITHSTANDING some remaining distrust, there was evidently, on the whole, an increase in the spiritual strength of our friend at this stage of her experience. That strength is now to be tried. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with *all* thy strength." If our strength is increased, we must love Him more fervently; for every new power must be consecrated. But, alas! how prone is unsanctified human nature to make some reserve for earthly objects.

Said a Christian brother to the writer, in reference to some fresh manifestation of Divine grace, "Mark my words! every particle of grace you have received will be tried." This remark being repeated to an aged sister, "True," she replied; "I have always found it so; and, moreover, observe that if the trial is improved, *peace*—unwonted *peace of mind*—will invariably *follow*."

In the examination of a private journal, kept with the regularity and minuteness of the one before us, there is an opportunity to judge of cause and effect in the variation of mental exercises which perhaps no other means will afford. In this examination, we have found the doctrine remarkably exemplified, that *grace precedes* and *peace follows* the disciplinary means

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which the Lord uses to keep his children in the way of righteousness.

JOURNAL.

"*Monday*, January 2d, 1826. To-day is the annual fast of the churches in this region. A comfortable day to my soul. I long to give up the concerns of the world, and spend and be spent in the service of the church.

"*Monday*, 9th. In reading the Memoir of Dr. Baldwin, to-day, my heart melted in love to my Saviour. Think I can never doubt again of my interest in Christ. My feelings correspond so much with those of this servant of God that I must believe he has done great things for me, also. A blessed season of prayer reminds me of happy seasons when heaven with its glories burst in upon my view.

"*Tuesday*, 10th. Desire to live to the glory of God. Attended lectures on Philosophy; every art or science is trifling when compared to Christ.

"*Wednesday*, 11th. Another trial! I know not what designs my Father has in permitting this affliction, but am comforted with the thought that if I am his, it will be for my good. One consolation remains; though earthly friends fail, I have one Friend that will not fail.

"*Thursday*, 12th. Behold how great things God has done for thee. These words came with power to my mind this morning. Be still, my repining heart, when thou art a subject of the pardoning mercy of God. It is enough if thy numerous sins have been forgiven, and thou hast a friend in the controller of *worlds*.

"*Saturday*, 14th. During the two days past have felt willing to be disposed of entirely as God would have me be.

"*Monday*, 16th. Am much resigned to the dispensations of

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Providence in things to which, a short time since, I thought I could not be reconciled.

"*Wednesday*, 18th. Can say with the Psalmist, 'How precious are thy thoughts unto me, O God!' They *are*, indeed, precious. Can rejoice in God my Saviour; for he has done great things for me.

"*Monday*, 23d. Sectional (church) meeting. A heaven begun below. I hope soon to unite with the happy throng above.

"*Wednesday*, 25th. Another privilege of meeting with the people of God. How delightful! I long for the blissful employment of angels.

"*Lord's day*, February 19th. Find I must *suffer* the will of God, as well as *do* it. Be pleased, O Lord, to grant me grace.

"*Wednesday*, March 29th. Know not that I have ever had such a clear view of the holy character of God and of my own sinfulness as I have had to-day. All worldly things are vain, not worth my notice. Soon I shall leave this body and my spirit enter eternity. Solemn, interesting thought. Blessed Jesus, leave me not, I humbly entreat thee; give me greater discoveries of thy character; increase my love to souls; take me under thy protection; teach me thy holy will; make me useful in the world; and eventually take me to thyself.

"Have been out this evening on business—disappointed; it is all well, my Father will give me all the success he knows will be best for me."

Circumstances are frequently noted with a moral reflection appended, like the following:

JOURNAL.

"*Saturday*, April 15th. This afternoon, have been in search of Sunday-school scholars. Have seen the abodes of poverty

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and the dwellings of the great; but how soon will they all be on a level!

"*Saturday*, May 6th. Changed my boarding-place; the things of time change, but my God never changes.

"*Wednesday*, 31st. Looked out of my window, this afternoon, and saw a cluster of buildings in flames. Alas, for those who trust in uncertain riches! I bless God that he has given me a hope that will stand 'the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds.'

"*Monday*, June 12th. Dea. Miller paid my school a visit, to-day. It is encouraging to see such an aged saint. It proves the promise true, 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.'

'Even down to old age, all my children shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love.'

"*Lord's day*, June 25th. It is a privilege as well as a duty to record the loving-kindness of God. I would almost say, Stop, ye wheels of time, let me longer enjoy this precious Sabbath; carry me no more into the concerns of the world. Blessed Sabbath! I *do* love thee, I love thy employments, I love my Jesus and his precious Gospel, his ordinances and service. What condescension! Surrounded by myriads of holy beings, Jesus listens to worms of the dust, and employs them in his service. My soul is humbled in view of such condescension.

"*Saturday*, July 1st. Had a precious season, this morning, while praying in my school. What am I, that I should attempt to plead with God? I am less than nothing, but fear lest I should think something of myself. Wish to lie low at the feet of Jesus.

"Met a Christian friend, this afternoon, and enjoyed a sweet interchange of feelings—a prelude of that joy I trust I shall

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experience in the world to come. I desire to live wholly on Christ—to be like him, and live to his glory.

"*Tuesday*, July 4th. The anniversary of our National Independence. Attended prayer-meeting this forenoon. It was good to be there. Spent the afternoon with brother C——— and wife, friends I had never before seen. My soul is a witness to the blessed communion of saints. Nothing but a common interest in the precious blood of Jesus could thus unite hearts.

"*Saturday*, 8th. Am afraid that I sin in wishing to be at home with God. Sometimes I know not how to stay longer from him whom I devoutly love. But if I am willing to lie low in his hands, I shall be willing to stay and labor here as long as he sees best, and, when my work is done, he will take me home to himself. The situation of our own dear Zion lies near my heart. I feel it a privilege that I can weep and pray for its prosperity. 'The Lord reigneth'—this is all my hope; he will not forsake his heritage."

Comparing the desires for heaven here expressed, with those of earlier date, we notice a pleasing change. Then, she desired heaven that she might be away from this world of sin; now, that she may be with Christ. This was to her a summer season in the kingdom of grace as well as of nature.

JOURNAL.

"*Wednesday*, July 12th. Think I can say with Peter, 'Lord, thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I love Thee.' I do love to have the dear name of Jesus honored on earth, and his will done as it is in heaven. Once I had no delight in such things.

"*Friday*, 14th. Received a visit, to-day, from sister ——,

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My heart glows with love to the spiritual members of Christ's body. Took tea with sister P———. Our pastor present. The conversation was spiritual, such as is approved by Heaven."

In a week's vacation, which occurred this month, Miss Whiting visited Hingham. The interesting state of mind indicated by the above quotations, well prepared her for the visit, which was a means of profit to herself as well as others.

While at Hingham, she had an interesting interview with one of her friends who was near the eternal world. On leaving, as she took her hand and gave her a parting kiss, she said, "Dear Mary, I trust we shall meet again. If you have done your work, go at your Father's bidding; and when mine is done, I hope to hear the welcome sound, Come, ye blessed."

The death of friends always appeared to revive, in a peculiar manner, a pleasant anticipation of her own departure.

With reference to employing an assistant in her school she thus remarks:

JOURNAL.

"*Wednesday*, July 26th. I have felt extremely anxious to have some one with me, who feels the value of the souls committed to my care. My principal object is, to have my school a resort for young ladies, who may not only be instructed in the sciences, but in knowledge which will, with the blessing of God, end in their conversion. Have had many an anxious feeling on this subject."

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We here pass over many interesting records of religious enjoyment, lest the reader should be wearied with the necessary sameness they present. Earthly language, wonderfully adapted as it is to convey ideas, is nevertheless limited in its power to express heavenly emotions. But not only does *enjoyment* mark the recorded exercises of this year, the evidence of *advancement* is equally clear.

JOURNAL.

"*Thursday*, August 17th. Rejoice that I can confide in an Almighty Friend, one I trust I really love. He sees what I need. It may be *humility*, and I need something to humble me; it may be *faith*, and he means to show me that he can bring light out of darkness. I think I care not what affliction he sends, if he only prepares me to glorify him.

"*Monday*, 21st. Sometimes I have felt that I could be more useful in some other place; but, on reflection, think if I have a heart to glorify God, I can as well do it here as elsewhere. Do I wish to grow in grace, I am favored with every necessary means. If to gain a livelihood, I can do so here. If to relieve the poor, comfort the sick, and cheer the dying, there are always objects enough by which my benevolence may be called into exercise. Here, also, are dear youth ever before me, whom I may point to the bleeding Lamb. In short, I may, if I will, do good all the day long."

During succeeding months, the cares of school sometimes became oppressive, and prevented the lively exercise of religious feeling. Visits are frequently noted. With the following selections we close this year's review:

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JOURNAL

"*Saturday*, August 26th. Visited an aged saint, to-day. Her humility, her love to Christ, made me ashamed of my low attainments in piety.

"*Saturday*, November 11th. Visited several poor families this afternoon. Met a little girl lugging a basket of tan. Inquired whether she attended the Sabbath-school; found she did not; followed her home, found her mother sitting by a few embers, with an infant in her arms. A cheerless air pervaded the whole room. The children could not attend Sabbath-school, for want of suitable clothing. Found other families much in the same state. In my attempts to relieve their wants, succeeded better than I expected.

"*Lord's day*, December 17th. Visited a sick friend—a mother, surrounded by a group of little ones; yet she is willing to live or die, just as God pleases. I seldom witness such resignation as her daughter manifested. Said she, 'when my mother was in health, I felt that she was almost necessary to my existence; but now I feel *it is all right*.'"

1827.

INFANT CLASS—ANXIETY FOR HER PUPILS—SPIRIT OF PRAYER—CHANGEFUL EXERCISES.

ONE year after another of Miss Whiting's life passed so quietly, finding and leaving her amid the same or similar scenes, that few points of special prominence appear in her history. The interest a stranger will

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feel in this biography must, therefore, lie chiefly in the opportunity afforded of perceiving therein a new demonstration of God's care for his people.

Yet, for the gratification of her personal friends, we deem it advisable, notwithstanding the absence of striking incidents, and even at the risk of some apparent repetition, to course our way, chronologically, along the path she trod, with more minuteness than would be expected if fewer of our readers were of this class.

As before intimated, Miss Whiting did not retain, permanently, the happy frame of spirit she enjoyed during a few months of the year 1826. She manifested, however, the same ardent desire to live to the glory of God, and a stronger determination to improve every opportunity which might serve to promote her spiritual good.

In 1827, her visits to the poor and sick were even more frequent than in the previous year. A new plan was now adopted, and one well worthy of imitation—that of reading to those upon whom she called, such passages from the Bible and other books, as she thought adapted to instruct and interest them. In this way, many who would never take the trouble to read for themselves, or go where they could be instructed, willingly listened to truth which we have a right to conclude was not lost.

In the Sabbath-school, she took charge of the infant

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department, and became interested in a younger class of minds than had before shared her attention.

JOURNAL.

"*Lord's day*, February 11th, 1827. Feel grateful for the privilege of teaching in the Sabbath-school. I find much comfort in training these infant minds, in answering their interesting questions, and in their attachment to me. To-day, when I entered the class, one little girl caught my hand, saying, 'I shall always love you, you are so good.' I felt humbled and ashamed that I was no more worthy to be loved, when she manifested so much affection toward me.

"*Lord's day*, March 4th. Desire to spend *one* day *entirely* devoted to God. But am ready to exclaim with the Apostle, 'Oh wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?' *Christ* is the only source from whom I expect any deliverance."

If our dear sister could only have gone still further with the Apostle, and have proceeded to "*thank God*" for the deliverance afforded "through Jesus Christ our Lord," then, bidding adieu to the bondage described in the seventh chapter of Romans, had emerged into the liberty brought to view in the eighth, much despondency would have been prevented.

JOURNAL.

"*Lord's day*, May 27th. Why do I so much delight in this holy day? Do I really delight in spiritual worship? If so, I shall hasten my *daily* labor so as to gain time for such employment.

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"Three years ago, this day, I made a public profession of religion. I then enjoyed much of the presence of Jesus, and he is as precious still.

"*Saturday*, June 23d. The providence of God often appears mysterious to us, but could we see, as he does, the end from the beginning, we should see *one grand chain* presenting a perfect whole of God's wisdom, power, and goodness. So, to the unrenewed, disconnected passages of Scripture appear to present a complete contradiction. But let that sinner be converted to God, and study the sacred pages under the instruction of the Holy Ghost, and all is plain. Fountain of Life, enlighten my dark understanding, that I may read thy character plainly in thy Word and providences.

"*Tuesday*, 26th. Deeply impressed, this morning, as I rose to lead the devotions of my school, with the responsibility of my station. Fifty souls committed to my care! Fifty souls to be saved or lost for ever! The impression that I may make upon them may decide their destiny for *eternity*. Solemn thought! Father of mercies, assist, so that I may discharge all my duty.

"*Wednesday*, July 4th. How many spend this day in thoughtlessness! May the time not be far distant, when, as it annually returns, every Christian will devote it to prayer! 'Holiness to the Lord' must be inscribed on all our *enjoyments*, before the world will be converted.

"Attended a union prayer-meeting this morning. It is good to meet with the dear people of God, by whatever name they are called.

"Have recalled to mind the time when first I gave my heart to Jesus. What condescension! to show me my lost and wretched state, to lead me to Himself, and cause me to submit

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to him. This work was all of grace; free, unlimited, sovereign grace. I did nothing but fight against the work. To God alone be all the glory. Oh that I now were, as then, like a little child, sitting at the feet of Jesus.

"*Monday*, 23d. Have long wished for more knowledge of the types and ceremonies. Last evening, met with an aged saint, and our conversation turned on this subject. As she enlarged upon these themes, my soul was inexpressibly drawn out in love to God for the grace displayed in redemption. Happy thought! that the time is not far distant, when all the saints, those who lived before Christ and those after, will unitedly sing, 'Worthy the Lamb!'

"*Thursday*, August 16th. All my desires are upward. Do not look to any worldly object for happiness. Yesterday morning, felt much for souls, especially for my dear pupils. When engaged in prayer for them, my soul drew near to God. I seemed to plead with an earnestness that I have not felt before. A deep solemnity pervaded the room. They, too, seemed to feel that they were in danger. O God, be pleased to bless the season to their undying souls."

The record of December 29th, 1823, will be recollected. There, we saw the struggle of a new disciple —here, we recognize the devotion of a growing Christian. Then, there was a cross to be taken up—now, it has disappeared.

An increased spirit of prayer seems to have been the crowning blessing of the year. Several friends were made the subjects of her petitions, whose speedy conversion illustrated Scripture promises.

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JOURNAL.

"*Lord's day*, September 2d. Can here raise my Ebenezer and say, 'Thou, God, hast helped me;' for I have had help, to-day, that did not come from earth. Of a truth, I *know* God has been with me. Blessed Jesus, keep me humble and prayerful, for myself, my pastor, and the dear church.

"*Saturday*, 8th. Have been trying to estimate the value of the soul, but can not. No comparison can be made. What is this little world compared with the value of one soul?

"*Monday*, 17th. This evening, wish it indelibly impressed on my mind, that if I allow no idol to come between my soul and God, I enjoy his presence. Many objects are crowding to gain admittance, and, alas, I am too ready to give them place.

"Returned from school, to-day, mourning over my stupidity. Retired to my closet and there poured out my complaint to my Father and Friend. Jesus appeared very precious. His majesty and power united with his wonderful condescension humbled me in the dust. I seemed to sit at his feet and gaze at his glories with unspeakable delight. Could pray for my dear pastor and other friends, with perfect confidence that he would grant them all they need, pleading for them as one would plead with a friend.

"*Friday*, 28th. Am almost astonished at the condescension of God in granting me just that state of mind which I have desired for some time past. He enabled me to ask for a spirit of prayer, for an earnest desire for the salvation of dear friends, for greater discoveries of his own blessed Self—*all* of which he has granted. He showed me my wants and caused me to cry to him for relief, then granted my request. Blessed Saviour, precious thou art to my soul.

"*Saturday*, 29th. The burden of our dear church rested

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upon me yesterday. I knew the Lord alone could help, and consequently had no disposition to seek relief elsewhere. And he who has said, 'Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee,' took my burden away and gave me an assurance that he heard me. Precious seasons I have had in communion with God. He seems to fill all space. I feel alone with God."

In September, 1827, the Boston Baptist Association met in Charlestown. After speaking of her enjoyment through the session, she says, "The last and closing scene was the Lord's Supper. My soul was filled with holy love, as we sat down, a large congregation, to commemorate the sufferings of Christ. I felt that earth had not *one* attraction for me, nor ever would have again. As we were passing out of the house, a sister said, 'We shall not always feel as we do to-day; the world will draw us back again.' 'Oh!' thought I, 'how can you have any such fears? Surely, there is nothing on earth to be compared to communion with God. It seems impossible that *I* can ever get into the world again.'"

Much like the earth's surface is the experience of most Christians. Until they have learned that THE LORD HAS PREPARED A HIGHWAY FOR HIS PEOPLE, their course must, of necessity, be now over mountains, and then through valleys; sometimes in the sunlight, and again in the shade. Better so, than to make no progress; but we lose much enjoyment when we fail to appropriate, by a living faith, the promises of the Gospel.

Before the year closed, Miss Whiting wrote many

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bitter things against herself, yet did not lose the evidence of her acceptance with God, or her desire to live to his glory.

JOURNAL.

"*Monday*, October 29th. Have enjoyed much to-day. Heaven looks glorious; I long to be there. The world has no charms for me; I feel like a messenger wishing to do my errand and get *home*.

"*Lord's day*, November 11th. Have been called to give the parting hand to a very dear friend. If the loss of earthly objects will serve to wean me from the world and enable me to fix a firmer grasp on God and eternity, I say, Let them *all* go.

"*Friday*, December 28th. In my school this afternoon, while teaching, my thoughts sweetly turned on God. 'These are his children that I am instructing,' thought I, and felt a sensation that I never before experienced. I loved to look on those children and teach them *because* they were *God's creatures*. I could not but rejoice that he should grant me this privilege. Longed to work all the time for Him."

1828.

VIEWS OF THE HOLY SPIRIT—USEFUL CALLS—DEATH OF MRS. BLAIR—SELF-EXAMINATION—SUPERINTENDENCE IN SUNDAY-SCHOOL—ESSAY OF A SUNDAY SCHOLAR—MENTAL DARKNESS—SUBJECT OF MISSIONS.

HAVING learned that Christ alone can save, and proved the efficacy of prayer in behalf of the perishing, what instruction does our friend now need to ac-

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company her strong desire for the conversion of sinners?—The same that every child of God requires, to fit him for continued success; confidence in the power of the Holy Spirit.

It is easy to point the inquirer to the great atoning Sacrifice; but what encouragement has one to address those who care for none of these things? We may exercise faith when we pray, "Lord, unseal the eyes of those who realize their blindness;" but how can we believe that they whose eyes are closed and yet say "we see," will ever seek the true light?

Perhaps, moreover, all are liable to suffer their faith to be influenced by emotional feelings; and, though some might think otherwise, it is nevertheless true that Miss Whiting was a woman of strong emotions. Persons of such a temperament may find no difficulty in trusting the promises in elevated frames of feeling, while, under other circumstances, they would be in great danger of yielding to unbelief.

To be able, habitually, to approach the throne of grace, amid changing frames of feeling, in the exercise of unwavering faith, for the careless and hardened as well as the penitent, it is evident, clear views of the agency of the Holy Spirit are needed.

We shall see that she, with whom we are, in a manner, treading again life's pathway, was not left in darkness on this point.

JOURNAL.

"*Lord's day*, January 20th. I know not that ever souls appeared more precious than now. The great atonement that

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has been made for them, the desperate state in which they are, and their final state if they thus remain, overwhelm me with grief. How can I bear to see the precious Saviour, who has done so much to save a guilty world, despised? O my God, for thy aid I come, in thee is my help. They must perish unless thou dost interpose. Impart the gracious influences of thy Spirit, that these dry bones may live.

"*Tuesday*, 22d. When I think of those who are out of Christ, I can say with the prophet, 'Oh that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night!' How can I bear the thought that so many of my dear fellow-creatures should neglect the Word of God and run headlong to ruin? O my God, in thee is my help.

"*Monday*, February 4th. What a salvation is provided for man! The Holy Spirit sets home the sins upon the heart of a sinner and makes him feel the need of a Saviour; he then gladly runs to Christ, who stands with open arms to receive him and present him to his Heavenly Father. I never before had such a plain discovery of salvation as God has shown me of late, for which I desire to be thankful. I esteem every new idea of God more than my necessary food.

"*Lord's day*, 10th. Heard Mr. Weston preach. One sermon raised me, in my affections, to glory; the other left me mourning over the wretched state of the unconverted. While I thus mourn, am convinced that not one soul will seek Christ until influenced by the Holy Spirit."

Thus was the mind of our sister led, without doubt by the same Spirit, to a more definite recognition of his own agency in the work of saving souls.

The young Christian will be spared much perplexity

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by obtaining a correct understanding of this subject, and the scriptural grounds on which he may rest his expectations.

God will not—can not, consistently with the plan of his government, grant his favor to those who are living in willful rebellion, *while in that state;* we are not required to believe it, nor pray for it. But let opposers bar their minds as they may against conviction, whoever has adequate views of the power of the Holy Spirit can pray, and in faith, too,—can work, and that without visible success, in full confidence that the sleeping conscience will be aroused, and that the sinner will, at last, *be made to see* his lost condition. The most strenuous advocate of free-agency can not object to this ground.

"The way of transgressors is hard;" let us seek to render it still more rugged, so that they shall be able to pursue their downward course only by hard fighting against clearly-discovered truth. Let us also be encouraged to the diligent use of means, although we may not always be permitted to witness the result.

In the case before us, the thought that God will take care of his own truth, which, though spoken in weakness, might be rendered irresistible through the Spirit's influence, was a powerful stimulus to action.

JOURNAL.

"*Thursday*, February 14th. Yesterday, spent the afternoon in visiting the poor, and obtaining Sabbath-scholars. Begged of God to go with me and direct me how to work for him, for

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I wish to work with all my might in his service. In my walks, I met with almost all characters; set home the truths of the Gospel earnestly, because I knew they were the glorious truths of the ever-blessed God. Returned home, feeling that I had labored for God. I long to have the world brought to love and praise him too.

"The day before, visited some Irish families. They had neither treasure on earth nor in heaven, apparently. Many of them could not read, and had no Bible in their houses. I pity them.

"This evening, visited with a few Christian friends. Much reason to lament. Why do not Christians converse about their heavenly home, whenever they meet?

"*Friday*, 15th. Have attended sectional (church) meeting, this evening. Tried to express my feelings in such a manner that Christians might be encouraged to press forward, and that God might be glorified. Think I did not desire to commend myself, but my blessed Saviour. If my heart did deceive me, I pray God to forgive me.

"*Lord's day*, 17th. When the clock struck twelve, this morning, I could not bear to close my eyes. I seemed to realize the heavenly host striking their harps anew to usher in this glorious day. 'The morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy.' This passage came to my mind, delightfully. Meditated much on the words, 'sons of God.' Who were they? Perhaps once like me, but now glorified spirits. Then, I shall one day be like them; not only like them, but one of their number. Glorious thought!

"*Monday*, 18th. Last night, watched with our aged sister B———. She has almost arrived home—joyful thought!

"*Evening*. She is gone—to her long-wished-for, glorious, never-ending home. I shall meet her, ere long, and never be

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separated. Have meditated on the blessed spirits welcoming her to her mansion of rest—and she joyfully entering it—the vail taken from her view, the clogs that confined her spirit to earth dropped—and she joining the redeemed around the throne. While I thus meditate, my longing soul would join them too. But I will beg of God to give me resignation to his will, that I may be willing to go or stay."

This was, undoubtedly, the person referred to in the record of August 6th, 1826; who, although an inmate of the alms-house, was rich in faith, and the expectant of a heavenly inheritance.

Often have we seen her, with tottering step, slowly making her way to the house of God. When any surprise was expressed that one so aged and feeble should venture out upon snow and ice, to occupy her accustomed place in the sanctuary, she would reply, "Where my *mind* goes, I always find my poor *body* tries to *follow*."

JOURNAL.

"*Wednesday*, February 27th. This day, I am thirty-three years old. How little of that time has been devoted in any measure to God! I do want the remainder of my days to be filled up for him. Yes, if my heart does not deceive me, I would be spent in his service.

"*Friday*, March 28th. Met, this morning, with an aged Christian (a pedler), an utter stranger, yet I had not talked with him five minutes before I felt an evidence of his piety, and could call him my dear brother in Christ. I felt a union of heart with him when he spoke so feelingly of the Saviour.

"*Friday*, April 4th. A circumstance occurred that caused

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my wicked heart to rise and say, I will not have it so. Such things show me just what I am. Oh that I could have grace to subdue all my evil propensities and make me willing to consider myself nothing!"

"*Lord's day*, May 11th. Wish to examine my hope. What reason have I to believe that it is built on Christ?

"I relinquished all trust in any thing I could do myself.

"Sometimes I find in secret prayer a union with Him.

"His character appears lovely, and even the name of Jesus fills my soul with love.

"I long for all the world to try the efficacy of his all-atoning blood.

"I love the people of God, and feel a union to them, let me meet them where I may, and let them be called by whatever name."

Frequent seasons of close self-examination are profitable, and, even under the brightest spiritual sky, should never be neglected. If, at the close of each such season, we can erect our Ebenezer, and say "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us," they will serve as way-marks in our earthly pilgrimage.

To the young disciple, let us say still further, should such exercises result in the evidence that your hopes are well founded, you do wrong to go on still doubting. Be assured, it is no evidence of *humility* to distrust your covenant-keeping God. *Trust* him with all your heart, and let the first rising of unbelief warn you of the need of a new consecration. Yet, so narrow is the path between distrust on one hand and self-reliance on the other, by no means let the absence of a doubt-

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ing spirit prevent you from frequently reviewing the ground of your hope. "Examine yourselves, prove your own selves, whether ye be in the faith."

JOURNAL.

"*Lord's day*, June 8th. Mr. R——— preached. He spoke of the state of man before he sinned, and his present ruined state—destitute of a Saviour—unable to keep the law. Then of the blessings Christ has purchased for us. He takes away the sting of death, and enables believers not only to die tranquil, but to rejoice in that trying hour. He spoke also of the final destiny of those who die out of Christ.

"If ever I wished to be free from sin, it is now. Christ is so lovely, I can not bear to have my thoughts drawn off to any other object. I am lost in wonder, love and praise, when I reflect that one day I shall be like him—be with him."

Here we have the paramount reason of the advanced Christian's desire for heaven; *to be like Christ—to be with him.*

We have noticed how much Miss Whiting thought of the heathen, and of the privilege of those who were called to labor among them. She found there were heathen even in this land.

JOURNAL.

"*Saturday*, June 14th. Visited some poor families. Found some who could not read, and never heard the story of Calvary. Tried to make them feel, but the Spirit of truth alone can affect the heart."

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Previous to this date, Miss Whiting had taken charge of the Female Department of the Sabbath-school as its Superintendent. We now met in the chapel, but still separate from the Male Department. In order to give interest to the general exercises, she invited the members of the school to present written expressions of their thoughts or feelings upon any subject they might consider appropriate.

To this invitation the scholars responded by contributions, which were read before the school without the author's name. For a time, considerable interest was manifested in this kind of exercise.

These remarks will serve to explain the following:

JOURNAL.

"*Lord's day*, June 29th. At the Sabbath-school, one of our scholars handed me a few lines of composition, stating her feelings at not having any teacher, her class being deprived of theirs. I was much affected, and tried to improve the circumstance by encouraging those who had teachers, to improve the time, and by exciting the teachers to continue in their work and be faithful. Referred to the judgment-day, and reminded them how solemn it would be then to know that they had not faithfully warned their pupils to flee from the wrath to come. For a few moments, an awful stillness pervaded the room, and I felt that *God was there*."

Miss Whiting was not the only one who noticed that "solemn stillness," and felt that "God was there."

Long years had passed since the event was called to mind, but, upon reading the record just quoted, mem-

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ory, true to its trust, brought back the transactions of that hour with the vividness of yesterday. Memory, what art thou? Are all the acts of our lives, the words of our tongues, the thoughts of our hearts, in thy keeping? and will nothing be needed at the final judgment, but thy quickening, to bring them all again before us?

It is a singular circumstance, that, after this lapse of time, a copy of the piece here named has been found in possession of one who was a member of the class. It is a short Essay on the words, "And how can they hear without a preacher?" Rom. x. 14.

We have observed that the experience of most Christians finds an analogy in the unevenness of the earth's surface.

Travelers in wild and rugged regions, and especially those conversant with Oriental scenery, speak of deep chasms, so densely shaded by overhanging rocks that the rays of the noon-day sun can not reach the bottom. Through these dark ravines, shepherds sometimes have occasion to lead their flocks; and it is said, the timid sheep often exhibit signs of fear, until the voice of the shepherd, or the touch of his crook, assures them of his presence.

To this, the Psalmist, himself once a shepherd, undoubtedly alludes, when he says, "Though I walk through the *valley of the shadow of death*, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy *rod* and thy *staff*, they comfort me."

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In the Summer of 1828, Miss Whiting passed through a season of mental darkness which forcibly reminds us of the dismal shades just described. It was a season not of doubt, merely, but bordering on despair. After she emerged from this state, and again enjoyed the light of the Sun of Righteousness, she thus speaks of it: "Never shall I forget that time, when death, with all its solemn realities, was open to my view. I looked to Jesus, but he had hidden his lovely face; turned to my former life, to see if I had no proof that I loved him, but, oh! what a scene! how I felt in the sight of a holy God! I cried for help, but cried in vain. I felt that I was crushed as a moth before a holy God. I never knew before, since I indulged a hope in Christ, the feeling of despair. I was sure I never should dare to hope again. It was easy for others to be forgiven, but oh! my dreadful state!"

That a just view of Miss Whiting's religious character be presented, it is necessary to bring forward, quite prominently, her deep feeling in reference to the cause of Missions. This was the first object of benevolence which specially impressed her mind after her conversion, and some of the last letters she ever wrote were directed to those on missionary ground. But her intimate friends alone were aware of the ardor and depth of feeling which this subject inspired.

In the Autumn of 1828, she wrote, "I have long contemplated whether it is duty to stay here, or to

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offer myself for a missionary to the Indians. Many obstacles are in the way of my becoming a missionary, but the greatest is the want of a steady, unshaken piety. In this, I fail. Sometimes, I feel to count not my life dear if I could but be instrumental of doing any good in the cause of Christ, but at other times I feel very stupid and indifferent."

She reasoned, that, if unfaithful in the midst of Christian privileges, she must despair of ever becoming a successful missionary, and therefore, for the time, the idea was relinquished, although the following quotations are but specimens of many which might be made, showing that the subject was not forgotten.

JOURNAL.

"*Saturday*, October 25th. Things have been so ordered that it appears plainer to me than ever, that this is my place for labor; but I feel determined that, resting on God, I will do to the utmost of my power to *send* missionaries to the heathen."

1829.

DESTRUCTION IN THE ALMS-HOUSE—CONVERSION OF A SABBATH SCHOLAR—EXTRACT—SELF-EXAMINATION—OBSERVANCE OF THE SABBATH—IMPORTANT DECISION—DUTY AND EXPEDIENCY—DEDICATION AT HINGHAM.

JOURNAL.

"*Wednesday*, March 11th, 1829. At times, feel deeply impressed with the idea that I must leave my native land, and

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labor for God in some remote station. I want grace to act just as will best please my God, and long to be spent in his service. I pant after greater usefulness in so glorious a cause.

"*Wednesday*, 18th. Reflected, this morning, on the state of the town. How sin abounds! I felt that I was as much among despisers of God as if I were in Burmah; and that it was just as necessary for me to live devoted to God here as if I were in that place. Long to bring all my sins and slay them before God, and be his for ever."

At this season, Miss Whiting had charge of a Bible class in the alms-house, which she instructed, for the most part, on Saturday afternoons. This led her to visit the house frequently, and a single extract from her Journal will suffice to show that a detailed account of her interviews with its inmates would resemble the report of a visiting committee; yet she continued to express great dissatisfaction with her efforts, and longed for more extended usefulness.

JOURNAL.

"*Saturday*, May 2d. Visited one of the apartments, in which I found a sick man just on the borders of the grave. He soon convinced me that he loved Jesus. I asked him what was the ground of his hope. '*Jesus*,' said he, 'the Rock of Ages, is the one on whom I rest.' He then proceeded to tell me how his mind had been led. After having conversed with him some minutes, I said, 'I am afraid it will weary you to talk so long.' He replied, 'Oh! I never can be weary of this glorious subject!' 'Well,' said I, 'in heaven there will be no fatigue;' and spoke of the blessed state of those who are before the throne of God,

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praising him day and night, which state I trusted he anticipated. 'Yes,' he answered; 'perhaps before another sun rises, I shall know—shall be with Jesus.' When the state of the blessed, or the name of Jesus was mentioned, his hollow eye brightened with holy joy; indeed, I felt as if conversing with an inhabitant of the upper world, and for the moment almost imagined myself loosed from earth. I knelt down by his bed-side and returned thanks for this interview, and then departed, hoping that if we did not meet again on earth, we should in heaven.

"*Lord's day*, 3d. I know not that I shall ever be a *devoted* servant of God. Other Christians live and labor for him continually. It seems that their lives are filled up with usefulness, while mine almost constantly distresses me.

"*Friday*, 29th. Have to record, this evening, that of which I have never before had the privilege—that of hearing one convert relate that she received the serious impressions, which resulted in her conversion, in the Sabbath-school, and that this most unworthy dust was the instrument. Oh, how has my heart ascended to God that he would condescend to choose *her* as one of his own dear followers. Heard, also, of another answer to prayer, this evening. It is a blessing to have any witness that we are interested at a throne of grace. I hope these fresh testimonies will lay me in the dust, and serve to keep me there."

It may not be inappropriate to introduce in this place an extract from an article which was published in the "Watchman and Reflector," soon after Miss Whiting's decease, written by the "convert" to whom reference is here made.

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"A SABBATH SCHOLAR'S TRIBUTE

TO THE MEMORY OF MARTHA WHITING.

"Passing back, through years gone by but not forgotten, the tribute-bearer becomes, in imagination, a child again—a Sabbath-scholar, sitting under the earnest exhortations of a faithful teacher. Let us listen. The teacher says:

"'Are you prepared for heaven?'

"'No.'

"'Do you wish to go to that holy place?'

"'Yes, if I knew the way.'

"'Are you earnestly seeking it?'

"'I suppose not.'

"The anxious look, the fervent prayer and repeated entreaties, are well remembered. Nor were they in vain. The scholar, in turn, becomes the inquirer:

"'What is the way to heaven?'

"This question answered, another arises—'What is the way to Christ?'

"The teacher replies, 'Prayer is the way to Christ.'

"'What is prayer—true prayer?'

"'Prayer is desire expressed to God.'

"The way is now plain; so plain as to leave no excuse. By the grace of God, it is tried—the Saviour found, and the teacher and taught rejoice together in hope of eternal life.

"From this retrospective view we come again to the present. The teacher has just departed to enter the heavenly city. The scholar remains, and would fain bear this simple testimony to her faithfulness.

* * * *

"CHARLESTOWN, August 29th, 1853."

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The summer and autumn of this year, it will be perceived, were seasons of spiritual enjoyment, the *Word of God* being the source of special comfort.

JOURNAL.

"*Wednesday*, July 1st. God does indeed confer blessings on a worm of the dust. When I awake I find myself with him. I rise and read his holy Word; it is like honey to my taste. I feed on every verse. Never was it more precious when I first had a view of Jesus. I go out and come in—my God is still with me. When my work is done, I trust he will call me home, where I shall be *ever* with him.

"*Lord's day*, 5th. My soul has been, I believe, in heaven to-day. I think I do know by experience what it is to have communion with Christ—to sit at his feet. This joy in God is real; it is—I know it is.

"*Thursday*, September 24th. Last evening, attended meeting. Could have wept over Zion. I longed to speak, but sat most of the evening, struggling between duty and fear. At last, for the first time (in a public meeting), I arose and spoke a few words for Christ."

The subject of self-examination has been adverted to, and would not be again introduced, were it not for the reason that young disciples are often assisted in their performance of this and other duties by consulting the experience of those who have gone before them. For the benefit of such, the following quotation is given.

JOURNAL.

"*Lord's day*, October 4th. Have I any genuine evidences of being a Christian? What is religion, if it is not what I

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have experienced? I was brought to see that I was a wretched, helpless creature, and enabled to flee to Christ for help. He discovered to me his excellences, and my soul was absorbed with a delightful contemplation of his glories. I renounced all in which I trusted, was humbled in view of what he had done for me, and desired to spend the remainder of my days in his service. My prayer was, 'Lord, what wilt thou have *me* to do? I have done serving the world—I am now thine.' Every object appeared new. I mourned over the wretched state of sinners, pleaded with God for them, and warned them of their danger. Since that time I have had transporting views of heaven, have beheld, by faith, the Lamb of God, while the world, with all its attractions, sunk into its native nothingness.

"Still I find that I am far, very far, from what I ought to be, and in every thing come short, but hope that I do know the truth, and desire to spend my life in the service of God."

Our departed friend attached much importance to a strict observance of the Sabbath. She prized the employments, as well as enjoyments peculiar to the day, and often alluded to the eternal Sabbath she loved to anticipate. A Lord's day passed away from home, gave rise to the following reflections.

JOURNAL.

"*Monday*, October 12th. Last Lord's day was spent at ———. Hope I shall not be drawn away from home again on the Sabbath, for many reasons.

"1. I can not, when from home, have the retirement I need on that day.

"2. Must attend more to the civilities of friends than I need do at home.

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"3. The duties I owe to the Lord's-day school, the church with which I am connected, and the deference which is due to my beloved pastor, call me at home, particularly on that day.

"Therefore, for the future, I wish to be in my accustomed place."

We now arrive at an important and interesting epoch in the career of our friend, although, probably, at the time, she little thought how much depended on the decision of, it may be, a single hour.

Having made a Christian profession, and chosen the occupation of a teacher, the question arose, how far it behooved her to devote her attention and energy to each, so as best to promote the glory of God. Must she employ her mental powers in ascending the hill of science, or bend her attention more especially to the moral and spiritual good of the rising generation?

The conflict is best described in her own words.

JOURNAL.

"*Saturday*, November 14th. Continued conflicts. The world says, 'Give me all your time; study human knowledge; be great in your profession as a teacher—an ignorant teacher is a dangerous enemy to youth; be persevering; be studious.' Religion says, 'Spend much time in private meditation and prayer; study the Bible; keep the mind on Divine things; aim at usefulness in the cause of Christ; keep the world below, and heaven and Jesus before you; die daily to the world; so will you enjoy the favor of Him who died to redeem you.' To know how far I may engage in the world, how much time it is profitable for me to spend on worldly subjects, how much on spiritual, so that my God may be glorified, is my great desire.

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Let me engage in whatever I may, I design that all I obtain shall eventually go to support the Gospel. May I be guided rightly."

The decision to which she arrived may be learned from her subsequent history. Decision, it may be remarked, was one of the strong points in her character. *What* is to be done? *When* is it to be done? and *How* shall we do it? were three oft-repeated questions. She perceived that by a definite understanding of the object to be undertaken, far more could be accomplished than by desultory action; and hence, assisted also by an economical arrangement of time, was able to engage in a variety of objects without the interference of one claim with another.

JOURNAL.

"*Lord's day*, November 15th. Doubted for some time whether it was my duty to remain at home and spend the forenoon in meditation and trying to humble myself before God—a season I much needed—or to attend on public worship. But I could not see it plain to absent myself from the house of God, and thither repaired. I rejoice in the subject which has been beautifully held up by our pastor, viz.: The Sovereignty of God. Rebellious as my heart sometimes is, I really rejoice that He reigns—I love his government."

As years advanced, our friend became more and more fixed in the opinion that we should be anxious to ascertain what is *right*, rather than what appears *expedient;* and she ever sought to impress her pupils

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with the conviction that by doing the *right thing* in the *right time*, they would never lose their reward.

Ever since her conversion, Miss Whiting had felt a lively interest in the spiritual welfare of her friends at Hingham. Many vacations were passed in that place, when, as we have been told, she was wont to speak freely of the blessedness of those who trust in Christ alone for salvation.

At one of her visits, she established a Sabbath-school, and often expressed the wish that a house of worship might be erected, where the truth should be dispensed as it appeared to her to be presented in the Scriptures. In December, of this year, she was cheered by the consummation of this long-desired object.

After returning from the dedication of the Baptist meeting-house in that place, she wrote: "Thou hast, O God, as we trust, caused this house to be erected for thy glory. Dispose many to resort to it and hear thy truth proclaimed. Convert their souls, and raise up a people there to 'glorify thy name.'"

1830.

REVIVAL OF RELIGION—SUNDAY-SCHOOL SCENES—LETTER TO MRS. HUMPHREY—CONFIDENCE IN CHRIST—SELF-DISTRUST—MORNING BIBLE-CLASS—PATH OF DUTY.

THE winter and spring of 1830 were seasons of great religious interest in Charlestown. In the work

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of grace then enjoyed, our Sabbath-school largely participated.

The chapel not being of sufficient size to accommodate the whole school, Miss Whiting continued the separate superintendence of the Female Department, which at this time assembled in her school-room.

It is not surprising that she entered with much ardor into the revival. Her mind had been somewhat prepared for it. Indeed, the first indication of more than usual feeling among us, so far as the writer is aware, was at an evening meeting held in the chapel, early in January, when Miss Whiting arose, and, in an earnest manner, warned sinners of their dangerous state. She endeavored to convince them by passages quoted from Scripture; referring to the anxiety of pious persons, in all ages, as an evidence that the danger is not imaginary, and also to the testimony and sacrifice of Christ himself.

About the same time, a member of the church visited the Sabbath-school, and made an earnest appeal to teachers and pupils on the importance of personal religion. The mind of this visitor had been peculiarly impressed by reflecting upon the influence of lectures then recently delivered in Boston and other places on the subject technically called Woman's Rights. "If," said she, "an infidel woman can exert such a powerful influence, what can—what ought—a *Christian* woman to do for the eternal salvation of her sex?" She stated that, in pondering upon her own duty, she was strongly impressed to visit the Sabbath-school and ex-

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hort its members to a more careful attention to their spiritual welfare. Having endeavored, in vain, to satisfy her conscience by *substituting* private prayer in their behalf, she came at length in person, and made known her feelings.

In an account of this revival written by the pastor, and published in the Baptist Magazine, January, 1831, is found an observation which we should do well to remember, viz., "How apt are Christians to propose some other duty to avoid a present one; but, however great or important any duty may be under other circumstances, it can never compensate for the omission of what God enjoins at a particular time."

A few Sabbaths after the occurrence just related, Miss Whiting entered the following in her Journal.

JOURNAL.

"*Lord's day*, February 28, 1830. Our Sabbath-school presented the most affecting scene I ever witnessed. Many seemed deeply convicted—teachers and scholars in tears."

On that day our usual recitations were suspended, and the time occupied in prayer and conversation. In the course of the week following, many obtained an evidence of the forgiveness of their sins, and on the next Sabbath were ready to declare what great things the Lord had done for them.

Miss Whiting invited those who were so disposed to express their feelings to the school, when some gladly improved the opportunity, and, not now by *written*

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essays, but by the *living voice*, utterance was given to emotions which pen could not describe.

One pupil, we recollect, remarked that she had often thought she would have liked to be a sister of Jesus Christ when he was on earth. Then she could have had his personal acquaintance, and he would surely be her friend. Said she, "I have now found how we may all enjoy this privilege, and be *sisters* of Jesus Christ, for he says, 'Whosoever doeth the will of my Father, the same is my brother and *sister* and mother.'"

Miss Whiting's record of this day is as follows:

JOURNAL.

"*Lord's day*, March 7. Never did I witness such a day before. My ears have been continually greeted either with the sound, 'Praise the Lord with me,' or, 'Pray for me.' My heart is melted within me under a sense of the goodness of God. I desire to be grateful for the childlike state of mind he has given me. I want that every breath should be prayer."

The following letter, bearing no date, was undoubtedly written at this time.

TO HER SISTER.

"* * * I know not where to begin to recount the mercies of our covenant-keeping God, for my soul is overpowered with the goodness he has manifested toward his unworthy children in this place.

"While engaged in our Sunday-school to-day, hearing one and another tell what God had done for their souls, and others

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mourning over their hard hearts, others offering earnest prayer and exhortation, I was constrained to say, 'Surely, God is in this place.' The impression was strong on my mind that angels were hovering over the place, and that if the vail which hides time from eternity should be removed, we should behold an innumerable throng of those heavenly beings surrounding us.

"O my sister, you can have no idea of the scenes I have witnessed in my school-room since I wrote you last; we behold these dear youth, whom many of us have tried to teach the way of eternal life for years while they have remained indifferent, now brought to bow to the scepter of Jesus. Do not suppose that I think it in consequence of my faithful labors, for I am ashamed before God that I have no more regarded his Word.

"Two of our Sunday-school teachers and six of the scholars have indulged a hope that they have passed from death unto life, since I wrote you. Some of the most gay and hitherto thoughtless of my week-day school are solemnly impressed, and one has entertained a hope. If this work continues and prevails through the town, I think I shall say like aged Simeon, 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.' I never was so conscious of being nothing as since this work commenced. All that I feel I can do, is to cry for the diffusion of the Holy Spirit and pray, O 'Lord, keep me in my proper place —the dust.'

"*Monday evening.* Just returned from an inquiry-meeting. Oh! what a display of the grace of God! * * * * The goodness of God has, I trust, caused me to dedicate myself anew to his service. I care not where he calls me, if I can only do any thing for Christ.

"I suppose you anticipate this week with peculiar pleasure. May the Saviour make one of your number. What a precious thought, that Jesus can be with you, and us, and in Burmah, at

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the same time! * * * * * Wishing that your meeting may be crowned with a heavenly blessing, I must bid you adieu. MARTHA."

JOURNAL.

"*Thursday*, March 18. Was constrained, this evening, to warn sinners. The exertion of my mind was so great, that my body was excessively weak. O God, give me the prayer of faith that these souls may be converted.

"*Tuesday*, 30. Tried to renew my covenant with God. May he enable me to keep the resolution I have made this day, viz., to observe one day in each week as a day of prayer and abstinence from food, or from more than will simply support my feeble nature."

One might judge, with some accuracy, of the part a Christian has taken in a revival of religion, by his state of mind after the gracious shower has passed. The languid demeanor of a loiterer might about as easily be mistaken for that enjoyment of repose which is the reward of diligence, as the stupidity of the listless professor for the quiet spirit of one who has been at work in the Lord's vineyard. Our next quotation illustrates this remark.

JOURNAL.

"*Thursday*, April 1. A precious season in prayer, this morning. My whole soul lay at the feet of Jesus. Oh! what a sweet, holy, happy season did I have, feeling no desire for any thing, either for time or eternity! What confidence did I feel in Christ! how safe to be just where and what he would have me be! Could commit ten thousand souls, if I had them, into his hands.

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"Lost four scholors this week, but feel indifferent about it. My school is evidently on the decline. So many new schools in town I expect will affect it. But, as every thing else, it is in my Father's hand." * * *

The School of Christ is Monitorial. His disciples have now to receive, and then to impart, and then again to receive instruction. Miss Whiting, having been occupied some weeks or months in teaching others the way of salvation, has, in turn, some lessons to learn for herself.

JOURNAL.

"*Thursday*, April 1. * * * Could not attend meeting this evening. How long before I shall learn not to trust in *means* but wholly in *Christ*, for every comfort I enjoy?

"*Lord's day*, 11. Pride, that busy sin, spoils all I do. Oh that the monster might be torn from my heart! Soon as I attempt to do any thing good, he starts up and says, 'You have done well now,' or, 'The world think well of you.' Thus I seem to stand in the way of sinners and prevent them from receiving a blessing. Then I am forced to mourn before God, and beg that others may not suffer on my account. The world look on and think all is well with me, but they little realize what an enemy I am carrying about.

"*Friday*, 16. I know that unless my Saviour holds me, I shall stray from him constantly. My continual deviations prove that I must be watched just as a little child is watched by its parent on first attempting to walk. The child thinks he can walk alone, but soon totters and falls, and then he cries. When he becomes a little stronger, he gazes around, looking at trifling objects instead of taking heed to his steps. He falls, and per-

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haps has to weep a long time before his friend appears. So with the Christian. He sets out on his pilgrimage believing that he shall always feel strong, but soon stumbles, and discovers where his strength lies; or, gazing on the world till his mind becomes absorbed in the same, falls, and were it not for the omnipotent arm of the Saviour would not rise again."

After having her attention, in this manner, for several weeks, directed particularly to her own state, she again has special feeling for others; and with this anxiety, as often before, extends a wishful thought to heathen lands.

JOURNAL.

"*Lord's day*, May 16. Arose early this morning. Met a class for Biblical instruction at half past five. The subject of our lesson was the carrying away of the two tribes into captivity. The feelings of those Jews who really loved God when they were forced from their own land, the destruction of their house of worship, and the many painful reflections they must have had while in bondage, all led me to feel much interested in their state. We had a pleasant season, and returned home at seven o'clock. At half past eight, attended our Sabbath-school, and, after meeting, the school at the Point. Felt more like laboring for God, to-day, than for some time past.

"*Thursday*, 27. Have attended six meetings since yesterday morning. These are precious privileges; it would be painful to be deprived of them, but my God would supply all my need. I know that where he is, there must be joy, and I could receive as much comfort from him in a heathen as a Christian land. That subject, which has often, in times past, engaged my

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attention, has for some days again impressed my mind. The impulse is more powerful than ever.

"*Saturday*, 29. Difficulties crowd upon my mind at every step when I view the path that I would pursue. I should not fear dangers and trials, if I were certain what is the will of my heavenly Father.

"*Tuesday*, July 6. My duty is plain. It appears that I have still a work to do here. Think I can not leave this place. I don't know what God intends for me, but am impressed with the belief that *here* I must stay. If not deceived, have desired that God would direct me."

We have reviewed the first six months of the year at some length, in consequence of the interest imparted to this period by the special manifestation of the grace of God. As our eyes rest, with delight, on nature invigorated by rain or plentiful dew, so in moral scenery we love to witness the quickening of spiritual life by the showers of Divine Grace.

The year was one of exertion—of mental conflict—of progress; all, undoubtedly, serving to prepare our friend for the era to which the next year introduces us—the establishment of the Charlestown Female Seminary.

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1831.

LETTER TO MRS. HUMPHREY—ORGANIZATION OF CHARLESTOWN FEMALE SEMINARY—EXTRACTS—SEMINARY OPENED—DEATH OF REV. MR. WESTON—SPIRITUAL DECLENSION.

TO HER SISTER.

"MARCH 7, 1831.

" * * * LAST week Mr. M—— called on me, wishing me to go to Illinois and take charge of an academy to be established there. I don't know how you will feel about this, but you know where duty calls, there we ought to go. I felt there was an important decision to be made, and that I was quite unable to make it. My connection with this people and many other ties, together with the duties devolving upon me, on one side, and the claims of the West on the other, alike seemed to demand my attention. I longed for the privilege of usefulness there, and hesitated to tear away from these, here. To the only source of wisdom I repaired, and with him was enabled to leave it, without a moment's doubt but that he would so dispose of it as would be for the best, and he, I trust, has decided it. The probability is that I shall not go at present, if ever. I am willing to stay here, if the Lord has any work for me in this place, or to leave all the dear friends with whom I am united, and go where I shall no more see them till the trump of God shall sound, if he requires. Perhaps my mother will wonder at this, but she would not did she realize how much my blessed Master sacrificed for me, when he left the glories of heaven and humbled himself to come down to earth that we

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might have life. When he enabled me to give my heart to him, I trust I gave my time, health, and every thing I called my own. And now if he calls me to make sacrifices ever so great, I can not deny; I have only to say, Lord, where shall I go, and how shall I act, that I may obey thy will? * * * *

"Yours, &c. MARTHA."

Miss Whiting's reputation and that of the seminary have been so long and so closely united, a brief history of the organization of that institution will probably be expected.

In 1830, a private school was established in Charlestown, which was furnished with valuable apparatus for illustrating the sciences. It being taught by two individuals connected with the church to which Miss Whiting also belonged, the pastor, Rev. Mr. Jackson, was desirous that the interests of the two schools should be merged in one.

In the Spring of 1831, Miss Whiting received an invitation to take charge of a seminary in Illinois. This led her, more seriously than ever, to contemplate a removal from Charlestown. Mr. Jackson and others, feeling assured that a public institution founded on the inductive system was needed in this vicinity, and perceiving that she possessed characteristics adapted to engage in such an enterprise, secured her services, and entered at once upon the undertaking. In pursuance of this object, her private school, and also the one above-named, was suspended.

Miss Whiting had already a lease of her school-room

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for a term of years, and the new institution, under the appellation of The Charlestown Female Seminary, was commenced in that place on the 9th of May, 1831.

In the Prospectus previously issued, its design and proposed method of instruction are thus stated:

"In the establishment of the CHARLESTOWN FEMALE SEMINARY, nothing short of a regular, thorough and extensive course of instruction has been contemplated. The teachers have invited several gentlemen to become a Board of Examiners, who have been consulted upon the respective branches they propose to teach, and to whom they intend to submit the examination of its scholars in their progress in the sciences, and the superintendence of its general concerns.

"The method of instruction will be, as far as practicable, inductive. As education consists in developing the mental faculties, training them to their proper use, and replenishing the mind with knowledge, the students will be taught the elements of every science to which their attention shall be directed, to reason from these principles and to communicate the result of their reasoning, intelligibly, to others. And as it is desirable that the knowledge which a scholar acquires should be definite, the several classes will be required to study the respective sciences in the order of their mutual dependence and relative importance, and only one essential branch of science will be made a prominent study at a time.

"While every proper attention will be paid to the text books, the principles of the sciences will be illustrated chiefly by oral instruction. Occasional lectures will be given on the studies pursued in the seminary.

"By long observation, it has become a well-known principle that no ideas are so distinctly formed in the mind, or fasten so

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permanently on the memory, as those received through the medium of sight. This principle, therefore, as well as the cultivation of the reasoning powers, will be particularly regarded. Familiar illustrations from diagrams and numerous experiments will accompany the recitations. For this purpose, a valuable and extensive apparatus has been provided. The students will have access to a four-feet refracting telescope, and a large compound microscope, containing more than four hundred objects. The local situation of places will be taught from a set of transparent maps, four feet square; and Sacred Geography from a miniature of Palestine, containing thirty-two square feet. Instruments equally serviceable will be used to illustrate the other sciences.

"To render this Institution equal to the desires and expectations of its founders, every plan of education that has proved beneficial in kindred institutions will be introduced, as far as may be consistent with its general regulations.

"The moral principles of the Bible form the basis upon which the discipline of the seminary will be founded. Every person connected with it will be taught and encouraged to act from love to God and man. It is believed such a government will render the Institution a delightful resort, both for teachers and students; each will be happy in contributing to its general harmony; and it is impossible to estimate the influence of such discipline upon the future character of its subjects."

The Seminary opened with about forty pupils; the teachers' department consisting of four individuals; two of whom had charge of the solid branches, one, of Music, Drawing, and Painting; and one of Penmanship, Projection of Maps, and Book-keeping.

That the new institution met with the sanction of

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the denomination of its founders, would appear from a resolution passed the same year by the Boston Baptist Association.

"*Boston Baptist Association, Roxbury*, 1831. Resolved, That we learn with great pleasure, that a Female Seminary has been established at Charlestown; that we congratulate our friends in that town on their enterprise and success; that we commend that Institution to the regards of the friends of a thorough and accomplished female education."

That its plan and method of instruction were approved by the friends of education generally, is sufficiently attested by the fact that very soon several other institutions were established after the same model.

That it was favored by the community at large, the ready support it has ever received affords indubitable evidence. One hundred pupils entered the first year, and the number steadily increased until one hundred and sixty became about the average for a single term. The greatest number ever received in one term (two hundred and eight), was in the Autumn of 1852, that being the sixty-fifth term of the institution.

The whole history of the Seminary, from its commencement to the period of Miss Whiting's death, is so much interwoven with her own, that we shall have frequent occasion to refer to the former, while pursuing our view of the latter.

Under date of May 7, 1831, after some remarks with reference to preparations for its establishment, she continues: "Have endeavored to look to the Lord

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for direction, at every step of its progress. That sweet portion of Scripture, 'In all thy ways acknowledge him and he shall direct thy paths,' has been peculiarly precious. This morning, was enabled to commit all its concerns into his hands, praying that his blessing may ever rest upon it."

JOURNAL.

"*Monday*, July 4. Have returned from Lynn, where our much-loved brother Weston was this day buried. The season was solemn and interesting. I pray that this afflictive event may be sanctified to me. God has come very near in removing one whom I loved for his ardent attachment to the cause of my blessed Master. Dark and mysterious as this providence is to us, yet God, who loves his children better than they love themselves, and to whom his own church is dearer than 'the apple of his eye,' will, when he takes one of his faithful servants to heaven, raise up another to supply his place. I believe I do not repine, but it is a privilege to weep on this occasion, not for him, but for myself. May I be crucified to the world, and follow that dear brother so far as he followed Christ."

Few, if any, of our pupils will recollect the clergyman to whom reference is here made. But a lovely daughter, then an infant, afterward became a member of the seminary, whose memory is enshrined in many hearts. She, too, has gone to the spirit-land, and here we would fain offer a passing tribute of affectionate remembrance. Yes, dear Lucy, beneath the record of thy father's departure, we leave a tear—thine epitaph.

The increase of care incident to the new duties de-

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volving upon Miss Whiting, seemed to produce, at first, an unfavorable effect upon her spiritual life. She was long undecided, as will appear from her journal, whether to regard her new employments as the *cause* or only the *occasion* of this declension. If the *cause*, she supposed it to indicate that, even now, she had not found the place which God was pleased to have her occupy. If merely the *occasion*, the fault was her *own*, and she must learn so to live that "earthly care" might become a "heavenly discipline."*

JOURNAL.

"*Wednesday*, September 28. Dear brother Boardman has gone to his long home. His happy spirit has taken its flight to the abodes of the blessed. He lived to see Burmans and Karens bow to the sceptre of Jehovah. His work on earth is finished, and he is now engaged in a more glorious work. How it would delight me to spend the remainder of life in some poor abode among the heathen, and tell them of a Saviour's love! Don't know that I am in the path of duty. Do not enjoy religion as I once did. If I am not in the right place, I pray God to forgive me and direct me aright.

"*Saturday*, December 31. The year which is almost gone has been mostly devoted to the seminary. Whether this will prove a blessing to the world, and be the means of educating the young for important stations in life, time and eternity must unfold. I have not enjoyed so much of God's favor since my worldly cares have increased, and sometimes think this an argument against my filling the station I now do. I desire to leave all with God."

* See an excellent little tract on this subject, by Mrs. H. B. Stowe.

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1832.

SELF-EXAMINATION—RELIGIOUS EXCITEMENT—EFFECT OF TRIALS.

In January, 1832, Miss Whiting recorded a season in which the ten commandments, taken one by one, were made the basis of a critical inquiry as to her standing in the sight of God.

At the commencement, we find these reflections: "'I hate vain thoughts, but *thy law do I love.*' On reading this text, to-day, the question urged itself on my mind, whether I do really love the law of God. I will now try to bring my mind to bear on this point; and if, upon examination, I find I do love the *law* of God, then I must love *him.* As his law is holy, he must be holy; and if I love his law *because* it is holy, I must love its Author."

Having obtained by this exercise an increased evidence of her acceptance with God, she was led to more earnest prayer in behalf of the unconverted. Soon, one and another of the pupils gave evidence of genuine conversion. A considerable degree of excitement, however, prevailed during this revival, which caused Miss Whiting to fear that some would mistake sympathetic emotion for true conversion. So strong was her feeling on this point, and so evident were her fears, that many of the pupils, and even some of the teachers, attributed that caution, which undoubtedly proceeded from a true concern for their best good, to cold

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formality. Let it be remembered, she had once herself, as she thought, well-nigh taken up with a false hope of heaven, and on that account would naturally be the more impressed with their danger. These remarks are made, that, if this should meet the eyes of any of that number, we may, if possible, convince them that want of feeling was not the cause of the stand she took at that time.

We find, in her journal, this observation respecting one whose name she has not given: "I am much distressed lest I should not discharge my duty. Am afraid to speak, lest it will not be right, and afraid to keep still. If she should lose her soul through my unfaithfulness, I could not forgive myself; and if she has grace, I do not wish to distress her. O my Father, *direct* me." Does this language appear like the dictation of "cold formality"?

Toward the close of the year, she wrote, in a letter to her brother: "In this age of excitement, a close, humble walk with God is of more consequence than any thing else. There is much said about *action*, but little about *dependence on God*. I want to feel more of the latter myself, and see more of it in my Christian friends."

The anniversary of the opening of the seminary suggested these reflections:

JOURNAL.

"*Wednesday*, May 9, 1832. I am sensible I have much for which to be thankful respecting this beloved institution.

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God has been good to us—better than we have deserved. It has been a trying year to my spiritual state, yet I trust I have learned a good lesson, viz., to consider my own perfect weakness—to know how little I can engage in the world and maintain a nearness to God.

"*Saturday*, June 2. *Evening.*—Lay aside my books of study, work, and every thing of a secular nature, shut out the world, and retire to converse with God. Want my mind prepared to enjoy a *Sabbath of rest.*

"My time flies to little purpose. When shall I learn to live?

"Had some sense of my own nothingness, in consequence of the apparent neglect of a friend. I love the *effect*, if not the *medicine*, of any thing that humbles me."

The trials as well as blessings of the year had a tendency to counteract the unfavorable effect of her multiplied duties; and she was now able to say: "I find that neither an increase of cares, nor connection with the world, prevents my heart from being fixed on God. I find, in all, that God is my support and comforter."

1833.

THE BIBLE STUDIED—WAVERING FAITH—SPECIAL SEASONS FOR PRAYER—INCORPORATION OF CHARLESTOWN FEMALE SEMINARY—DEATH OF MRS. FOSDICK—LETTER TO MRS. H———.—VISIT OF MISSIONARIES—NEW BUILDING COMMENCED—LETTERS TO MISS CARROLL.

THE circumstances of the preceding year would naturally lead to contemplation, and it is not surprising

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that we next find the study of the Sacred Scriptures affording much delight, and that additional seasons were set apart for prayer and meditation.

JOURNAL.

"*Lord's day*, January 13, 1833. *Evening.*—Have had precious views, to-day, upon some passages of Scripture. The Holy Spirit has opened their sacred contents to my mind so that I have had a feast.

"The '*fine linen*' mentioned in Revelations never looked so beautiful as to-day. How glorious will the saints appear, when all surround our Father's throne, clad in the unsullied robe of Christ's righteousness! Who can comprehend the stupendous work of man's redemption! I do not wonder that angels desire to look into it. I long to comprehend the length and breadth, height and depth of this love, but must be content to learn very little of it here. By and by, I hope to 'hear, and see, and know all I desired or wished below.' Then shall I be satisfied.

"*Monday*, 14. Another precious portion of God's Word has been opened to my dark mind. '*Wait on the Lord.*' My soul *doth* wait, and in his Word do I hope. To hope in his Word is precious.

"*Wednesday*, 16. Met with a poor woman, providentially, to-day. We talked upon the very life of religion. I enjoyed more the few minutes I was talking with her, and had a better evidence of my acceptance with God, than oftentimes in listening to many sermons.

"*Thursday*, 17. Believe it safe to carry all our temporal affairs to our Father, for he determines just right. On receiving an invitation to visit with a gay company, I knew not what to do. The case was immediately laid before my Father. He

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soon taught me that it was not my duty to leave a little praying circle of Christians for the society of the world. I went to meeting—enjoyed a precious season—bless God that I was enabled to ask for direction and to comply with his will.

"*Tuesday*, Feb. 12. Nothing but Christ is worth living for. Oh, the blessedness of living upon Christ! Have no language to express my feelings. All I can do is to praise him, and that but faintly.

"*Wednesday*, 27. This day I am thirty-eight years old. To how little purpose has my life been spent! Think sometimes that I wish to live only for God, but there is so much sin in my heart, it destroys all the good I would do.

"*Friday*, March 8. My heart is indeed like a nest of unclean birds—nothing but sin. It seems sometimes that I must lie down in despair, when I see it in any degree as it is; and if it looks so odious to me, how odious it must appear to Him who is perfectly pure! My mind is so beclouded with sin, I do not wonder that I see no more of Christ."

It is written, "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength." And again, "The entrance of thy Word giveth light." The above extracts (and the full journal still more clearly) furnish a striking illustration of these truths. Both light and strength were increased, and Miss Whiting began to employ her strength, as the believer has a right to do, to "mount up with wings as eagles." But the adversary of souls soon clips her wings, faith fails, sin gains the ascendency, and she comes down again to earth. And now, the light which has been received without the exercise of corresponding faith, instead of shedding new

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lustre around the cross, shines upon the natural deformity of the human heart, and causes her to exclaim, "My heart is like a nest of unclean birds! I do not wonder that I see no more of Christ!"

What can she do? How regain her strength and rise again? The course she took was evidently the wisest one; that of seeking, by more earnest prayer, for a closer walk with God.

JOURNAL.

"*Lord's day*, March 24. Have for two weeks past endeavored to observe one day in each week for prayer, that I may be enabled to live nearer to God. I long for holiness—for entire sanctification. Intend observing Tuesday next as a day of prayer, that God would grant me more grace, and enable me to perform my duties—my arduous duties—more to his glory.

"Have, during the week, passed through a variety of scenes; our public examination; parting with many of those dear youth whom I tenderly love, some of whom I may never meet again till the judgment-day; all this is calculated to draw my affections from him whom I hope I love, even Jesus, my adorable Creator, my Redeemer, my constant Intercessor."

To this period, the seminary had been under the direction of its founders, and subject to their control. Although the experiment had proved successful in private hands, it was thought that by procuring an act of incorporation a more steady and permanent character might be secured for the institution. Accordingly, by act of the Legislature, in March, 1833, a Board of

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Trustees was incorporated, consisting of the following gentlemen:

HENRY JACKSON, (President);—JOHN W. VALENTINE, (Secretary); BENJAMIN BADGER, JR., (Treasurer); DANIEL WHITE, DAVID FOSDICK.

The first Board of Teachers, after its incorporation, consisted of four associate principals and nine assistants. This form of organization continued until 1837, when Miss Whiting was appointed Governess, and upon her then devolved the general superintendence of the school and direction of the assistants, the other teachers retaining special charge only of their own departments.

Our next extract, with the letter following, notes the death of one of the little praying circle of August 22, 1825; the first of their number to join that happy spirit in the church above. Another—and yet another, has since departed. The devoted mother and the pious watcher have also left the scenes of earth. These all, we doubt not, have ere this united in ascriptions of praise to Him who heard and answered prayer. One—the pastor's wife—remains a living witness of God's faithfulness to his promises.

JOURNAL.

"*Tuesday*, April 16. Dear sister F. is gone. Asleep in Jesus! what a state! Well, why should I mourn? She has fought all her battles, and come off a conqueror. How good our kind Father is, to be with his children in the dark valley!"

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FROM A LETTER TO HER SISTER.

"CHARLESTOWN, April, 1833.

" * * * Mrs. F——— died as she had lived, resting on Christ. During the winter past, she has felt much for the church of God, especially that branch to which she belonged. Her great desire was that whether she lived or died she might glorify God. * * * The spiritual welfare of her children lay near her heart, and she left as her dying request, 'Be faithful to my children.' There was no anxiety about the present life, but the souls of men laid with weight upon her mind. The last words, or very nearly the last, which she was heard to utter, and these very indistinctly, were, 'Jackson' ——— 'faithful.' She is gone, and we can truly say, with *her* all is well. I love to trace her departed spirit upward to its final, blissful home. Yes, there is something on which we delight to meditate; it is the soul, being relieved of its cumbrous shackles, taking its flight toward that heavenly mansion, where it is joyfully received by the blessed Saviour, who bought it with his own precious blood and robed it with his own righteousness. What an exchange! earth for heaven; a heart constantly prone to sin, for pure, holy affections; a place on earth, inhabited by beings continually sinning against the God we love, for a heaven filled with holy beings, who are singing 'Worthy is the Lamb to receive blessing and honor, glory and power, for ever and ever.' To this happy place, my dear sister, you and I are hastening, if we are what we profess to be. For my part, I am not so much troubled about my future state, as about my present character in the sight of a holy and heart-searching GOD. To live a holy, self-denying life, I conceive to be of the first importance. It is by the *daily lives* of Christians that Christ is either honored or dishonored. Did we daily realize the worth of the

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soul and the price paid for its redemption, it would cause us to live in such a manner as would say to the world, Prepare for eternity. We have reason to believe that the lives of the primitive Christians were an effectual method of spreading the Gospel, and the same happy effect would, of course, follow the same cause now. * * * *

"M. WHITING."

JOURNAL.

"*Monday*, May 20. The missionary brethren, Sutton and Wade, with their wives, visited the seminary, together with a native Burman and Karen. The novel appearance of the natives was quite interesting to the young ladies; I hope the remarks made by the missionaries will have a salutary effect on many a mind.

"*Tuesday*, July 9. Hope that some of our pupils will assist in missionary stations, or in doing good in some other part of our land. I rejoice that *some* can be useful among the heathen, if *I* can not."

It has been stated that the seminary was opened in the room which had previously been occupied by Miss Whiting for her private school. Several recitation-rooms had been added, but the accommodations were still insufficient. The Trustees were encouraged by the increasing number of pupils to proceed to the erection of a new building, which was commenced in July, 1833, and completed the following autumn.

Miss Whiting has recorded her feelings on these occasions.

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CHARLESTOWN FEMALE SEMINARY.

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JOURNAL.

"*Wednesday*, July 17. The corner-stone of the new seminary was laid to-day, while the teachers, and pupils, and other friends were assembled on the platform of the building. Mr. Aldrich offered prayer. Mr. Hague gave an address. Mr. Fay read a hymn, and Mr. Jackson closed the exercises with prayer. Never did I realize such solemn, humbling feelings as when I ascended the platform. My first thoughts respecting the establishment of the institution; the series of cares and anxieties following; with the blessing of a kind Providence in directing all events relating to it from the commencement to the present time; these recollections so overcame me that I could hardly refrain from weeping. 'Surely,' thought I, 'this is all of God; to him be all the glory.' I raised my heart to heaven, imploring his blessing to rest upon it. When the old seminary building was finished, (my school-room,) I dedicated it to God wholly and without reserve. I begged him to make it a place for the display of his glory. When the Lord poured out his spirit among us, that dear spot was the first, the principal, and the last place where the Lord seemed, specially, to display his glory.* Often have I said, 'My wishes are granted; He has honored the place dear to me, by manifestations of himself.' And now, O Lord, I look up to thee for a similar blessing upon *this* edifice. May it not be suffered to be erected unless thy name can be glorified.

"*Thursday*, November 7. Entered the new seminary, to-day. Felt grateful to God for answering the desire of my heart

* It will be recollected that the female department of the Sabbath-school, which participated largely in the revival of 1830, then met in Miss Whiting's school-room. Meetings for inquirers and young converts were also occasionally held in the same place.

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respecting this institution. Wished to dedicate it to God. May it be the place of resort for many who will become useful in disseminating spiritual as well as human knowledge."

Letters have thus far been introduced only as their contents rendered them appropriate at the place of their insertion. The compiler of a memoir, however, is usually expected to present selections from the promiscuous correspondence of the individual whose life is reviewed.

It must be confessed there is some reason in this expectation, notwithstanding the existence of an objection similar to the one already suggested with reference to extracts from private journals. One's unconstrained, we might almost say unguarded expression of feeling, assists us greatly in forming a just estimate of mental character. We have been constituted social beings, and therefore our minds are called into natural action by friendly intercourse. With some, too, the pen moves even more freely than the tongue, and in any case there is perhaps less liability, in a written communication, that any thing should be expressed which does not proceed from the heart, than in conversation; so that, in some respects, epistolary correspondence has the advantage of oral discourse. The letters following were addressed to a pupil after leaving school, and will be given entire, that the subject of our memoir, as a correspondent, may be introduced to the reader. Extracts from others will be occasionally inserted hereafter.

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TO M. B. C.

"CHARLESTOWN, June 22, 1833.

"* * * * It is extremely gratifying to my feelings to know that you are privileged with a situation in which you may be useful to your fellow-men, not only by relieving their present temporal wants, but by pointing them to that Saviour who gave himself as a ransom for sinners.

"What an unspeakable blessing it is to be able, on entering the cheerless abode of poverty and wretchedness, to point its inmates to that once despised, crucified, though now risen and exalted Redeemer, and say, *In Him* there are pleasures without sorrow, riches without poverty, honors unenvied, and a crown of glory that fadeth not away! Say to them, Look away from this dreary abode to him who once had not where to lay his head; behold him now seated on high, having all power in heaven and on earth, able to create worlds for the comfort of any of his creatures, if he sees they need, and that same benevolent being yet, as when on earth. Assure them that in having him, they have all things; all things are theirs when they receive Christ.

"This, my dear M——, you can say from past experience. You know, when your soul was relieved from the bondage of sin, when the Saviour first unvailed his face to your anxious and almost desponding heart, you *felt* that you possessed all things. The possession of worlds could have added nothing to the enjoyment which you then felt. I imagine I hear you say, 'Oh that this were the case with me now!' I would say so, too, but I find the longer I live in this dark world the more enemies I have to encounter; but my greatest grief is, that I gain no more ascendency over them. At times, I almost despair of ever making any advances in the Divine life, but there is something truly *ungrateful* in the idea of the Christian living

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on earth without honoring his Lord and Master, which he can not do without making some attainments in holiness.

"You, my dear girl, know something of the responsibility of the situation in which I am placed; you know the influence a teacher naturally exerts over her pupils; you know the natural tendency in youth to thoughtless levity, and, perhaps, you have felt *something* of the almost irresistible temptation to allow the smile of approbation to be seated on your countenance, when the thought 'I am a Christian' should have checked your approval. I find it no easy matter to render every thing pleasant and happy among those who esteem this world as their chief good, and yet discharge my duty in the sight of God. I believe I esteem the happiness of those around me, especially of the members of this beloved institution, of more consequence than my own; but, in promoting their happiness, I am aware I do not realize the value of the soul as I ought, nor can I without much grace. I trust I am not forgotten in your prayers; that God would make me useful in building up his kingdom on the earth. I ask for no higher honor—no higher privilege.

"Now, my dear M——, one word to you respecting *yourself*. Although you are now engaged in a school that does not require study to enable you to discharge your daily duties, yet, be sure that you devote one hour or more, every day, to the pursuit of knowledge. This you must consider indispensable; you can not do without it if you mean to be a *teacher*. You may be any thing else, but you can not be a *good teacher* unless you study. Want of study is probably the reason so many have the name, and little else besides the name of teacher. Perhaps my remarks are needless, and do not apply to you at present. Grant it, I hope they never will; but, Maria, I tell you there is *danger* of thinking we know enough.

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"I shall expect a long letter from you soon. I don't wish you to write in that formal manner which is often conspicuous in a pupil's letter; but write with perfect freedom—write your whole soul—tell me your joys and sorrows. Remember it will be cordially received, for there is a unison of feeling in Christian hearts.

"Depend not too much upon a visit from me during vacation; it is possible, yet rather improbable. You must remember that others do not estimate your teachers just as you do; and if I have ever been the means of granting you any favor, remember it is God who has bestowed all upon me which I hold, even the disposition to do good; to *Him*, then, give all the glory.

"Your very sincere friend,

"M. Whiting."

TO THE SAME.

"Charlestown, Nov. 1833.

"* * * Having received a letter from you a few days since, I hasten to answer it. It breathes a spirit with which I am acquainted, and one which, I doubt not, is common to the children of God.

"As you know there is no effect without a cause, perhaps it will be well for you to trace your present state of mind to its origin. Reflect upon your state of feeling in days that are past, both in prosperity, when blessings were heaped upon you, and in adversity, when sickness with its cheerless aspect prevented quiet repose. Reflect upon the various ills to which you are subject in consequence of possessing a soul united to a body. Reflect upon your feeble health. Think over all these, and see if you can discover any cause which acts so powerfully upon the mind. After having found the cause, apply the remedy.

"Search the Word of God. You may find a Jacob saying,

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'I will go mourning all my days;' an Elijah, repining because he was left alone, wishing to die rather than live; a Job, whose afflictions proved too great for his faith, and a David, comparing his prayers to roaring. Think of these holy men, and remember that they were tried, tempted, and afflicted while on earth, but they have overcome through grace and have arrived to that mansion of rest prepared for them before the foundation of the world. This is the path all the people of God have trodden since the creation; and think not, my dear child, that *you* can be exempt from trial, if you are a child of God and an heir of glory. Far otherwise—you must *fight* if you would *reign*.

"Besides, I can see some good reasons for your present temptations. Your health is much impaired, your animal spirits low, consequently your expectations for usefulness are lessened. And you dread being laid aside from your labors and doing nothing for the benefit of your fellow-men. There never was a better opportunity for Satan to muster all his forces, such as unbelief, pride, little faith, despondency, &c., against you. But when Satan thus assaults a child of God, nothing will so effectually baffle him as to gird on the whole armor of God, which is ever ready, and resist all his attacks. I know you will say that you can not fight; the adversary knows it too; but if he holds you fast, and threatens to take from you your spiritual life, as Demas did the poor pilgrims', yet remember you, like them, have in your possession a key, namely, prayer, which will unlock any door in Doubting Castle, and your enemy can not help it. Make use of this key. If the enemy tells you that you are a poor, useless creature, and do nothing in the service of your Master, that is of no consequence; let him know that if God designs to employ other instruments in the accomplishment of his purposes, and lay you aside, you *believe* that the Master whom you serve does right, and that you are not afraid to trust

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him for time and eternity. If he tells you that you are deceived—that your hope is that of the hypocrite, which will perish when God taketh away the soul, tell him that he is a liar, and has been so from the beginning, and you will *not* believe him. Turn away from such temptations and look to the Lamb, the blessed 'Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world.'

"Review the pages of your past experience, and there see the dealings of God with your soul. Reflect upon the happiness you enjoyed when Jesus first manifested himself to you as *your* Saviour. Think of those self-abasing, God-exalting, soul-enrapturing emotions you experienced when conscious of being a pardoned sinner in the sight of God; of the many temptations he has enabled you to overcome; of the many precious seasons you have been permitted to enjoy when Jesus has condescended to unvail to you the bright effulgence of his glory; of the many times that you have had such views of God as to say, like the Apostle, whether in the body or out, your happy spirit could scarcely tell; of all the mercies of which you have been the recipient since you have hoped in God. Exercise strong faith, determined that in the strength of Everlasting Strength Satan shall not gain the victory over you, and you need not fear. Remember there are more for you than against you. Commit your way unto God, and he will direct you. Trust him for temporal as well as for spiritual things: not a sparrow falls to the ground without his notice. You know you have ever found him a faithful friend. Praise him for the past and trust him for the future, and all will be well.

"Yours, truly,

"M. Whiting."

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1834.

GROWTH IN GRACE—SICKNESS—IMPORTANT LESSON—PRAYER WITH STUDY.

In 1834, new light and strength were received from the Word and service of God. That they were more satisfactorily appropriated to her growth in grace than in the preceding year, would appear from some expressions indicating far more confidence than was usually cherished.

JOURNAL.

"*Wednesday*, March 19, 1834. Exercises of the day. Longing after God; deadness to earth; am willing to be in the hands of God; if he says, stay a little while longer here, contented to remain; if not, willing to die."

The grace received, as might be expected, was put to the trial. First, was she willing to be in the hands of God, *unconditionally?* On the following Sabbath she was detained from meeting on account of a cold and cough, and wrote thus: "Believe I should require much grace to be willing to be laid aside from my labors. If it is the will of God, I should be glad to have my labors in the cause of Christ end *only* with my life." She became convinced that she was not quite reconciled to the thought of remaining on earth, if the condition were that of being laid aside from active employments. Secondly, was she willing to die? On this point she stood the test. Her cough increased, she was laid on a bed of sickness, and apprehended the

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approach of death. Her hopes of heaven were examined anew; and, having come to the conclusion that they were fixed on the Rock of Ages, she wrote: "Do not feel anxious about any temporal object. If my kind Parent has any thing more for me to do on earth, I *think* I am willing to do it. If he lays me aside, and employs other servants to work in his vineyard, so be it; if about to take me to himself, with the light of his countenance my soul would rejoice."

After a few weeks' relief from her customary occupations, she was favored with returning health, and then felt more impressed than ever with her responsibility and the importance of devotion to the service of God. In her journal, she observes: "My duties to the school, to the family, to the Sabbath-school, to the church, to the inhabitants of the town, to my relatives, to former pupils, to other friends, to the world, each and all claim my attention." Sometimes the thought would present itself that if less burdened with care she could be more religious, and, especially, recollections of the quiet *Sabbaths* of former days would recur to her mind. Said she, "After making continual effort, during a Sabbath, to have it observed in some degree consistently with its claims, I am obliged to endure the melancholy reflection that the day has been worse than lost to many members of the family. The work is so great that sometimes I am almost discouraged." Referring to her own privation of rest on that day, she remarked: "If this is necessary to fit me for future glory, I am content."

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Apart from the seminary, she became much interested in the Irish population, and, during the longest days of the season, devoted some time to the distribution of tracts among such as would receive them, and the provision of clothing to enable their children to attend the Sabbath-school. She appeared to enjoy this, and indeed most other employments, more than in the earlier part of her experience, because, instead of allowing any want of success to discourage her, by regarding it as an indication that she was not in the way of duty, she now received it as a token of God's kindness. Her friends have often heard her make remarks like this: "How good our Heavenly Father is to his children in not allowing them to do any thing successfully without relying upon him! If he sees we are going on in our own strength, he makes us feel our weakness by causing our plans to fail of success." This lesson seems to have been learned at about this period. It was an important one, and its influence was more or less perceptible during the remainder of life.

JOURNAL.

"*Lord's day*, June 22. Have attended meeting, Bible-class, and Sunday-school. Made an effort to collect fifty dollars for the support of a native preacher in Burmah. Obtained twenty dollars from my class; the rest I hope to make up myself. May the prayers of the class go with their contributions, and be the means of saving many souls.

"*Wednesday*, August 6. Arose, this morning, with a spirit of prayer that God would keep my mind fixed on him during

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the examination of the seminary, that I may be calm, composed, fearing nothing but *sin*.

"*Thursday*, 7. The examination is closed. How good my Heavenly Father is, in granting me strength of body and calmness of mind to enable me to pass these two public days in serenity! He is the hearer and answerer of prayer.

"*Tuesday*, 12. Am all ready and waiting for the stage to carry me to Worcester: yet it is uncertain whether I go or not. Hope I shall be as ready, and waiting as long, when the hour of death comes.

"*Saturday*, October 4. Many devoted Christians whose exercises I have read, are free in making a formal covenant with God. But I feel afraid to do so, lest I should not adhere closely to it. I am afraid to say, I will henceforth wholly devote myself to the service of God—renounce the world—not suffer sin any more to have dominion over me—because, every day, I do *not* wholly serve God—do *not* renounce the world—sin *does* have dominion over me."

It is true, instances are not wanting in which individuals, trusting in the strength of Jesus, can so confidently believe they shall be kept as to promise future obedience. Those, however, who can not lay hold of the promises with an arm of faith so strong as to be able to covenant for the future, need not be discouraged, or suffer their minds thereby to be darkened. Let them remember, as Miss Whiting seems to have intimated above, that a true consecration of the future supposes and includes that of the present moment. And *every* child of God *may* have grace to enable him to say, I NOW wholly devote myself to the performance

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of God's will—THIS MOMENT I renounce the world—sin does not NOW have dominion over me. If, moment by moment, we thus live, it is manifestly of minor consequence whether or not a formal covenant is made for the time to come. With the sense of dependence described in our next extract, there would be little to fear.

JOURNAL.

"*Wednesday*, October 8. I want to feel my dependence on God, continually, just as an infant is dependent on its mother,—feeling that there is no bread but what comes from Christ, no water of life only what flows from the fountain, none like Christ to repair to, none like him to administer comfort. I want to be just like him.

"Think if I could always repair to God in my *studies*, I should accomplish much more than I now do."

There is here a valuable suggestion to students. God is the author of mind, and can, by the direction of a single thought, render clear that which, without his blessing, would be vailed in obscurity. This is true, whether our studies are physical or metaphysical, scientific or religious. Says Terstegen, "It is a small thing with God to cause us to find that in our souls in one moment, without trouble, which we have sought for years, externally, with much labor."

JOURNAL.

"*Thursday*, October 9. This evening read Stuart on the sixth chapter of Hebrews. Gained much light on the chapter. Think I never studied so hard and so efficiently as I have for a

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few weeks past. Much regret that I devoted no more time to study in my younger years, which would have served to discipline my mind and render me more useful.

"*Thursday*, December 11. While teaching moral philosophy, to-day, had a view respecting light breaking into the soul. Now, it is only through the senses, little crevices as it were; but when the soul is set free from its tabernacle, then the light will be like that of the bright meridian sun in all its glory."

1835.

PERSONAL JOURNAL—FEARS OF DECEPTION—USEFUL CALLS—DEATH OF DEA. ARNOLD.

In the year 1835, if we mistake not, Miss Whiting took more time for promiscuous writing than in any other of her life. One hour of each week was devoted to letter-writing, and a journal for noting general items was kept in addition to her usual religious diary. The entries appear to have been made without effort or studied exactness, as a recreative resort to unbend the mind from sober duties.

A few extracts from this, which she denominates a personal journal, will furnish a variety that may be agreeable to the reader.

PERSONAL JOURNAL.

"*Wednesday*, April 22. Being requested to go below, to-day, about eleven o'clock, found a deputy from 'Lady Superior'

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waiting for me. 'The Lady Superior,' said she, 'requested me to call on you to gain some information respecting Miss R. T. Reed.'* 'As she has been a teacher in your seminary,' she continued, 'the Superior would like to know what you think of her as a teacher.' 'Miss Reed was never a teacher in this institution,' I answered; 'the trustees employed her to give lessons in music to several Misses in the boarding-house, but, as I do not understand music myself, I am unable to judge of her ability to teach.'

"'How was she liked as a teacher?' I said, 'Very well; the young ladies were quite fond of her. She succeeded in gaining their affections, and gave good satisfaction to the parents and guardians of the young ladies.' She thanked me politely for the information I gave her, bade me good morning, stepped into her carriage and rode off.

"Was informed, to-day, that a Review of the Superior's book is published.

"*Thursday*, 30. On opening a book, to-day, my attention was directed to a picture of a servant-girl washing a child. The child appeared to be crying vehemently, while the servant, with a large quantity of water, was scrubbing his face, eyes, &c., with all her might. 'Well, my child,' thought I, 'you are now as full of trouble as you possibly can be. This severe vexation of being washed is as great a trouble to you, as the loss of a ship at sea, perhaps, will be at some future period of life. For it is not the kind or the amount of vexation which lessens our happiness, so much as the state of mind we possess. Sometimes, the same individual will bear a great affliction with more composure than a slight disappointment at another. Hence the importance of maintaining a calm and quiet frame of mind.'

"A few days since, when passing out of the violation-room, I

* Author of "Six Months in a Convent."

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remarked to a young lady, who, I supposed, liked to do what is right, 'Miss D——, I am sorry to meet you here to-day!' She answered, with a look of confidence, 'I *can not* help talking. I think of something I want to say very much, and before I think, I speak.' I conversed with her some moments on the importance of resisting temptation, and left her. To-day, when dismissing the school, I was pleased to see her pass out with the other young ladies. 'Your *can not* has been changed into *try*,' thought I; 'you have succeeded once, the worst is past, you will do well for the future.'

"*Monday*, May 4. A few days since, seeing some poor, dirty children pass our window, on inquiry, I was told that they lived a few steps below. One of the family remarked, 'They are very ill-bred children, I know by their actions when they pass here.' I determined to call on them soon, and to-day made my first visit. On entering the house, I found the mother sitting on a large block of wood with an infant in her arms. Said I, 'You have a very young babe; how old is it?' 'Three weeks,' she answered; 'but it is very unwell, as well as myself, on account of a cold.' I told her I called to see if she would like to send her children to Sabbath-school, for I knew she had others, having frequently seen them pass. 'Oh!' said she, 'they go to the Catholic school.' Of course, I knew it would avail nothing to say more on that subject. I then inquired how long she had been in this country. 'Seventeen years,' she replied. 'You have become quite naturalized,' I added. 'Yes,' said she, laughing quite heartily; 'and *civilized*, too. My father lives in R——; he is a wealthy man. My sisters live in B——, all in better circumstances than I am.' But added, as if she thought I might suspect her poor; 'I am not *very* poor myself.' As she mentioned that her friends were in this country, I told her it was a great blessing to have friends, but it was far better to

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make Christ our friend; then we should have one who would never fail. 'I know it,' said she; 'but we have so much to think of that we forget about another world. I have such a large family of little children that they take up all my attention.' 'Yes,' I replied, 'and before your marriage, there was something else that prevented you from seeking Christ.' She acknowledged there was.

"I looked around the room. It was dark, dirty, and gloomy. There was not an object in the least attractive. Such a place would be miserable to one accustomed to order and neatness; yet its inmates are not sensible of its unpleasantness. A fit representation of the natural heart.

"*Monday*, June 1. On changing a young lady's class, last week, I told her that by entering the other class she would be obliged to write an exercise in addition to her former lesson. She looked upon me with such a cheerful, happy expression, saying, 'Well, I can do *that;* any thing that will make me learn,' that I was charmed. She has probably been accustomed to yield to the judgment of her parents."

We now resume our selections from Miss Whiting's religious journal.

JOURNAL.

"*Monday*, March 2, 1835. Awoke this morning, after having dreamed that I might be deceived as to the foundation of my hope. I may be deceived, thought I; I know not but it may be so. I have no means of knowing for a certainty. What can I do? The Bible must be my guide. O thou blessed Spirit, lend thine aid to help me search thy Word."

Many professors of religion are harassed with fears lest they may be deceived in their hope of salvation.

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Some *ought* not to dismiss these fears, their first duty being to obey known commands and live according to the light they have received. Others *dare* not dismiss them, not having full confidence but that God may permit even some who earnestly beg him to enlighten them, to go on blindfold to perdition; it becomes such to study his revealed character. Again, there are those who *will* not bid farewell to fear because they are not convinced that it is ever the Christian's duty or privilege to "read his title clear," or know for a certainty his acceptance with God. Can such do better than search the Word of God, "to see whether these things are so?"

JOURNAL.

"*Saturday*, March 7. During the past week have been anxious about seminary affairs, but, to-day, seem to have had my request granted, in being able to leave all with God. I never had any reason to distrust him.

'Oh for a strong, a lasting faith
To credit what the Almighty saith.'

"*Lord's day*, 8. My heart is pained that many of our dear family know not God and care so little about the soul. What *can* I do? And what is my duty? I know I can not convert them, but they are committed to my care, and I must 'watch for them as one that must give account.' I wish to live so as to do it 'with joy and not with grief.'

"*Wednesday*, June 24. Called on one living in 'style,' and on another, poor and hardly comfortable, but they all seem alike to me. I regard them all as my fellow-beings, hastening

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on to the eternal world. Oh that I could do them some good! that I could be the means of leading them to Jesus! Had some conversation with the woman who burned the tract I gave her the other day. She thinks she is very firm, but the Spirit of God can unvail her mind and make her see her danger. Gave her children some books, with which she seemed pleased. Hope I shall get her to listen to the truth, by and by.

"*Thursday*, July 9. Have obtained some Bibles and tracts for the poor. Am anxious that the Irish should be instructed in the way of life. Hope the people of God will awake to this subject and labor for their conversion.

"*Thursday*, 23. Called on several families. Found one woman willing to hear me read from the Bible. She sat in perfect silence while I read the eighteenth chapter of Luke; and when I told her of Christ's willingness to hear sinners, she seemed to feel the importance of the subject. Hope the interview will be blessed to her soul."

The death of a prominent member of the church is alluded to in terms which expressed the feelings of many others.

JOURNAL.

"*Saturday*, November 14. Dea. Arnold has gone to his home in heaven. What a change! His immortal spirit, released from sin, wafting its way through infinite space to the regions of the blessed. We can not conceive how much that happy spirit must enjoy, liberated from its earthly clogs, and enabled to praise God without cessation. We, only, on earth, have to mourn. His family sustain an irreparable loss, the church have lost a pillar.

"*Tuesday*, 17. Attended the funeral of Dea. A——. I love to go to the house of mourning, for it brings eternal things

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near. This death is a sad affliction, but it is all right. I would not have it otherwise. God always does right, and I am satisfied."

1836.

RELIGIOUS INTEREST IN THE SEMINARY—CONVERSION AND DEATH OF MISS MANN—LETTER TO MR. C. WHITING—DESIRES FOR HOLINESS—NEW TRIAL.

In March, 1836, there was some manifestation of religious feeling at the boarding-house, with which Miss Whiting expressed much sympathy. She had, at that time, several classes apart from the school, and their hours of recitation became seasons of great interest. To give an instance: a class in moral philosophy met to recite; most of the members partook of the general impression, and a deep solemnity pervaded every countenance. Miss Whiting's feelings became too strong for utterance, her voice died away, and all was still, until, after a few moments, she broke the silence by the voice of prayer. It is to be hoped that on this, and similar occasions, a salutary and lasting impression was left on many minds.

About this time, she wrote: "How responsible my situation! So many beings to deal with, who are passing on to eternity! I ought to be holy. Sometimes, I feel afraid to live."

A few extracts will indicate her subsequent state of mind.

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JOURNAL.

"*Wednesday*, May 25, 1836. Had an unusual season, this morning, in *studying the Bible* and prayer. How sweet is God's holy Word! How good he is to direct my attention to the *study* of his own truth! Wish to be so much absorbed in Divine truth as to forget earthly trials and joys.

"Spent the evening at ——. Ann Eliza fails fast. Poor child! She will soon be beyond these trying scenes. If she is but prepared, I have nothing more to ask.

"*Wednesday*, June 1. Some desires after holiness. Study the Bible, that I may partake more of its spirit. Think I will try to observe to-morrow as a day of prayer and fasting, that my soul may be sanctified.

"*Thursday*, 2. Find it difficult to deny self and live only for God. I want more of a watching spirit. Have not spent this day as I wished. Oh that I might be sanctified wholly! My life is rapidly passing, but to what profit? I feel satisfied with but very little that I do. Should wholly despair were it not for the all-atoning blood of Christ."

Miss Whiting's mind was much affected by the conversion and death of a young relative, to whose sickness allusion is made above. By exhortation and earnest prayer in her behalf, she labored for her spiritual welfare, and received abundant evidence that, by the Holy Spirit's regenerating influence, her soul was made meet for heaven.

In this case, as in one before mentioned, Miss Whiting was not alone in her anxiety for the eternal salvation of one apparently sinking into the grave without an interest in the Saviour.

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These conversions appeared to be wrought in answer to special prayer. And while Christians should not be thereby encouraged to delay personal effort while their friends are in health, nor the unconverted, to depend upon the uncertainty of a death-bed repentance, we can not fail to admire the mercy of God thus displayed in plucking some, even as "brands from the burning."

The account of this case, as written at the time, will probably interest the reader.

JOURNAL.

"*Thursday*, June 9. What shall I render unto the Lord for all his kindness? He has granted my desires and given me another proof of his goodness. My dear Ann Eliza is resting on God. When I entered the room, this afternoon, she seized my hand with such a grasp that I felt there was a *change*. Never before did I hear such language from a new-born soul. The goodness of God was her theme. His character was evidently unvailed to her view, as much as she could bear this side of heaven. This is another testimony of God's goodness. How can I doubt but that he is willing to make me *holy* if I desire it? But the *desire* must come from God. I want clear views of his character, that I may praise him more.

"*Saturday*, 11. Have deposited in the tomb the remains of my dear Ann. There let her sleeping dust remain till the last trump shall sound; but her spirit—her immortal spirit is now praising Him who has redeemed her with his own blood. There is something precious in the idea—'Bought with his own blood.' '*Bought*'—much is expressed by that word. Then such a soul is *his own*—his by purchase. Then we who profess to be his, have no right to ourselves. How inexpressibly priv-

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ileged to be owned by such a friend! I want to *feel* that I am his all the time, to go where he bids, suffer what he pleases to lay upon me, *willingly*, and rejoice always in him."

LETTER TO HER BROTHER.

"JUNE 25, 1836.

"MY DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER:—The Apostle exhorts us to 'rejoice with those who rejoice, and weep with those who weep.' And, surely, those who are united not only by nature, but by the more endearing ties of grace, must unite their sympathies when their Father smiles or frowns.

"Doubtless, you will have received the news of Ann Eliza's death before this reaches you. I now write to give you a brief account of her last sickness and death.

"She was confined to her room about ten weeks; her disease was consumption. She died June 10, about 8 o'clock, A. M., *absorbed in the love of God.* We have reason to believe that her attention was called to the state of her soul during the past winter. From that time, she seemed to have clear views of the state of her own heart and the necessity of a change before she could be safe, but would frequently say, '*I* am such a sinner I can never be forgiven. It seems easy for *others* to be saved, but salvation is not for *me*.' Sometimes, when asked if she had not some hope, she would say, 'I *think* I am willing to be in the hands of God.' Still there was not the evidence of her being a true child of God that I desired, although we were encouraged about her. Having little faith in a death-bed repentance, I longed to know that she had an *abundant entrance* into the kingdom of the Redeemer. The morning but one before she died, I asked her if there was any difference in her mind. Her answer was, 'I don't know that there is.' On leaving the room I *felt* the utter inefficiency of *friends;* my hope was in *God.*

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I knew him all-powerful to save, and left her *there*. O my brother, how sweet it is to trust all with our best Friend! *He does all things well.* How often we have experienced it, yet how slow to believe it! I send you some of the sentences she uttered a few hours before she died, as taken down by myself just after they were spoken.

"Thursday, 7 o'clock, P. M., as I entered the room she was sitting in an arm-chair, holding a sprig of tansy, just given by Mary. 'See,' said she, 'how good my Father is, to send me this just when I wanted it! It is so reviving, when I am so weak. Just so good he has been during all my sickness, indeed all my life, though I have not known it. How strange it is that I have never seen before what a good Father I have! Why did n't you tell me, Aunt M——, how good he is?' In this strain she continued to talk some minutes, seemingly absorbed in the love of God. Her soul was filled—*satisfied*. She had no anxiety about the future. God, the ever-blessed God, was all her theme. She expressed such clear views of his character as impressed me with the conviction that I was conversing with a heavenly inhabitant rather than a mortal being. Her affection for Christian friends was inexpressibly strong. Speaking of Mary, she said, 'What a good sister she is!' She would clasp her arms around her neck and say, 'Never had a sister before, never *loved* her before! What will you do, Mary, when I am gone, you will be so lonely?' Mary said, 'God will take care of me.' 'Oh yes, so he will—that is right: why have we not thought of such a kind Friend before? Such sinners! And what a kind Father!' She would frequently say, 'Do comfort my mother when I am gone; do beg her to trust in God, he is so good. This is the way we must all go. It is "through much tribulation" we must enter the kingdom of heaven. My mother has had a great deal, but she will get home. God won't let his

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children have idols. Mary and I have been her idols.' 'God must have all the affections,' said I. 'Yes' she replied, 'that is right, he is so good.'

" * * * * * * Her reason continued to the last. A few minutes before she died, as I sat by her, she reached out her arm, and clasping it around my neck, kissed me several times as if taking her last leave. On my asking her if she laid comfortably, she said, 'As easy as I can expect; but I am in dreadful distress. I think I am dying, don't you, aunt?' This was the last time she spoke. Her request that she might have an easy and happy death was granted.

"Thus you see I have been highly favored in witnessing the rich display of the grace of God. Perhaps I never felt nearer heaven than when conversing with her spirit, just ready to take its upward flight. And even after the spirit had fled, as I stood over the coffin, and beheld the countenance cold in death, I kissed the clay that would lie silent till the resurrection morn, rejoicing that our blessed Redeemer had not only redeemed the souls of his people, but their bodies too. Yes, every particle of their precious dust shall rise and be reunited to the spirit, to praise God for ever. * * * * *

"Yours, MARTHA."

We have seen that Miss Whiting had become more than ever interested in the Word of God, and that by contrasting the richness of its promises with her own attainments in piety, strong desires were rekindled for greater conformity to its requirements.

In the following selections, we perceive an increase of the same aspirations.

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JOURNAL.

"*Tuesday*, June 14. I hope my Father is about to subdue my heart to himself, but I am very far from him now. I suspect that I need much to humble me before I am brought down to the foot of the cross; but any thing to bring me there.

"*Monday*, 27. My soul follows hard after God. I seem to desire to be sanctified wholly. I see how perfectly easy it is for God to take me, sinful and polluted as I am, and purify me, soul, body, and spirit, and use me for his own glory. My desire is that he will do it. Prepare me, O thou blessed Saviour, to live for thee, or to serve thee in heaven. Only let me be thine.

"*Tuesday*, 28. My desire for holiness increases. I long to be baptized into the spirit of Jesus. God, in ancient times, set apart and sanctified vessels, garments, priests, &c., for his service; so he now calls upon his people to set themselves apart for him, beseeching of him to accept them.

"*Lord's day*, September 25. Dissatisfied with self. Want greater nearness to God. Little spirit of prayer. Need more holiness. Sometimes think I want to be entirely consecrated to God, and do think that it is my prevailing wish; but the principle is not always as strong as it should be."

When we crave any good, we frequently have little conception of the means by which the desired result must be accomplished. Our request is presented to Him in whose power and willingness we profess to have full confidence. Were it unheeded, and yet within the limit of the promises, we should indeed have reason to wonder. But perhaps that prayer can be answered only by subjecting us to some severe ordeal.

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Shall we murmur at the trial? Rather let us seek to exercise that strong faith in our Divine Master which will enable us to trust him, although he should lead us in a way we had not anticipated.

Miss Whiting prayed for conformity to the requirements of the gospel, but the first step in the process involved a species of discipline, unforeseen.

There is much truth in a couplet, recently from the pen of a former pupil, alluding to the result of her own experience under severe trial, viz.:

> "But few *whole* hearts to Jesus have been given
> From which some *idol* has not first been riven."

"God will not let his children have idols," said the dying girl. And many a Christian has found it so, and found, too, that it is a work of no small significance to tear an idol from its throne.

To be *holy*, we must be like God—to be *like* God, we must *love* him—and we can not love him with all the heart so long as any object diverts our attention from the true source of goodness. Therefore it becomes us to beware, lest, while we revere the grace of God and love his truth, we allow the *means* through which we receive them to absorb too large a portion of our regard.

JOURNAL.

"*Saturday*, October 1. My heart is sad in the extreme. God has touched me in anger, I am afraid. My beloved pastor has informed me that he expects to leave Charlestown to take charge of another church. This is a great affliction, but if it

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will be the means of leading my mind to God and making me trust in him *wholly*, I shall not regret.

"*Tuesday*, 4. The storm that raged this morning has subsided. Then, all appeared dark and disconsolate, but my Father has dispelled the clouds, and all is well. The sweet, heavenly sensation that I felt just after my conversion has been renewed this evening. It is my Saviour that enables me to say again,

"'This holy calm within the breast
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest.'

"I have begged of God to direct my attention to none but himself. I found I was leaning to other objects, but my cry was, 'Lead me to thyself for aid.' He heard my cry, and has given me such a sweet resting on him this evening as I have not felt for months. Blessed be his holy name.

"*Saturday*, 8. Nature shrinks from suffering. My beloved pastor will leave us in a few days. Were it not that I know my Father can not err, I should murmur at this dispensation of his providence. If he will make it the means of bringing me nearer to him, I shall be satisfied."

During the remainder of 1836, and through the following year, there was evidently a strong effort to place less dependence than formerly on outward means, and to rely more on communion with God for a preparation of heart to engage in the numerous duties devolving upon her. And we find her now and then giving a word of advice to those of her friends who were prevented from constant attendance on the services of the sanctuary, as in the letter following.

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1837.

LETTERS—TO MRS. WALKER—TO MR. WHITING—TO MRS. WYMAN—TO A PUPIL.

TO MRS. E. P. W.

FEBRUARY, 1837. Tuesday eve, 11 o'clock.

"* * * Although it is quite late, I can not forbear devoting a few moments to one who shares in my affections. Though far away, be assured you are not forgotten. I suppose, sometimes, as you sit by your pleasant fireside, you think, what would I give for an interview with this and that dear Charlestown friend! But though deprived of the company of these earthly friends, yet, my dear E——, you need not be of the presence of your *best Friend*. No; he is never at so great a distance that he can not visit you, nor so much engaged in managing the affairs of his kingdom that he can not attend to *your* wants, for he is ever ready to counsel, console, and cheer his own dear children. And although you are deprived of frequently uniting with your friends in the worship of God, yet he who is every where present can make the closet a little sanctuary; and, surely, where he is, there *must* be joy. * * * I hope you will live so near the throne that your daily deportment may tell that you walk with God; that he is your hope, your *only* hope for time and eternity.

"I am glad to know that you are so happily situated. I hope you will enjoy much of the good things of this life, if, while you enjoy them, you see God in them *all*. He is to be seen in all his works, and adored by all his creatures. * * *

"M. WHITING."

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In place of selections from the journal of this year, portions of correspondence will be transcribed.

TO HER BROTHER.

"JUNE 6, 1835.

" * * * I have been deeply impressed with this passage of Scripture: 'As the branch can not bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine, no more can ye, except ye abide in me.' This is the case with myself, at least. For if I do not daily feel that my soul is fed and nourished by Christ, if his Spirit does not guide me in the various duties which devolve upon me, I find that nothing is done as it should be. To be sure, I can perform the regular routine of duties, yet if Christ does not reign in my heart, they are performed in such a cold and heartless manner that my most holy services must be odious in the sight of a Being of spotless purity.

"I know not how it is with you, but when I find myself in such a low state, there is no way of ever gaining the favor of God but by going to him in the character of a sinner, a *great* sinner. Every Christian is unhappy while living at a distance from God, yet he too often suffers days and months to pass in this manner, doing nothing effectually for the cause of his Master, and suffering his soul to languish. *How ungrateful!*"

TO THE SAME.

"FEBRUARY 21, 1836.

" * * * You can form no conception, my dear brother, of the weight of care and responsibility resting upon me, surrounded as I am by many youth who are constantly watching my deportment, and needing advice in regard to their physical, intellectual, and moral education. Add to this, a sense of the value of their immortal souls, and a view of all these responsibilities in

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connection with my own inability to perform my duty in any good degree, is enough to make me shrink from the task. But what can I do? I see not one duty that can be thrown off, at least so long as I remain here, and can not feel it right under existing circumstances to leave. Therefore I suppose I must wear out my life in this way. Were not my spiritual strength lessened by it, I would be satisfied; but I am conscious that living thus I shall always be a low, groveling Christian, quite unworthy of being numbered among the family of the redeemed. But enough about *self*.

"You ask for some aid from my long experience; but all I can say is, if I have learned any thing, it is that I am nothing —that Christ is *all*—that my heart is the seat of sin, and, if ever saved, it must be by the righteousness of another. I sometimes long to be free from this body of sin, which binds me down to earth and destroys my inward peace. But with all my opposition to it, I seem not to gain the mastery over it. It causes me to cry out, 'Oh! wretched that I am! who shall deliver me?'

"I am glad to hear that you have so good a minister. I hope the church will be revived, and not only that church, but all the churches of our dear Redeemer. Some of the churches in this vicinity are waking to a sense of duty. * * * The second Congregational church in this town is now favored with the presence of Jesus, and his converting grace. The work is solemn and powerful among the young men in particular. Some of the most refined and intelligent young men in town attend that meeting. I hope they will be the means of doing much good in the town, for a holy influence is much needed. Mr. Crosby is one of the most solemn, plain, heart-searching preachers I ever heard. His preaching is calculated to lay the sinner low and exalt the Redeemer, and also to impress the

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mind with its truth. I rejoice that such a faithful watchman is placed upon the walls of Zion in this town. I care not by whom God sends, if he will only establish his name on the earth. * * * * MARTHA."

TO MRS. E. W.

"HARTFORD, April 3, 1837.

" * * * As M—— and I concluded to write you a joint letter, I now cheerfully commence my part; and since she has given you a brief outline of our journey, of course I need say nothing more of that till we return. I have thought, if John Bunyan had accompanied us, he might have written quite a book from the incidents that occurred during the day and *night* too. I must say that I was very forcibly reminded of the Christian's path through life. He, like us, sets out in his religious course full of hope and animation. The prospect of soon being with his beloved Saviour makes the journey before him dwindle, as it were, to nothing. But he, like us, little realizes the toils and dangers that will beset his path before he arrives at his Father's house. If it is so sweet to meet dear friends and find a place of rest after a short journey here, what will be the holy joy that will animate the soul after the ten thousand trials of life, to meet Jesus our best friend, and all the blessed company who have gone before us, and there find not a *temporary* shelter, but an everlasting mansion prepared for us by our blessed Master. O my sister, I wish I could *always* live in view of these glorious realities; then the trials of this life would sink into utter insignificance. But I did not intend to write in this sermonizing strain when I began; so I will tell you a little about our excursion yesterday.

" Our beloved former pastor and wife took us to the meeting-house. We examined every part, ascended the pulpit, and

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were then led through a dark way, up numerous winding stairs, until we reached the utmost hight of the steeple, where we had a most delightful view of the beautiful Connecticut river winding its way through the fields and woods, and the city of Hartford, as well as the country around. Then we were conducted to the State House, where we were shown the charter that was deposited in the memorable oak-tree, also several of the writings of Queen Anne, Charles Second, &c., all new and curious to us; then ascended to the top of this ancient building, which, I was told, is more than two hundred years old. The famous oak-tree next drew us to see its majestic trunk and straggling boughs. To-day, we visit the institution for the deaf and dumb, and take tea with ——, of whom we have so frequently heard. I like the appearance of Hartford much; but there is a troubled association of feelings to see *our own* dear pastor here surrounded by all these strange faces. * * * *

"M. WHITING."

TO A PUPIL.

"DECEMBER 20, 1837.

" * * * Can you not rejoice that your benevolent, all-wise, all-powerful Friend takes the very course he does, to prepare you for his employment in heaven if not on earth? His ways, though mysterious to us, are wise and good; though we can not see the reasons for all his doings *now*, yet we ought to be just as satisfied as if we could. I hope it is so with you. I hope you can not only be *submissive* to your Father's will, but *rejoice* under the strokes of the rod, knowing that each one is inflicted by your *best Friend;* and when you arrive home—yes, the home the dear Saviour has gone to prepare—you will then see that he has not sent one trial too many, nor inflicted one

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stroke too painful. Let us then look away from earth for peace and rest. Let us not forget that we are pilgrims here, looking for a better country. * * * * *

"M. WHITING."

1838.

LETTER TO MR. WHITING—EFFECT OF CARES—NOTES OF A SERMON—SATURDAY NIGHT—SABBATH DUTIES.

TO HER BROTHER.

"JANUARY, 1838.

"MY DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER:—I sometimes think, should I live to be old and retire from public life, I should regret that I ever allowed myself to be so busily engaged as not to devote that attention to my friends which the connection seems to demand. Then again I think, life is fast wearing away, and what I do for the world must be done quickly. So I *generally* content myself with the hope, that although I do not live so easily as I might, some may reap a little good as the result of my labors. But then I am so often reminded that my poor efforts will do no good, that, at times, I am quite discouraged. Yet the thought that this world is not our *abiding* home often cheers me, and makes me willing to stay awhile, till my change comes. We, as a family, seem to be reminded of late of the uncertainty of life and the necessity of being prepared for our departure. * * *

"You may have heard that sister M—— is again afflicted. Mary * is gone. She died—or rather fell asleep, the last Satur-

* See page 138.

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day in the year just closed. She was happy in the prospect of death. During the few last weeks of her life she appeared to have clear views of the eternal world; heaven seemed to heave plainly in sight as she approached its pearly gates. Not a cloud obscured her sky, and as she was actually passing through the 'dark valley,' she said, 'Do you think me dying?' On being told we thought so, she said, 'It does not seem like death.' All is well respecting her; but her dear mother is left alone. How kindly our Father deals with his children! He will not allow them to have any thing take the place of himself in their hearts without chastisement. We have reason to rejoice that he notices us when we get from him, by sending afflictions to bring us back. * * * Yours,

"MARTHA."

The cares incident to the station Miss Whiting occupied often seemed to present an obstacle to her progress in the Divine life. People who had but transient intercourse with her have frequently remarked, "Care sits lightly on Miss Whiting's shoulders;" nevertheless, records like the following are quite common in her journal. (March 5, 1838). "Awoke early this morning with a weight of anxiety about the boarding-house. It seems, sometimes, that I must sink under the pressure of responsibility resting upon me. I wish to know my duty. My mind is kept in continual anxiety concerning this institution." Again: (April 19.) "The tax is very great on my mental and bodily energies. I would not care did I think I was doing good; but I am sick of myself and all I do."

From these and perhaps other hinderances, although

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the dealings of God toward her had been such as to prepare the way for her to realize the fulfillment of gospel promises, she did not, even now, lay hold of them with that living faith which satisfies the soul, and writes again (May 4): "Think it is my desire to live for God and enjoy him, but something must be in the way. Prayers for temporal mercies are answered almost as soon as offered, but spiritual blessings are delayed."

About this time a sermon was preached by our pastor, Rev. W. Phillips, from Luke, xvii. 5, just adapted to her state of mind, an abstract of which she has given.

JOURNAL.

"*Lord's day*, May 13. Went to the house of God; prayed that his truth might be blessed. When our pastor prayed, my soul seemed to say, Amen, to every expression. The subject of his sermon was, The desirableness of an increase of faith. Examples of those who exercised the right kind of faith were referred to—as Abraham, Moses, the three Worthies, Daniel, the Apostles, Luther and the Pilgrim fathers. 'This,' said our pastor, 'is the kind of faith we need; that which will live on any shore, in any clime.'

"How can this faith be increased?

"1. *By a knowledge of God's Word.* He pointed out the means by which this may be obtained.

"2. *By exercise.* As exercise strengthens the physical and mental faculties, so does it the spiritual. It was a striking characteristic of our Lord's preaching, that it led his hearers to *think.*

"3. *By the removal of sensible objects.* He referred to the

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state of the church for a few years past—its members all engaged in business. The recent revolution in trade served to arouse them. God's manner of dealing with a particular church was noticed. By removing one valuable member after another, and thus reducing their number, he teaches them that their dependence for success is on Him.

"4. *By the influence of God's Spirit.*

"Remarks. Without faith, we can not resist sin and overcome the world; can not give the world a distinct impression; can not labor for the good of others. We need it in order to meet the trials and discouragements of life. We need it because without it we can not obtain spiritual blessings.

"1. If a knowledge of God's Word be a means of increasing our faith, then it is our duty to study it.

"2. The want of the exercise of faith is at the foundation of a doubting spirit.

"3. If the removal of sensible objects leads us to exercise stronger faith in Christ, then we have reason to rejoice when they are taken.

"4. We should pray unceasingly for the descent of the Holy Spirit.

"*Friday*, June 8. Had some clear views of the shortness of life. Wish to live fast and live well.

"*Lord's day*, 10. All things seem to say to me, in language which can not be misunderstood, '*Live for God while you live*, and be prepared, *daily*, for any change.'

"*Saturday*, July 21. *Evening*, 10 *o'clock*. Have just returned to my room from my usual excursion over the house to see if doors are closed, lights extinguished, rooms in order, &c. All is now quiet. My weekly toils and cares are ended. A blessed Sabbath is approaching. I look forward to it with delight. Am one week nearer my eternal home—have one week

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less to remain away from my blessed Master. Saturday evening frequently reminds me of the last conflict—of death. If I can meet it with as much hope of a blessed change as I often feel in health, I think I shall praise him on whom I depend for every ray of light or happiness.

"*Monday*, August 13. P. M. Took an excursion to Cambridge, Brookline, and Roxbury, in search of funds for our Female Education Society; obtained one hundred and three dollars.

"*Lord's day*, September 16. Commenced teaching my class of lads again to-day. It seems to be my duty to continue with them, at least for the present, which makes my duties on the Sabbath quite numerous, having, besides, two Bible-classes and charge of the Female department in the Sunday-school. If any good can be effected by my feeble labors, I shall be satisfied.

"*Monday*, December 31. Another year of my life has fled. How rapidly my days pass! Well, let them speed their flight. If they are spent in the service of Christ, I shall rejoice. But in reviewing the past year have much reason to mourn over my backwardness in duties."

1839.

RELIGIOUS ENJOYMENT—MISCELLANEOUS RECORDS.

JOURNAL.

"*Tuesday*, July 16, 1839. Think it profitable to meditate on some trait of the Saviour's character, daily; then I should have a perfect example ever before me, and in all my tempta-

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tions and trials the path of duty would be plain. Wish to live to some account.

"Have been reading Bancroft's History of the United States. Think him a candid writer. Love to think of those who labored to promote the blessed cause of Christ, as did many of the first settlers of our country.

"*Friday*, 26. Again I must speak of the loving-kindness of my God. *Loving-kindness*—it is more than kindness—it is *love!* Oh! what love he has manifested to me, by calling me, when dead in sin, into his marvelous light! And again and again, when I have departed from him, he has brought me back to partake afresh of his loving-kindness. Such love is overpowering; it seems too much for such a worm. Wish the *world* could feel as I do this evening. My soul is feasting on Everlasting Strength.

"*Wednesday*, October 9. A view of God's character as a whole leads me to adore him. With all his other wonderful attributes, were he not a *holy* Being sad would be our condition. But possessed of every excellence, how wonderful! I love to contemplate his ever-blessed character. Can truly say, 'My soul thirsts for God, for the living God.'

"*Thursday*, 10. Am much interested in the memoir of J. B. Taylor. His life seems to present one continued desire to please God. He enjoyed much of the Divine guidance. When reading this morning, noticed that he applied the 'sealing' spoken of in Ephesians to himself, or rather to a state of mind he had enjoyed for a long time, and praised God for this state of mind, after having long sought and prayed for it.

"*Wednesday*, 16. Commenced the plan at the tea-table of the young ladies' proposing, alternately, a question to be answered from the Bible.

"This evening, at meeting, my heart was refreshed by the

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remarks of our pastor upon the state of Paul's mind in view of death, and his readiness to make sacrifices for Christ. Think I have felt, in times past, as he did when he said, 'I have a desire to depart and be with Christ.'

"*Thursday*, 24. Visited two young ladies. One, formerly a member of our school, has been sick thirteen months. The other was in school about two weeks since. Both I trust are prepared to die. These cases serve to remind me of the obligations I am under to be very faithful and very useful. I have been favored with almost uninterrupted health during my whole life. My time has been occupied in a manner pleasant to myself and favorable for usefulness, both as respects my influence over others and opportunity for obtaining the means to aid in benevolent objects. When I call to mind all these things, I am ready to exclaim, 'What shall I render to the Lord for all these blessings?'

"*Lord's day*, 27. On entering the house of God, this morning, knelt before him in prayer and begged that this Sabbath might not be numbered among my lost ones. Wished for the return of those blessed seasons that I once enjoyed. Prayer was the subject of the sermon. My ears were open to hear. It was a precious season. I bless God for it. My soul was a witness to the truth delivered. My prayer rose to God for a blessing to attend it.

"*Evening*. 'This is not Gethsemane, this is not Calvary, this is not hell,' said the pious Taylor, when exercised with pain and suffering. Wish to feel thus under every little trial. A description of our Saviour's sufferings was read this evening.

"*Friday*, November 1. Finished the memoir of J. B. Taylor. Think it has been the means of reviving my desires for holy living.

"*Lord's day*, December 1. This morning, went to South

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Boston to the House of Correction, to teach its inmates the Word of God. Found it pleasant to point those poor, degraded beings to the way of life.

"*Monday*, 9. It is late—the house is still, but my heart is troubled. I mourn that I can bear trials no better. A circumstance has occurred that greatly wounded my feelings. I felt it severely, but no doubt it was necessary. Oh that I may be kept from indulging in improper feelings!

"*Tuesday*, 10. Have had strong fears that some severe trial awaits me. I think, sometimes, I can trust God for all, but human nature recoils from suffering. Heavenly Father, cause that all my afflictions may serve to make me more holy. I hope I feel right in regard to the injury received yesterday; if not, wilt thou change my feeling and make me feel right.

"*Lord's day*, 15. The weather unusually stormy. Few of the family attended meeting to-day, but the house has been quiet. The exercises of the day were somewhat interrupted by visitors. I can bear other trials much better than Sabbath visitors. This holy day ought to be kept in the manner God has bidden; but Sabbath visiting is a severe interruption to *me*.

"*Tuesday*, 17. Passed a social evening with a few friends. Were our hearts rightly disposed, every circle would be heaven-like.

"*Monday*, 23. Read of one pious person who said on his death-bed, that for more than thirty years he had practiced the habit of rising in the night to pray for the conversion of souls. This is what I wish for; I want to feel thus for *souls*."

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1840.

NEW RESOLUTION—WATCHFULNESS—A TRIAL—INSTRUCTION IN THE NAVY YARD—COMMUNICATION FROM MR. MOORES—LETTER TO MRS. WYMAN.

PERSONS sincerely desirous of advancing in the way of righteousness are sometimes perplexed, when, after more than usual effort to do right—effort in which they had fancied themselves in some degree successful, they have met the disapprobation, if not decided rebuke, of individuals whose esteem they wish to enjoy. To this kind of disappointment, few, probably, are strangers; at least of those who are honestly striving to keep the narrow way.

Were it not for this salutary check, we might inconsiderately indulge in self-complacency; indeed the very feeling of discouragement occasioned by such circumstances is sufficient to warrant the suspicion that we have already made a virtue of our efforts.

The next portion of Miss Whiting's history shows that she was not exempt from this kind of discipline. She entered upon the year 1840 with the following resolution:

"Resolved, that I will, at the close of each hour, review my thoughts, words or actions, dissect my motives, examine wherein I might have done better, beg the forgiveness of my sins, and wherein I feel satisfied that I have done right, thank God for enabling me to do so, and entreat for direction for the next hour."

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JOURNAL.

"*Wednesday*, January 8, 1840. Have acted on the plan of my resolution, yesterday and to-day, and am surprised at the numerous subjects that come up before me to carry to God, also at the sins I hourly detect. May I be enabled to carry the plan through the year. Am much afraid of failing.

"*Saturday*, 11. Feel more satisfied with the week past than I generally do, but sometimes fear my watchings and prayers will be soon forgotton or misapplied. Blessed Saviour, unless *thou* dost keep me I shall fall. 'Hold thou me up and I shall be safe.'

"*Monday*, 13. Think I have been directed by my best Friend, to-day. Find watching a pleasant duty—hope it may be one means of leading me to God.

"*Thursday*, 23. Yesterday, a subject was presented calculated to arouse the evil propensities of my heart. Through prayer and watchfulness, the adversary did not gain complete power, though he worried me a short time.

"Had a precious season last evening. Our pastor remarked upon Psalm xxvii. 'The Lord is my *light*.' We are in a wilderness, he said, we need a light. Christ is the light of the believer; with him we can not walk in darkness. 'My *salvation*.' The believer's eternal salvation is certain. I bless my Father for these truths, and wish to dedicate myself anew to him who, I trust, loves me with an everlasting love.

"A friend put into my hand twelve dollars; said I could do what I pleased with it. It gave me joy that I could be an almoner for Christ. Shall devote it to foreign missions.

"Had a good season in teaching my class in moral science, to-day. The blessedness of religion appeared unusually striking, while I attempted to show its value to the class. Read 'Abbott on Prayer;' good—good!

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"*Wednesday*, February 5. Made a pleasant call on two aged sisters. The 'good old way' was our theme. How religion binds together the hearts of God's children! Have made it my practice for some time past to accomplish two objects at the same time, viz., exercise and visiting friends. My time is so valuable that I feel anxious to improve it in the best possible manner.'

"*Lord's day*, 9. Last evening, —— called and told me some things in which it was thought I was to blame. It affected me much—very much. I have endeavored since this year came in, to watch very minutely my own conduct, motives, &c.; have thought I enjoyed more of the presence of God than for some time previous; but others have been looking on, and have discovered much wrong. Now, if fellow worms see so much that is wrong, what do the pure eyes of Jehovah see? Am I deceived entirely in my hope of heaven? or why is this?

"*Lord's day*, May 17. For several days past, have lost that sweet sense of the presence of God that I felt last week. Am almost discouraged, yet it is my desire to continue striving to overcome sin. I think the doctrine of sanctification is found in the Bible, and if so, why may I not attain to it as well as others? Some living examples of it are before my eyes. I hear of one and another evidence of it. May God go on and purify his church, and make it a holy church without spot or wrinkle.

"*Friday*, October 9. The father of one of our little girls called, this afternoon, to take her home. On hearing it, she was quite overcome with joy. She skipped about the room, first clasping her arms around her father's neck, then running to me with the same expression of feeling. Thought I, would intelligence from my heavenly Father thus fill my soul with *holy* delight? I want to live so near to Jesus that I should, at a moment's warning, rejoice in the prospect of going home."

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We have now to turn our attention to a new field of operation. In December, 1840, a Sabbath-school for naval apprentices and seamen was organized by Sailing Master F. W. Moores, of the United States Navy. In its establishment and continuance, he relied upon the Christian philanthropy of those connected with the various evangelical churches in the vicinity. The sail-loft in the navy-yard was the place designated for their meetings, and on the first Sabbath, two hundred boys assembled for religious instruction. Mr. Moores, the superintendent, was at this time assisted only by his wife and two young ladies from Charlestown, by whom were represented the Episcopal, Baptist, and Congregational denominations. On the following Sabbath, six teachers were present, and on the next, they had increased to ten. Mr. Moores called on Miss Whiting, inviting her personal attendance, and soliciting her influence in obtaining teachers from members of the institution. He has kindly furnished some interesting items respecting this school, which we can not do better than to give in his own words. After alluding to the establishment of the school and the invitation above mentioned, he adds:

"To this call, Miss Whiting responded in a manner worthy of her excellent heart. Her first visit was one rather of reconnoisance, to settle the point of propriety with regard to sending forth a body of young ladies to this new field of labor.

"One visit was sufficient to bring her to a decision.

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When she entered the large hall and advanced between two rows of seats upon which were arranged, in classes of six and eight, two hundred youths with uniform dress of blue jackets and overlapped shirt-collar of blue inlaid with two stripes of white tape and a star worked in the corner, with neatly combed hair, and exhibiting the most respectful attention to their teachers, she was overcome by the spectacle. She felt an instantaneous conviction that God, in his providence, had sent her there for some great object from which she must not shrink.

"She was aware of the destiny of these youths; that they were to be trained for the sea; and the solemn thought came with power to her mind that it was more than possible that the present was the only opportunity which would ever be afforded them for obtaining religious instruction. Hence the deep and abiding interest she ever manifested in the school, and which nerved the heart of the superintendent to act well his part in this great undertaking.

"In a few weeks, thirty teachers and young ladies from the seminary, with Miss Whiting at their head, might be seen on a Sabbath noon wending their way to the navy-yard.

"Others, also, became interested. Officers of the navy, their wives, and daughters, and citizens from Boston and Charlestown, became regular teachers; and, such was its onward progress, that in a few months no less than sixty seamen and two hundred and twenty boys were the recipients of instruction on subjects con-

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nected with their everlasting welfare, by an ample number of teachers.

"Numerically, the seminary gave a preponderating influence with regard to the views of the Baptist denomination. The superintendent was an Episcopalian; but to sow the seed and give root to the vital principles of Christianity, was his great aim.

"On one occasion, a zealous teacher from his own denomination came to him with a countenance expressive of considerable anxiety, and, with a confidential tone of voice, remarked that in passing a class (pointing to the one in question) her feelings had been tried by distinctly overhearing the teacher (from the seminary) impressing upon her scholars the doctrine of *immersion* as the only true baptism, expressing her opinion that it should be 'immediately seen to.' The superintendent soothingly replied, 'Never mind—never mind, Miss ——; you know that, in all probability, these boys are now enjoying the only opportunity that will ever be afforded them for religious instruction; and if they will teach them Christ and him crucified, we had better not raise a question on the other point.' The teacher departed, apparently shocked at his quiet yielding to such doctrines 'erratic.' But what did the sequel disclose? As time rolled on, the superintendent, being in command of a United States vessel to exercise these apprentices in seamanship, anchored in the harbor of Gloucester. Taking a walk in the town, he suddenly encountered the very lady who had given the instruction complained of. Their

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meeting was as pleasant as unexpected, recalling their united efforts in the Sabbath-school, in days not yet long past; but more particularly gratifying to her, as she had joyous news to communicate. She had been delighted at the reception of a letter from one of her class, dated in South America, whither he had been voyaging, and in which he gave her an interesting account of his change of feelings on the great subject of his soul's salvation; dating his first impressions at the time of his attending her class in that Sabbath-school. It was indeed a season of rejoicing to them both, to realize thus early that their united efforts had been thus blessed from on high.

"In reverting, retrospectively, to the operations of the Naval Sabbath-school on the Boston station, from 1840 to 1845, the mind of the superintendent has ever been impressed with the conviction that much of its success, under God, may be attributed to the willing and efficient aid rendered by Miss Whiting and her assistants."

Miss Whiting's notice of the commencement of this undertaking, as regards herself, is as follows:

JOURNAL.

"*Lord's day*, December 20. Commenced teaching a class of lads in the navy-yard. Was much interested in the work. Could I be the means of leading one of these souls to Jesus, I would ask for no greater blessing. I hope this labor will not be bestowed in vain.

"*Lord's day*, 27. Sabbath-school at the navy-yard was pe-

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culiarly interesting. O thou holy One, be pleased to bless the instruction given to the youth there. If one soul can be rescued from eternal death by my poor labors, I will bless God for ever."

TO MRS. E. W.

"MARCH, 1840.

" * * * Were we to meet each other here, I know of no subject that would be so profitable to converse upon for a few moments, as the precious cause of our adorable Redeemer; and I am sure if we meet in yon world of glory, Christ will be all our theme. Then why is it that Christians so often meet and separate, and not a word of him who loved and died for them? Methinks I hear you say, Because they are so worldly; because sin has so much dominion over them. How frivolous, yes, worse than frivolous, will such excuses appear on a death-bed! How will they appear at the judgment-day! In view of the shortness of time, of the worth of the soul, of the approaching judgment, how holy Christians ought to live! Then the world may see that there is a reality in the religion they profess.

"We have had an excellent sermon, this afternoon, from Mr. W——. His text was, 'Create in me a clean heart.' He endeavored to show that holiness of heart is the desire of the true Christian. * * * How precious, dear sister, the Gospel is! What should we do without it in this dark world, where there is nothing to cheer us onward?

"Yesterday morning, between eight and nine o'clock, I was at a prayer-meeting in Park-street chapel. These meetings have been held at that hour for some time past. The house was full, a great solemnity appeared in the congregation, and I doubt not blessings will be bestowed in answer to prayer. I

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learn that there are revivals in all the evangelical churches in the city; baptisms are frequent. God seems to be pouring out his Spirit copiously, all around us, and in distant places, calling his elect from the four corners of the earth. Some few among us have been brought to rejoice in the truth, others seem serious, but the church, as a body, are not revived; that is, as far as I can judge.

"It is now our vacation, and no one remains in the house but Mrs. A—— and the domestics. Most of the young ladies have returned to their parents, a few of them with new hearts. Three of our beloved family were brought to rejoice in the truth a few weeks previous to the close of the term. You may judge how it rejoiced my heart. We had a lovely family, last term, and the prospect is good for the next. May much good be done yet by this dear institution.

"When did you hear from our dear Mr. and Mrs. J——? How much I do love them! don't you? They *ought* to be loved. How good our Father is! When he sees his children clinging too closely to an object, he just removes it and kindly says, 'Love ME: I *alone* am worthy of your supreme love.' But in heaven we can love and not sin—blessed thought! I had an hour or two of pleasant intercourse with your dear M—— when she was here. Don't you think I sent her a letter the day she arrived here! Though I want to see *you*, yet I do not care to have you come before you have spent a little time in reading this, for I write friendly letters so seldom that, when I do write, of course I wish them read, though I know they are hardly worth even a hasty perusal. * * *

"Yours, M. WHITING."

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1841.

CONVERSATIONS WITH FRIENDS—NOTES TO MISS R. HOWE.

About this time, Miss Whiting became apprehensive that a disease was fastening itself upon her, which, sooner or later, would bring her to the grave. In view of this, she was somewhat quickened in her efforts to do the will of God while strength remained, although there was not apparently so much progress in Christian experience as during some other years. A single clause might almost be taken as expressive of her state of feeling for the year. "How I wish," she wrote at one time, "I could get away from myself! Sin is such a burden to me that I am all in despair of ever being in any better state."

JOURNAL.

"*Wednesday*, January 20, 1841. A dear friend called on me, this afternoon, and manifested great interest in my spiritual welfare. Wish I could feel for myself; there is nothing I so much desire as a heart devoted to God, but still I walk in comparative darkness.

"*Wednesday*, 27. Received a very beautiful present of a portable desk, with a convenient apparatus for writing—cost sixteen dollars—from the young ladies of the seminary. I prize it much, as a testimony of affection. I wish their confidence and love, in order to do them good. May my influence over them be salutary—such as will conduce to the glory of God!

"*Tuesday*, February 2. Conversed last evening with brother

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——. He says he never enjoyed such manifestations of God as he has within two or three years. Says he frequently awakes in the morning by one o'clock, and seldom sleeps after three. Meditation is so sweet that he can not sleep, yet his health was never better. He spoke of his strong confidence in God as it respects his temporal affairs. At one time, the lower story of the building in which his office is situated took fire and was nearly consumed, yet his rooms, in the third story, remained safe. At another, when a large portion of the town was burned, the flames extended to within a few rods of his house, which was preserved. On asking him if his office was insured, he said no; he doubted whether it was right; it seemed like distrusting God.

"*Tuesday*, 9. Received a note, to-day, from a dear sister in the church. She feels a deep interest in my spiritual welfare. Oh that I might attain to that happy state of mind she has enjoyed for a long time!"

We presume this record, and also a previous one, refers to a much-esteemed sister, from whose pen a biographical sketch appeared in the "Friend of Virtue," November, 1853, containing several notes she received from Miss Whiting not far from this period, which we take the liberty to insert here.

"Dear Friend, * * * To be sure I did feel sad when you called, and have had many a desponding hour, on account of my spiritual state. But I think the clouds have partially passed away, and I can but hope I shall once more behold the face of Him in whom my soul takes delight, without a cloud. If not deceived, have had some clear views of the character of God in Christ—his power and willingness to save, and do for

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me more than I can ask. Still my faith is weak, my desires low, and I come infinitely short of what I ought to be. The prevailing desire of my heart is to be entirely conformed to the image of Christ. I think I am willing to be any thing or nothing, if I can but glorify that blessed Redeemer. My daily prayer is, Lord, take what thou wilt; take health, friends, or any other earthly good, but give thyself. I can not say how much selfishness is mixed with these desires, but I know nothing else will satisfy me. * * * Pray for me that I may be made perfectly conformed to the Divine will. * * *

"Yours truly, M. WHITING."

"DEAR R——: You are the only friend to whom I feel a freedom of communicating my spiritual trials, in order that you may feel the necessity of presenting my case before the Hearer and Answerer of prayer. Surrounded as I am by a group of volatile youth, at home as well as at school, whose cheerful, winning countenances seem to say, 'We shall always enjoy the pleasures of youth—say nothing to us of death and eternity,' it causes a kind of death-like stupor to overpower me, and sometimes I am afraid I never shall again enjoy the light of His countenance which is better than life. The week on which I have entered will place me in important situations. Appearing before the public—separation of scholars—visiting of friends—all seem to say to me that I need much grace in order to glorify my Lord. A word, an action, nay even an expression of the countenance, may do much for or against the cause of our dear Redeemer. Parting scenes may, by the blessing of God, be the means of saving the soul. And even the social visit of friends may tell on eternity. I have not, my dear R——, mentioned these things because I wish to withdraw from the world. For while I am in the world, I wish to be useful in some degree, to

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my fellow-creatures. Neither do I wish to throw off the great responsibility that rests upon me; but that you may see that I have need of much, very much grace to discharge all these duties so that God may be honored. May I live wholly *on* God, and for him. Your truly needy friend,

"MARTHA WHITING."

"DEAR FRIEND:—I trust you have an interest at the throne of grace, and that you daily plead for Zion. But allow me to ask, how do you feel in view of the present state of our beloved church? Will God leave us on account of our backwardness in his cause? He has shown his willingness to bestow blessings upon us, by what he has done; and if we were in a prepared state would he not grant more? Dear R——, ought we not to be on our knees before God constantly, that he would have mercy on our church, and awaken us to a sense of our condition? I do not say this, thinking that I am in a state to receive a blessing, for my heart is too far, very far from Him whom I hope I love. Pray for me, that my heart may be right with God, and that *self* may be completely subdued. Pray for my Bible-class. They seemed unusually willing to hear, this morning; but they need the power of God to renew their hearts. Remember also the dear youth who surround me daily.

"Yours, M. WHITING."

"MY DEAR R——: Does the candle of the Lord shine round about you? Are you feasting to-day on the bread of life? If so, continue to plead for Zion—continue to plead for her ministers, that Zion may be blest through them. Continue to present the case of your unworthy friend before God, that he would make her holy, that she may glorify Him, who has I trust loved her, not for her sake. I know that my comfort is no-

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thing, just nothing; but I want to have a heart to labor faithfully in my Master's vineyard. What a world of sinners around us! We need to be emphatically the salt of the earth. Think I have had greater nearness to God, this week past, than for a long time. * * * * There is much more need of prayer, it seems to me, at the present day, than for acting. O then, let us pray for Zion—let us be continually in prayer for our pastor.

"Yours truly,

"M. WHITING."

JOURNAL.

"*Lord's day*, November 7. This morning attended the baptism of the last of five in a class of lads that I instructed in the Sabbath-school. I do not know that any of my instructions were the means of doing good, but I trust the prayers of Christians ascending to God in their behalf have been heard, and it is encouraging to see those for whom we have labored embracing the Saviour. I can not but hope that much good will also be done by our efforts at the navy-yard."

1842.

REVIVAL OF RELIGION—DEATH AT THE BOARDING-HOUSE—ANOTHER TRIAL—ATTACHMENT TO THE SEMINARY—LETTERS TO MISS VINTON.

IN the winter and spring of 1842, Miss Whiting's mind was considerably revived. That she partook of the spirit which characterized the revivals of that period, is discoverable in records like the following:

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JOURNAL.

"*Lord's day*, January 9. One of our dear family is rejoicing in hope. Others seem inquiring. I long for the work of God to go on in this house. In times past, have felt desires for the conversion of the youth under my charge, yet wished all to be kept quiet. But now my heart says, work as thou wilt, blessed Jesus, let me suffer ever so much in a worldly point of view."

Several conversions occurred at this time, both among the young ladies in the seminary and in the vicinity, which afforded her much encouragement, and sometimes she found it difficult to bring her mind to the performance of secular duties. Some children were among the converts, concerning whom she remarks: "I have had fears lest they should be deceived, and enter the church. Sent for one of them to call and see me. Had a very interesting interview with him; think he is a Christian; can welcome him to the church of God with all my heart. May he prove a blessing to the world!"

JOURNAL.

"*Friday*, June 17. This morning, between the hours of nine and ten, Elizabeth Boyd died, aged twenty years. She was a member of the institution two years since, and returned to school the present term, with the intention of qualifying herself more fully for a teacher. By this event, the family have been forcibly reminded of the importance of early piety.

"*Saturday*, June 18. This morning, at half-past four o'clock, the family were called together in the lower hall. Remarks were made appropriate to the occasion, and prayer offered by

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Rev. Mr. Green. Between five and six o'clock, the corpse of our young friend was taken from the house to be conveyed to her former home, of which she often spoke as a place she longed to see. Alas! What is life? Truly, it 'appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away.'

"*Lord's day*, July 3. Since the present term commenced, I have had repeated trials, or, at least, what would have been such in a different state of mind; but as it was, I have been kept in a quiet frame, and was vainly indulging the hope that I could endure *any* trial. *With the grace of God*, I could; but I have again been led to see how weak I am in *my own* strength. When the last trial came, it took me by surprise. I said, I can endure cares, labor, fatigue both of body and mind, but to be accused of *wrong motives* in the performance of duty, was, I thought, more than I could bear. I felt very unhappy yesterday. The thought of spending a Sabbath as I then felt was distressing. I looked to God, after all other sources failed, feeling that I was his, my interest was his interest, my trials were at his will, and I was perfectly safe in his hands. I *knew* that all I had done had been done from pure motives; that I had not a feeling at the time toward the individual but that of pure benevolence. Peace gradually filled my soul. The storm in my breast was exchanged for a perfect calm. I retired to rest, and arose relying on Jesus, *my all*. This day, which yesterday I so much dreaded, has been thus far one of the happiest of my life. Prayer, teaching, and hearing the Word of God have all been delightful exercises. I attribute it all to Him from whom I receive all my blessings. To Him be *all* the praise. My greatest desire is, to have no will of my own—to be just where and what he pleases. I only regret, in this instance, that I did not *first* of all apply to the only Fountain of peace.

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"*Friday*, August 19. Retirement is sweet. It affords an opportunity for one to learn something of one's *self*. I desire to be prepared to live only for God and be continually ripening for heaven; to look on earth as a place in which I am to stay only for a time and keep heaven and its blessedness always before me. * * * My life has been one of such uninterrupted public labor, that I wonder at my love for retirement. I sometimes think that I shall soon retire to private life. One obstacle remains, namely, love for this cherished spot. I have dedicated it to God, again and again. Many a prayer in former days has been offered that God would manifest his love to those resorting here for instruction. Here also, I feel *at home*. Here I love to labor. But my years tell me that my time for labor is short, even if life should be preserved. About this, however, I will take no thought, but leave it all with Him who 'doeth all things well.'

"*Lord's day*, September 4. Alone in this great house! How sweet to know no one near but God! Took up a little book, this morning, entitled, 'The land without Sabbaths.' It relates to France in the time of substituting reason for religion. What a poor, pitiable place is a land without Sabbaths!

"Taught in the Sabbath-school in the navy-yard. Am willing to give up the pleasure of one sermon, weekly, for the sake of this privilege of pointing the poor sailor-boy to the *port of rest*."

TO MISS M. V.

"MAY 28, 1840.

"* * * I have long wished *you* might be a laborer on missionary ground, and can not but hope that the time is not very far distant when you will have that privilege. But, dear M——, we must leave all these things in the hands of our never-failing Friend. 'He does all things well.' It is sweet to

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lie passive in his hands and know no will but his. It is sweet to sit at the feet of Jesus and gaze on his divine glories; to feel his love animating our hearts, elevating our affections, and causing us, at least for a time, to forget the trifles of earth and feast on the joys of heaven.

"I hope you are making rapid progress toward your heavenly home. Does not the prospect brighten every step you take, and as you become more and more like Christ, does not his character appear increasingly glorious? Is it not one sign of growth in grace, for the soul to be conscious of becoming more like Christ?—to find it easier than formerly to imitate his example? How desirable for the professed followers of Jesus to be strict imitators of their Divine Master! Have you read the life of James B. Taylor? If you have, you must have had a feast. If he could live wholly consecrated to God, why can not other Christians? Why can not we live as much devoted as did the early Christians? We ought to do so—then we *can*.

"Mr. Stow remarked, this morning, that God seems to have *belted* the earth with his Holy Spirit. He spoke of revivals not only in our own land, but of news recently from Scotland, Wales, &c., and of the ships lately arrived in port, which had been visited by the outpourings of the Spirit. Meetings in the city are held from eight to nine in the morning for the ministers to give some account of the work of God in their separate churches. These meetings you must know are very interesting. * * * M. Whiting."

TO THE SAME.

"August, 19, 1842.

" * * * The privilege I have so long desired is now granted me; viz., that of directing a letter to you in Burmah. The loss of that happiness I enjoyed when you were here, of

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frequent intercourse upon those themes which are the delight of angels, is more than compensated by the cheering thought that you are laboring for the poor, benighted heathen. Often, in imagination, do I see you surrounded by a group of little Burmans listening to the sweet accents that fall from your lips. I trust, my dear sister, you will be made instrumental in bringing many a dark, benighted soul to the blessed, bleeding Lamb of God. This is my daily prayer—this my chief desire for you. I wish no higher honor to be bestowed upon you; none higher could. To wear a crown, starred, as it were, with souls redeemed by the precious blood of the Lamb! What can equal it? * * * I have said nothing about the seminary. Perhaps it will be pleasing to you to know that we have a commodious boarding-house, capable of accommodating eighty or ninety pupils. We have occupied it one year. The last winter about twenty of our family expressed a hope in Christ. Some, we have reason to fear, were deceived, yet many of them hold out. Let us ever have an interest in your prayers, that God would make this a place where he will powerfully manifest his presence in the conversion of souls, and that many may be here added to the Lord, who will sound his Gospel in heathen lands. * * * M. WHITING."

1843.

CONVERSIONS IN THE SEMINARY—DEATH OF A PUPIL—SABBATH-VISITING.

EARLY in 1843, several pupils gave evidence of having learned heavenly wisdom from the Great Teacher, respecting one of whom Miss Whiting wrote: "One

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of our young ladies came into my room, to tell me what God had done for her soul. My heart was glad. Seldom have I had such a view of the worth of the soul, as in contemplating, to-day, the joy of angels carrying the news to heaven, and the new song of praise that has just been begun by another sinner redeemed from eternal death."

The members of the school were solemnly affected, at this season, by the sudden death of one of their number, who, being a little unwell, went to visit some friends, expecting to return shortly with improved health. Three days from the time she left the boarding-house, the sad intelligence was received that she had gone to "that bourn whence no traveler returns." It is to be hoped that the efforts made to improve this event by urging upon the pupils a consideration of their own mortality and the necessity of preparation for a sudden death, were not lost.

The manner in which she regarded the festivities of public days, and also her views of Sabbath-visits, are freely expressed.

JOURNAL.

"*Saturday*, June 17. This, as the world says, is a *great day*. All is bustle and confusion. The town is full of people. Every body is on the move. All this has no charms for me. My closet and my Bible have charms that eclipse all earthly glory. Spent most of the day in retirement; had not family duties prevented, all would have been thus passed.

"*Saturday*, 24. Made a partial engagement to visit a very

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dear pupil and spend the Sabbath. On reflection, though it pained me exceedingly to disappoint my young friend, the following reasons forbade my going: The fatigue and heat of the excursion; absenting myself from the communion; the money which I should spend in the excursion I can devote to one in want, and will be a source of comfort to one I love; and lastly, and sufficiently important, were there no other reason, *I can not spend the Sabbath in visiting.* I turn away from the thought of taking my pleasure on God's holy day."

1844.

UNPLEASANT EVENTS—GRADUATING COURSE—ANNIVERSARY EXERCISES—SOLEMN OCCURRENCE—SOCIAL GATHERING—NOTES OF SERMONS—DISTRIBUTION OF TRACTS.

In the winter of 1843 and 1844, circumstances occurred which seriously affected the church—our sister's spiritual home. Of course, as a lover of Zion, she could not be an unconcerned observer, and we can not, consistently, pass by a subject in which she was so deeply interested without, at least, a brief reference.

In a history of the First Baptist Church in Charlestown, prepared in 1852 by Rev. T. F. Caldicott, then its pastor, it is said concerning this period: "The year (1844) was marked by some very unpleasant events; chiefly growing out of a difference of opinion respecting the labors of Mr. Swan with the church as an evangelist; and which difference finally resulted in

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a division of the body." * * * "Two hundred and twenty-two asked for and received their dismission from the church, and were subsequently organized and recognized as the High-street Baptist Church."

This division took place April 22, 1844; previous to which date, Miss Whiting gave the following expression to her feelings: (March 10). "The stand I have taken in this matter has caused some to wonder, but I think I have wished to do right. I *did* object to inviting our brother (Swan) to us, under existing circumstances, but when he came, thought it my duty to attend the meetings, watch the movements, and caution or advise where I deemed it expedient, and use my influence with the young brethren and our pastor as the time and occasion seemed to require, which, if I stand aloof, would be impossible. If I can do any thing to promote the peace and prosperity of Zion, I am willing to lose my reputation among men. My prayer is, that I may be kept from doing wrong, if I suffer ever so much from the world."

At the time of the separation, she felt it her duty, to use her own expression, "to strengthen the things that remain;" but with that decision she never seemed to feel perfectly satisfied. Her record will speak for itself.

JOURNAL.

"*December* 22, 1844. My mind has been peculiarly exercised about duty in regard to my spiritual home. My worldly interest, reputation, and usefulness in the seminary, claim my relation at the 'house.' My usefulness in the church, my spir-

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itual enjoyment, my attachments, induce me to join the dear little band at the 'hall.'

"Should I take such a step, I am apprehensive that a separation must take place between me and the institution over which I have watched with deep solicitude from its commencement. Consequently, many of the resources on which I now depend for contributing to the wants of the church of God would be cut off, also my influence over a variety of mind and talent which will have an effect upon the world will be lost. When I take these things into view, I am left in *doubt*. Think I am willing to make any sacrifice to do the will of God, can I but know what it is.

"Had I followed *inclination* I should have gone long ago. But the obstacles in my way seem to say, I *must not go*. Think I do not wish to follow inclination, but simply to know the will of my blessed Master; then I will observe it."

Eventually, it became clear to her own mind that she must cast in her lot with the branch which had, from the first, possessed a large share of her sympathies; and, accordingly, she removed her relation to the High-street Baptist Church, April 25, 1846.

The "personal journal," commenced in 1835, and from which selections were made in place, gradually changed its character and became a "chronological record," in which form it was continued by occasional insertions, until 1844. Its place was then taken by a book of "items," exclusively devoted to the seminary. From this we transcribe an account of the first anniversary of the institution after the establishment of the present graduating course.

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It may be well to preface this quotation with the remark that the trustees, perceiving a tendency on the part of pupils to devote an undue proportion of their school-life to the ornamental department, arranged the course for graduates, as an inducement for young ladies to give more attention to the solid branches. It was thought, moreover, that their object would be best accomplished by rendering it exclusively an *English* course. Consequently, although the study of the languages is by no means undervalued, a knowledge of them is not required to entitle the pupil to a diploma.

"*August* 1, 1844. The first anniversary of the Charlestown Female Seminary, since the establishment of the graduating course, has been observed publicly to-day. Although the institution has been in successful operation thirteen years and three months, and between two and three thousand pupils have received a part or all of their school education under its fostering care, yet a regular course of instruction has not been strictly observed till within the last three years.

"This day, six young ladies, viz., Rosina M. Bartlett, Harriet E. Clark, Martha C. Hunt, Abby Knight, Jane Newcomb, and Asenath Barrows, having completed the course of study, received each a diploma from the board of trustees.

"*Exercises.*—The young ladies, dressed in white, walked in procession to the meeting-house, where an address was delivered by Dr. Sharp. The diplomas were presented, with appropriate remarks, by Rev. Wm. Phillips. The exercises were interspersed with music on the piano by several young ladies, and a voluntary on the organ.

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"The graduates conducted with credit to themselves and the institution, both on this and the three days of examination."

Our next selections are from her regular journal.

"*Saturday*, August 10. Returned from Hingham. On our passage home a boat was discovered upset. Our captain immediately lowered the long-boat, and one of the two was just saved; the other had gone to the bottom. Poor soul! ushered into eternity in an unexpected moment! Where is his soul? thought I—in eternity—fixed for ever! While the other was being snatched from a watery grave, my heart rose in prayer that he might be saved, spiritually. When he was dragged into the boat, groaning and gasping for breath, I felt a strong desire that his future life might be consecrated to God, and afterward tried to get an opportunity to speak to him that I might know how he felt in view of such an interposition of Divine Providence, and exhort him to devote the rest of his life to God, but could get no opportunity.

"While the agitation of the scene was before me, and the raging billows were dashing against the boat, my thoughts turned involuntarily to myself. What if the waves should swallow up this poor body? Where would my immortal spirit be?—Fixed—fixed, *for ever!* Although, within the week, I have felt as if I should rejoice at the thought of going home, yet, when trying to bring death *near*, the subject looked dark and repulsive. I have often taught the doctrine that if we would commit all to God and live for him, we need not feel troubled about our salvation. True, if we commit all to him he will certainly save us; but when death comes, we want the *evidence.* If I could have the evidence that I am a child of God, by daily communion with him and the fruits of a holy life, I could desire no more.

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"This morning, a poor man, a German, feeble in health, called to see if I could obtain employment for him as a teacher in his own language. He had been sick since he came to this country, with a wife and two children to support. I pitied him and gave him some money, but to my shame, never inquired for the welfare of his soul. This I lament, and pray God to forgive me.

"*Tuesday*, October 15. Our young ladies having invited a few friends, trustees, &c., to pass an hour or two with them, I feel under an obligation to unite with them. Having prepared myself for the evening, and feeling a strong disinclination to unite with the company, I retired to my closet for meditation. In reviewing my evidences of being a Christian, thought I possessed some traits of character like my blessed Master.

"*Love:* if not deceived, I know what Christian love means. Whenever I meet a devoted Christian, my heart is drawn out in love to him. Let him be the poorest child on earth, I feel a nearness to him that I do not feel toward my most intimate worldly friends. At times, my heart is drawn out in unspeakable love to God. I love to dwell on his wonderful perfections. I love to think that he is adored by *worlds* of holy beings, as well as by all the heavenly host.

"*Faith in Jesus* is another characteristic of the Christian. I think I know what it means to live by faith on Jesus. Am conscious that I do sometimes trust him for grace to resist temptation, and have through him overcome, yes, and trust I shall overcome at last."

How delightful could we, in social gatherings, meet one and another with the pleasing assurance, *These all have come from the hallowed place of private devotion:* not doubting that, however carefully they have decked

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those perishing bodies, they have, with no less care, prepared the soul by sacred meditation. When may we reasonably indulge that thought? "By their fruits ye shall know them," responds the unerring Word. This, too, is the test the world applies; and never, perhaps, are the conversation and demeanor of Christians more noticed than on such occasions.

JOURNAL.

"*Lord's day*, November 3. Our new pastor, Rev. Wm. C. Child, has given us, this forenoon, his views of the duties of a pastor.

"He is to regard himself as an embassador for God; to declare human guilt; to present Christ in his various offices; to discuss the doctriness of the Gospel, not as an assailant, but to defend the truth; to instruct his people in practical duties; to mingle with them and administer consolation; to labor for them in his study.

"*Afternoon.* Subject: Duties of the church toward their pastor. It should manifest an interest in him; coöperate with him; exercise charity toward him. In closing, he spoke of the duties of the unconverted.

"Two valuable sermons. May he be a 'workman that needeth not to be ashamed'—an instrument of good to this town!"

The monthly distribution of tracts throughout the town was undertaken by the "Charlestown Tract Society," which was organized in December, 1843; and at a meeting of the directors, January 22, 1844, distributors were appointed for that purpose.

To Miss Whiting this was no new employment, and

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she readily took charge of a district under its direction. The young ladies of the boarding-house occasionally assisted her in this work, and thus, in a manner profitable to themselves and others, relieved the monotony of school arrangements.

JOURNAL.

"*Saturday*, December 28. Thank my heavenly Father for the opportunity I have had, the week past, of warning sinners of their danger and pointing them to my Saviour. While going from house to house with tracts, especially when diving into the depths of poverty and wretchedness, pride would sometimes start up and almost put me to shame for the moment, but the thought would instantly arise, I can do more than this for my Master; I can do any thing if he gives me grace."

1845.

TRACT VISITS—DEATH OF MR. WILLIAMS—LETTER TO MR. WHITING—FORMATION OF THE WHITING ASSOCIATION—TEMPTATIONS EXPERIENCED—INWARD DISCIPLINE—LETTER TO MISS VINTON.

JOURNAL.

"*Lord's day*, January 19, 1845. Yesterday, enjoyed much satisfaction in my tract visits. The time before, I saw so much of human depravity that I returned with a heavy heart, but it had the effect to humble me. Met with a poor Irish woman, one of the sheep of my kind shepherd's flock. Although poor, alone, neglected, yet she is a *child of God*. She has not seen

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a Christian, to her knowledge, since she has resided in town, some weeks. I shall never forget the gratitude she expressed on learning that I was a Christian, and perceiving that I manifested an interest in her. If ever I felt an emotion of gratitude, it was when sitting in her humble dwelling."

There is something in the record of mortality, as it is seen in the diary of one who has also departed this life, that strikes the mind with the same sense of fitness as does the sight of grave-stones in a church-yard. This, in part, has caused the selection of so many notices of this kind from Miss Whiting's journal. Another monumental record now appears.

JOURNAL.

"*Friday*, February 7. Attended the funeral of brother Boardman Williams. How have I rejoiced as I have sat by him from time to time! I bless God for what he has done for him, and hope never to forget the precious seasons I have enjoyed in his sick room. May his mantle fall on many a son of New England.

"*Monday*, 24. A delightful idea occurred to my mind, this morning, while engaged in the devotional duties of the school. Christ compares himself to the living water—a living spring sends forth water in dry weather as well as in wet, and is most valuable when other springs fail. Just so, when every earthly source of comfort is cut off, religion is infinitely valuable."

The writer remembers the suggestion of that thought at the time here specified, and also one that occurred to her own mind while listening to Miss

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Whiting's remarks; viz.: The believer constantly partakes of the living water and abides in Christ, having the spring of life within, is not dependent on revivals for the spirit of religious activity, and therefore his influence in favor of religion is not intermittent; but "in season and out of season" he will be found true to his profession.

TO HER BROTHER.

"* * * Since we profess to be traveling the same road, expecting to reach the same haven of rest, expecting to spend an eternity in each other's society, this, were there no other reason, should elicit a few inquiries, occasionally, *how* we are advancing in our journey.

"How is it with you, my brother, my sister? I hope you do not partake of the spiritual dearth which seems to pervade almost the whole American church. While the nominal Christian is like 'the heath in the desert, and seeth not when good cometh,' the simple-hearted, humble follower of the Lamb draws *freely* from the wells of salvation, and his soul is filled to overflowing from the fountain of God's unchangeable, boundless love. For, notwithstanding it is a time of spiritual dearth throughout our land, yet the *source* from whence our spiritual blessings flow remains the same, and those who avail themselves of the privilege, find the water of life as able to quench their thirst as ever.

* * * * * *

"The unchangeable love of Christ to his people! They are dear to him as the apple of his eye. Zion is engraved on the palms of his hands, and her walls are ever before him. His cause rests on the pillars of eternal truth, and, notwithstanding clouds and darkness are round about his throne, justice and

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judgment are the habitation of the same. This is strong consolation. When my faith begins to waver and the cause seems about being deserted, I cast my eye on the promise, 'They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion that shall not be removed,' and am comforted with the thought that Jesus lives—yea, lives to intercede—to redeem—to save.

* * * * * *

"MARTHA."

JOURNAL.

"*Thursday*, February 27. This day I am fifty years old. Is it possible that I have lived half a century! More than twenty-one years, I have professedly been a disciple of Jesus, but lament that so small a portion of that time has been entirely devoted to him. For the first few years, I lived in his strength, but afterward was drawn away by my intense interest in the seminary. Three years past, have been trying to learn to live more on Jesus, and think I have made some progress."

In the summer term of 1845, the state of society at the West, and the good effected there by the system of colportage, were presented before the school, and it was suggested that ten dollars be raised to aid in purchasing tracts for distribution in that region. More interest was excited than had been anticipated, resulting in the formation of a society by means of which, in the course of a few weeks, seventy-five dollars were contributed to support a colporteur for six months. In the two succeeding terms, the same amount was raised, to complete his salary for the year.

The sum of one hundred and fifty dollars was annually paid into the treasury of the American Tract

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Society, for the same object, until 1850, since which time, up to the period of Miss Whiting's death, seventy-five dollars has been the amount of its yearly appropriation.

The society was first known simply as the *Tract Society of the Charlestown Female Seminary*, but after a time its object, although not essentially changed, was somewhat extended, and a new name adopted. It is now known as "The Whiting Association, or Social Circle of the Charlestown Female Seminary."

Respecting the American Tract Society, Miss W. wrote in one of her letters: "There are some features in it that indicate the special blessing of God. One is, that *sectarian* feeling seems to have no part in its operations. Not only do the *watchmen* see eye to eye, but *all*, so far as my limited knowledge extends, seem to be actuated by the same noble principle, viz., the glory of God and the good of souls. This is what God loves, what he will bless.

"Another feature, as far as I can judge, is, that those engaged in the work are, emphatically, men of God; men who love to labor in his service, and are not only *willing* to make sacrifices for Christ, but *love* to do so; their *hearts* are in the work. Such, God will bless. As a proof of it, we have seen that while there has seemed to be a general spiritual dearth throughout the land, showers of divine grace have watered abundantly the fields cultivated by colporteurs."

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JOURNAL.

"*Lord's day*, June 22. Had a struggle, yesterday, with the adversary. A little occurrence took place which served to draw my heart from the Fountain of life, but I repaired immediately to God, and though left to struggle through the day without experiencing any sensible relief, at evening I felt calm, and could submit to the censures of my fellow-men without pain. To-day have felt God near; our pastor has given us a superior sermon on election; I rejoice in such truth.

"*Friday*, July 11. The adversary was very busy yesterday. He made an effort to induce me to believe that it was a great evil to be thought nothing of by the world, and, worse than all, induced me to complain. For this *temptation* I do not reproach myself, but I do for not repairing immediately to my blessed Saviour, who was thus tempted. *He* is able to conquer the tempter and afford me relief. What though friends forsake and earthly blessings are taken? Having communion with God, I shall not want."

The distinction between *temptation* and *compliance* with the same, is an important one. Through want of it, many truly devoted Christians have brought darkness upon their own minds. By mistaking an unholy suggestion for sin itself, the Christian soldier at once considers himself vanquished, gives over the battle, and falls into the power of the enemy, when, by prompt resistance in the name of the Lord, the adversary might be repelled, and strength even gained by the conflict.

Respecting the anniversary exercises, July 31, she remarks: "The day was one of much interest and, I

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trust, of profit. On all these public occasions, I can not avoid taking a retrospective view, to see what God has done for this institution. It has, I am sure, received his fostering care. All I ask now is, that the dear youth instructed here may all be taught of God, and be eminently useful. For this end I wish to labor and pray continually."

JOURNAL.

"*Tuesday*, November 11. Pride spoils almost all I do. There is nothing I so much need as humility. I have nothing of which to be proud, being all defiled by sin. Still, '*I*' is of so much consequence that I have constant need of self-abasement. Last evening at the prayer-meeting, pride crept in; so at the tract-meeting—found him there urging his claim upon me. After returning home, tried to beg for pardon, and to-day have felt more of a spirit of humility and dependence on Jesus.

"*Saturday*, 15. This morning, had such a sense of the infinite majesty of God, such a view of his condescension in manifesting himself to me, an unworthy worm, that I felt humbled in the dust. My soul seemed to hang on God. *If I were all alone in the universe with him, his presence would more than satisfy me.*"

It is obvious, our friend would not have been prepared for exercises like those noted in the last quotation, especially that expressed in the sentence we have taken the liberty to italicize, without the previous disciplinary course, in which the pride of a nature as yet, to use a common though unscriptural expression,

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"sanctified but in part," was discovered, and the grace of humility brought into exercise, so that God might be "*all in all.*"

TO MISS M. V.

"FEBRUARY, 1845.

"* * * You can hardly imagine the pleasure a letter from you produces, especially when it brings such intelligence as your last. Glad am I that you have been called to labor in that important part of our Master's vineyard, and still happier shall I be when I hear that the Lord has poured out his Spirit upon your dear little charge and brought them all to the feet of our blessed Redeemer.

"You say when you showed the box I sent you to your pupils and told them from whence you received it, they inquired if there were no more in the seminary who would come and teach them. I read this part of the letter to the school, and said, I desired that many present might spend their days in a heathen land, in teaching the way of eternal life to those who know it not. It is my desire that they all may become Christians, humble, devoted Christians, who will esteem it a privilege to labor and pray for Zion. We need much of the apostolic spirit in our churches at the present time.

"You have heard, undoubtedly, of the spiritual dearth which has prevailed in our churches the year past. Christians seem not only to have forgotten their 'first love,' but they seem to have forgotten *all* the love they ever had for their blessed Master.

"I sometimes think, should the prophet be directed to go through our land as he was through the land of Israel in ancient times, and set a *mark* upon all who sighed and cried for the desolations of Zion, there would be found but a precious

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few who would be thus designated. But I hope to see better times. In some churches already there appear some signs of reviving. Let us plead with God for our American Israel that it may be saved from spiritual death.

* * * * * *

"I think you must be very happy in your situation, as you are doing much good, I trust. Do you live on Jesus, daily? I hope you do. It is sweet living so. To feel that we are nothing and Christ is *all*, yes, all our strength. When we can say with Paul, 'Through Christ I can do all things,' then we are strong, and only then. We must not try to walk alone; we need not, since we have such a helper as Jesus. Helper? no, I need not say so, Jesus is *all*. If we do any thing acceptably, it is he who works *in* us; blessed thought! And he must have all the glory.

"The seminary is still prosperous. We have prayer-meetings on Tuesday evenings, in sections, so arranged as to call in all professors and as many others as are willing to attend. Also for some weeks past a general one on Saturday evening, to which all are invited. We have Bible-classes on Sabbath mornings, and half an hour every morning in school, in which I hope some good is done. There is some attention to religion now among the pupils. There have been two or three recent cases of conversion, and several are inquiring. If God will work like himself, it is all I ask. Pray for us.

"I remain as ever, yours,

"M. Whiting."

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1846.

DISTRIBUTION OF TRACTS—CATHOLICISM—CO-OPERATION OF A PIOUS PUPIL—CONVERSIONS—VISIT OF A MISSIONARY—READING TO THE IGNORANT.

In 1846, Miss Whiting is still found winding through the streets and lanes of the town as a tract distributor. This employment afforded her the means of access to families belonging to different classes of society, and also, as will be seen, of extending to strangers the sympathy which such know how to prize.

JOURNAL.

"*Lord's day*, January 25, 1846. Yesterday, called on a family recently from England. They are strangers in a strange land. To-day, went for the children, six in number, to attend the Sabbath-school. They have the appearance of being well trained. May they all be brought to the feet of Jesus."

Could she have foreseen that one of these children would soon become a disciple of Jesus, and, in the course of a few years, determine to spend his life as a missionary among the Indians, her love to the cause of missions would no doubt have added to the stimulus which prompted her on this occasion. But the principle moving her to action did not require this additional impulse.

Her visits were not all of a cheering character. Some of them were among Catholics. These often caused discouragement and led to forebodings respect-

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ing the prospects of our country. In conversation upon such visits, she once remarked that it was not her custom to attack their creed or find fault with their church, but to inculcate *truth*, trusting that when truth should take possession of the heart, error would, as a consequence, give way before it.

JOURNAL.

"*Thursday*, January 22. Sometimes I think God will give up this land yet to the scourge of popery; but he is so good and so powerful, if we as a people are only humble, he will not suffer it to gain the ascendancy. I love to be in his hands and have my country there too.

"*Friday*, February 13. Every thing looks dark to-day, as far as *human* eye can reach; but *faith* says, my Father is on the throne and all is well. To-day, in my visits among the Irish, one family that had given me the most encouragement refused to take the tracts. The girl who came to the door said her father would not have them in the house, or a Bible either. I pray that God may open their eyes upon the truth.

"Read some account of the progress of popery among us, and the prospect of war. I tremble for my country.

"*Saturday*, June 20. Had some conversation with a Catholic woman. Think she gives some evidence of piety. She has promised to go to meeting, to-morrow evening, with me. If she is a Christian and goes among Christians, the fire of divine love will be kindled, and she will long to be rid of the clogs of popery."

The state of religion in the school is worthy of notice in the reviewal of this year. A young lady, since deceased, possessing an eminently prayerful spirit, was

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then a pupil in the seminary and a member of the boarding-house. Ever ready with a word of caution for the careless, of comfort for the desponding, of sympathy for those who, like herself, were striving to live for the glory of God, in her quiet, unassuming manner she recommended religion both by precept and example, with an influence which was silent but powerful, unpretending but none the less effectual. Miss Whiting, and some others, felt encouraged by her coöperation, and at this time, as ever, personal effort and praying breath were not unblessed.

JOURNAL.

"*Lord's day*, February 8. Three of our dear family have been brought to the feet of Jesus during the week past. I rejoice; have had some wrestling seasons in prayer; my soul seems to *hang* on God; get unusually near to him. I wish to be *very low*. There is nothing I feel the need of so much as deep humility. My earnest cry is, Give me *humility*.

"*Friday*, March 27. Yesterday, the spring examination of our seminary took place. In respect to my own class, I endeavored to prepare them with a correct understanding of the lesson, but had many fears for *myself*, lest I should not so lead the class as to honor my Master. Accordingly, after using all the means in my possession, committed them to God, desiring that he would take the lead of the minds both of teacher and pupils, so that his name might be glorified. In no act of my life have I been more conscious of answer to prayer than in this instance. May many be induced to study this important science, the science of duty to God and man.

"*Lord's day*, April 12. Read an account of the first part

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of the reign of Saul. His character shows itself in many ways, without an intention on his part. Read, also, Recollections of a Boston Boy, where he mentions Dr. Stillman's old church, with its long walk of planks in front and rows of poplars, with a little, black-looking vestry upon the right. Have been reading Wilberforce. He lived religion in the family, the Parliament, and with his friends. He was a strict observer of the Sabbath. At one time, when a great political question in which he was deeply interested was to come before Parliament on Monday, he observes, 'I forgot the whole subject during the hours of the holy Sabbath.'

"*Wednesday*, June 3. Think my desires for consecration have received a new impulse; also my desires for the conversion of the Catholics.

"*Wednesday*, July 1. Dr. Judson visited the seminary, today. Several of our friends were in. He *talked* to the school about ten minutes; not of their advantages over the heathen, nor did he amuse them with a recital of his own past sufferings, but he introduced *Christ* to them, showing them the necessity of having him for their friend *now*, and the consequences of neglecting him. He spake as a dying man to those he was about to leave for ever. His language was plain and pungent; his ideas were truly elevating. I could not refrain from looking to God that his words might fall with power on these dear youthful hearts. His visit will be long remembered."

It will probably be recollected by those who were present, that our missionary visitor took the interview of our Saviour with the family at Bethany for the foundation of his remarks, and *talked* so naturally of that occurrence, that a life-like picture of the scene was presented to the mind, while he earnestly recom-

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mended the good part which Mary chose to the young ladies before him.

JOURNAL.

"*Lord's day*, October 11. Felt impressed to take the Testament and go into my tract district to a poor family who can not read, instead of going to Sunday-school and meeting. Had some doubts about it, but thought I would venture, and if the way was open for me to read, it would be an indication that I ought to do so. Entering the house, I met another woman who could not read, and told her my errand. She said she would like me to read to her. On entering her room, I was much surprised to find three men and one woman. Mentioning my object, I asked if they wished me to read. They answered in the affirmative, and I then read the third chapter of John, and tried to explain to them the nature and necessity of the new birth, after which I took a tract and read some in it. To this they did not listen as eagerly as to the Bible; so, after talking awhile longer, I went below to the family for whose special object I had come. Found the woman alone. She welcomed me heartily, and when I told her my object, seemed pleased. I read the same chapter as before, talked as well as I could, and left, not knowing whether any good will be effected or not.

"*Lord's day*, November 22. This morning, awoke with that precious Scripture on my mind: 'Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ,' and the verses following. It is sweet to hang on Jesus. This, I want more than all beside. I know to be in Christ is every thing, and yet do not *so* abide in him as one wholly consecrated ought to do.

"*Tuesday*, December 1. The forty-eighth term of the institution commenced to-day. On awaking this morning, dreaded

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to enter upon the cares and responsibilities of another term; but on rising and committing all to God, difficulties vanished, and the opening scenes of the school-room appeared as pleasant as ever.

"*Friday*, December 25. This morning, received a beautiful present from the members of my section. May Heaven reward them. These little tokens of affection add to my happiness and my interest in them; but I want them all interested in the dear Saviour whom I love."

1847.

LETTER TO MR. WHITING—STATE OF RELIGION IN THE SEMINARY—DESIRES FOR A DEEPER WORK OF GRACE—LETTER TO MISS CHACE.

LETTER TO HER BROTHER C. W.

"JANUARY, 1847.

"* * * This world is not our *home*, and the more loosely the Christian can hold it, the better. And yet it is a good world in which to work for our divine Master, and if we do so from *right motives*, we have much of heaven here. Christians, I believe, lose much, very much, by not maintaining, daily, a holy walk with God. Not that by thus living they would be exempted from trials, but trials, if rightly improved, would serve to make them more like their Saviour; so also would the more common blessings of life. * * * The Lord is at work in the seminary. The interest commenced about with the new year, and has been increasing ever since. The present week, a new impulse has been given. Nearly twenty have been hope-

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fully converted. Of course, allowance must be made for sympathy, as in all revivals; but I trust angels have rejoiced over our family during the present week. Among the converts is our dear brother Weston's daughter*—a very interesting case. * * * Allow us an interest in your prayers, that the work may not stop until every member of our family is brought to the feet of Jesus.

"Yours as ever, MARTHA."

JOURNAL.

"*Wednesday*, February 3, 1847. The last week has been one of peculiar interest in our family. Many of the young ladies have been hopefully converted to God; to him be all the glory. Some two or three of the day-scholars have also shared in the work. I want my own heart humbled before God. It seems as if there has never been that radical work of grace in my heart that some of God's dear children have experienced. Still, I think I love God and wish to serve him all my days. But I want Christ in me the hope of glory continually; I want to learn to live by *simple faith*."

Miss Whiting had indulged the belief that it is the privilege of Christians to attain a state of more fervent and uniform piety than she had ever realized—even a state in which the believer might say with the confidence of the Apostle, "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." This belief, however, was not cherished without some misgivings when contemplated with reference to her own attainments, and consequently her faith wavered whenever she sought the fullness of that assurance which appeared to her so desirable. At the

* See page 106.

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same time, it had sufficient power over her mind to keep alive a constant dissatisfaction with her spiritual condition, and, moreover, gave an intensity to those longings for a deeper work of grace, of which, in some form, every true Christian is conscious, as well as a definiteness of meaning to expressions of the same in her letters and journal.

JOURNAL.

"*Wednesday*, May 26. Have felt some longing desires, and I think a *fixed* determination to consecrate myself anew to God. I want my heart to be gushing out continually with love to God.

"*Lord's day*, 30. Had a very sick night, but am much relieved this morning. Feel grateful to God not only for relief from pain of body, but for the pain itself, it reminds me so forcibly of my imperfections and sins, and the value of a crucified Redeemer. Looking back upon the past day, I perceive developments of my fallen nature. In one action, pride was manifested; in another, vanity; in another, selfishness; in another, impatience, and very often want of confidence in God. But what a blessing that I have an almighty Saviour! yes, and a *sympathizing* one, too. It grieves me to my heart that I ever offend such a friend, but having no strength of my own, I fall every moment when not upheld by Omnipotence."

TO A FORMER PUPIL, MISS L. C.

"DECEMBER 26, 1847.

"* * * I wish to have a little conversation with you, and as I can not have you here by my side, will do the best I can with my pen.

"My first inquiry is, how do you like the West? and next,

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how do they like you? I suppose the latter the more important question of the two, so far as your success in doing good is concerned. I suppose if you have thrown yourself in among them, and have made yourself a part of the West, you have by this time become quite popular. I know you have a happy tact at adapting yourself to circumstances, and, with your customary zeal and love for souls, it will be strange if you are not deeply absorbed in your work.

"But imagination is not enough in this case. I wish to know certainly, from your own pen, a thousand things about yourself and the circle in which you move; also about your sister, your father's family, whether they expect to 'go West' or not, about your journey on—the circumstance of a part of your company stopping on the Sabbath, while the remainder went on in the boat, &c. &c.

"One word about our seminary. Last term, the house and school were full—very full. We had a pleasant and I hope a profitable term. Three or four of our family expressed a hope in Christ. This term we have an unusual number of boarders; more apply than we can accommodate; some obtain private board, others wait an opening. You may judge if I have not had something to do, 'to fix' 150 scholars and supply all their little wants on their entrance into school. Not that I do it all, for we have a good board of teachers, who of course help a great deal; still there are a thousand nameless things to be done, which no one sees but my humble self. Think, sometimes, I am thankful that my heavenly Father allows me the privilege of doing something for his creatures, though it is but little. A quiet, private life, free from care and the opportunity for usefulness, is not very desirable, especially when there are so many calls for benevolence. Hope, if it is the will of God, that my life will end with my usefulness. * * * M. Whiting."

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1848.

CONVERSIONS—BIBLE-CLASS INSTRUCTION—DEATH OF HER MOTHER—FUNERAL OF MRS. MORE—DEATH OF MISS CHACE—JOURNEYING MERCIES.

JOURNAL.

"*Friday*, January 28, 1848. Mean to live for God and labor in his service, whatever becomes of me at last, for I can not think any other life is worth living. Was rejoiced yesterday with another conversion in our dear family, the fourth within a few days.

"*Lord's day*, February 6. At home—the weather stormy—snow deep. Had a good season this morning before entering Bible-class. Prayed for a right frame of mind, and right words, accompanied with a *right spirit*, not for my sake, God knows, but that the dear lambs of his flock may receive some instruction that would assist them in their Christian course. God heard and answered. * * * In the remarks made upon the necessity of knowing something of the deep depravity of the heart, the importance of this knowledge to *young* Christians was dwelt upon with strong emphasis; hope the remarks may lead some to think upon the subject.

"Last evening, had an unusual Bible-class. Have enjoyed the study of the lesson during the week. Subject: The plan of salvation.

"Have been reading two sermons of Payson. One entitled, 'Sin as estimated in the light of Heaven;' the other, 'Man tried and found defective.' What wonderful descriptive powers! What knowledge of the human heart! He lives, though dead. May many read and profit!"

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"*Lord's day*, 13. * * * To-morrow evening is the time appointed for the sale of articles prepared by the scholars for the object of supporting our colporteur. I hope the good that may be accomplished will more than compensate for all the toil and care of the same.

"*Lord's day*, 20. The 'sale' did well so far as money is concerned. The society realized two hundred and thirty-six dollars. But one thing casts a shade over the whole; viz., some of the young ladies got up little lotteries and sold some articles in that way. Some doubt of its utility. I regret it now, but did not anticipate any evil from it, beforehand. May God pardon it, if it be wrong, as some suppose.

"*Lord's day*, 27. My *birthday*. Fifty-three years have gone! How rapidly they have fled! * * * Almost afraid to record it—but I wish that this year of my life should be *entirely* consecrated to God; not more than the past, but *wholly* consecrated. Will God be pleased to give me grace *hour by hour* to do his will, and a heart to ask him *moment* by *moment* to work in me. Then I can do his will; then I can say, Not *I*, but *Christ* that dwelleth in me."

A few months of more than usual care and anxiety succeeded, when the need of constant reliance on divine aid was felt more than ever. In April, she was called to part with her mother, concerning whose death, she wrote: "In the midst of affliction, I felt I had cause for gratitude. God has spared her life to old age, and though we were left young, a helpless family, in her care, none have ever departed from the paths of virtue, and all but one I have reason to believe have become Christians. I would feel grateful to

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my heavenly Father that he has spared her so long, though I feel a vacuum that I never before experienced."

JOURNAL.

"*Lord's day*, June 4. Sister R—— M—— was buried this afternoon from the meeting-house. A few years since, she followed her husband to the grave; now, she sleeps by his side. What is life? One idea in the funeral-sermon is worthy to be remembered; viz.: As human beings can communicate with each other only through the medium of the body, so Christ (humanly speaking) can communicate his will to men only through his body—the Church. If the Church sleeps, it neither hears the groans of the world of woe, nor the songs of the redeemed in glory.

"*Lord's day*, July 23. The news of the death of my dear former pupil, Miss Louisa M. Chace, deeply affects me. I feel that I have lost a *friend*. She was such a friend to my Saviour that I loved her for *his* sake. Though far, very far from me, yet I mourn her loss. The world has lost a friend."

To this young lady we alluded in remarks under date of 1846. Miss Whiting has often spoken of the aid she realized from this young friend and others possessing a similar religious spirit, in consequence of the influence they exerted over the moral atmosphere of the house. Youth professing piety are seldom aware of the good they may be the means of effecting by a firm adherence to Christian principle, and a faithful discharge of religious duties during their school-life.

The seminary has been favored with several of this

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character; their names and deeds live in pleasing remembrance.

JOURNAL.

"*Saturday*, August 19. Returned from my journey to Niagara Falls. It has been a most delightful journey, and I hope not altogether unprofitable. As I traveled from place to place I *felt* that God, my Father, was directing my steps. He kindly provided for all my wants and protected me from every danger. I never felt more the force of the passage, 'Godliness is profitable *for the life that now is*,' than during this journey. To feel that we have a present Saviour, keeping our feet not only from evil but from danger, is a blessing indeed. But this Saviour, so worthy to be loved, how neglected, even by his own professed people!"

1849.

NEW RESOLUTIONS—REFLECTIONS—PERSONAL EFFORT—SHORT EXTRACTS.

JOURNAL.

"*Monday*, January 1, 1849. I think my prevailing desire on entering upon another year is to live constantly with another world in view. This world has lost much of its charm. I think I have no desire for it, except as it may enable me to honor my Lord and Master.

"I am about bringing my worldly affairs into such a state that I hope soon to be able to give all my income to the cause of Jesus. I would have no desire to hoard up more than may be necessary for future comfort. I shall love to labor, feeling that *all* the avails are going to advance the cause of my blessed Master.

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"*Tuesday*, February 27. Fifty-four years of my life have gone, and I can not now expect to remain long on earth. The last half of the past year, I have had a more constant sense of God's presence and more desire that the few remaining moments of my life may be spent in his service. Enjoy earthly things only as I see God in them. But feel more sensibly the effect of age upon me than ever. Labor, both bodily and mental, is more irksome, and am sensible of less activity than formerly. I pray that I may never be a drone. I wish my last days, even should I live to old age, to be filled up for God.

"*Thursday*, April 12. Summer term opens to-day. Seldom have felt a greater elasticity of spirits, or a more ardent desire to work than I do at the present time. I bless God for the opportunity of doing something for these youth, and feel unusual satisfaction in the performance of duty. Have recently dedicated all my future income to the cause of Jesus. Shall feel more than ever as if laboring for God. Sometimes have detected the thought that I am laboring for *self;* but I try to be watchful, and beg of God to keep me so that I may never again think I am my own.

"I am surrounded with blessings. Every one in the house seems desirous of my happiness. I know not how it is, but life seems more desirable than formerly, that I may do something for God.

"*Wednesday*, May 16. This morning, felt longing desires for conformity to God; knew that his presence is all I need; retired to pray; sought the Lord's presence and direction. Have been happy in God, to-day. If every other being in the universe leaves me, and God is with me, I am happy. He knows all my wants, even my want of spiritual aids, and can as well make me what I ought to be, without a pastor and a dear church, as with one.

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"*Lord's-day evening*, June 3. This morning, felt my insufficiency to teach my Bible-class. Accordingly, resorted to my closet and there pleaded with God that he would, for the sake of his own cause, fit me for the hour. Think my great desire was not that I should be honored, but God glorified. He heard and answered: seldom have I felt more of the power of God, or been furnished with a greater supply of matter from his own Word, than this morning. May the interview be blessed to those precious souls!

"At noon, again, God opened the way for me to speak a word or two to our domestics; my soul was drawn out in love to them. Oh that they might be converted to God!

"*Saturday*, 30. Have just finished the memoir of G. D. Boardman. Have felt condemned, yet comforted while perusing it. Condemned, that so much sin is mixed with all I do and so little accomplished for Jesus. Comforted, when I see the loving-kindness of my blessed Friend, in suiting out of his abundant fullness a rich supply for all his dear people's wants, and how he, from their entrance into life even to death, guards and keeps them as 'the apple of his eye.'

"But I have so little spiritual life, so little activity in the service of God, that I almost despair of ever being any thing but a cumberer of the ground, the rest of my days.

"Blessed Jesus, have mercy on a poor worm, and give me spiritual life so that I may act for thee! Let me live at the foot of the cross, and be entirely consecrated.

"*Lord's day*, October 7. This dear Sabbath morning, I sit down quietly in my own room after four weeks of wandering from place to place. God has kindly preserved me in my outgoings and incomings, and here I am again a monument of his sparing mercy. Notwithstanding I have had a pleasant visit in every respect but one—that is, I have not been *the Christian* I

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ought to have been—yet I do not love to be from home. I am so much exposed to temptation and have so little fortitude to resist, that I sin against my best Friend. This is especially the case on the Sabbath. Speaking on worldly subjects on that day, always condemns me; yet I find most professors of religion do it, and I am often drawn into this sin. How much grace I need to keep me where I ought to be!

"*Monday*, October 28. Since God has brought me into a situation in which I need not lay aside more for *self*, my prayer is that he would take from me all idleness and fill me with such love to him as will make me love to work for him."

Dissatisfaction with her own frame of mind marked the exercises of a considerable part of this as of the previous year; for the standard of piety and, certainly, of enjoyment which she had adopted as scriptural was not attained; and if even much advancement was made, it can not easily be discovered from her journal. Yet occasional exercises are noted which relieve the picture traced by her pen of the somber hue she has given it. Without reference to dates, some of these will be quoted in the manner of Apothegms.

"I praise the Lord for this day. School business has rolled on smoothly and always does when God is with me.

"Had a precious season in perusing God's blessed Word. It is *life* to my soul.

"The prospect of heaven appears at times glorious. These few clusters from the Heavenly Canaan of which I have tasted, cause me to long for the richer feast in my Father's house.

"Think I am glad when earthly friends fail, although it is trying; because I hope it will lead me to God.

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"A *friend!* what a treasure! If conscious of so much satisfaction in the possession of an earthly friend, what must be the joy when united to our heavenly Friend!

"Had a clearer view of Christ than ever, of my entire dependence on him for every right thought, word or action. Sin is all *mine*, righteousness all *his*.

"Find it difficult to have a devoted pastor, and love him no more than I ought."

1850.

MISSIONARY EFFORTS—NOTES OF A SERMON—ANXIETY FOR THE CHURCH—PRESENCE OF THE HOLY SPIRIT—GROWTH IN GRACE—LETTER TO MISS GREENE.

BEFORE the close of the year last reviewed, the prospect brightened, and, with a lower standard of piety, we doubt not our sister would have cherished the joyful emotions expressed in some of the short quotations just given, and have made a fuller acknowledgment of her joy in the Lord.

At the commencement of the New Year, (1850,) her mind was more exercised with reference to the state of the unconverted as well as the spiritual condition of the Church. The aid of the Holy Spirit was earnestly invoked. Indeed, these desires were themselves indicative of the present operation of the Spirit, and could we have the experience of other Christians at that time, recorded, and compared with the one before us, we should expect to find a coincidence, showing that

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the minds of God's children—those who really live in close and daily walk with him, are led by the same Spirit. Minor variations and differences there might be, occasioned by circumstances, nature and belief; yet amid them all we could undoubtedly recognize a general harmony.

But to return. The presence of the Spirit was felt, and some were brought to give their hearts to the Saviour of sinners; yet not in such numbers as to satisfy the desires of those who were craving not only "mercy drops," but a plentiful shower.

JOURNAL.

"*January*, 1850. This year has opened crowned with blessings. My temporal situation is much more quiet and pleasant, and consequently I have more time for calling on the sick and poor than I have had for a long time. I intend, if Providence permit, to do more for our own church members than formerly, to do more for the poor, and devote more time to reading and writing.

"*Saturday*, 12. Have written to M. Vinton, Maulmain, requesting her to select a native preacher and a scholar in her school for me to support. Hope I may be able to do it for years.

"*Lord's day*, 13. Br. Hutchins preached from Acts ii. 5: 'Ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost not many days hence.' He showed what it is to be baptized with the Holy Ghost, and what are its effects. He placed the Church *first* in the world. All the power of the Church lies in its union with Christ, and Christ is manifested to the believer only by the Holy Spirit. The Spirit is a reprover to the sinner, a comforter to the saint.

"First, he considered the question, 'In what does the strength

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of the Church consist?' proving that it is in the presence of the Holy Ghost. For the Holy Spirit enlightens the mind on Divine truth, gives great power in overcoming difficulties, affords strong confidence in God, insures great success in the conversion of sinners, produces great joy, teaches how to pray.

"Secondly, these blessings were intended for the Church till the end of time, and probably designed to *increase*. This was proved by quotations from the Old Testament, and from the instructions of Christ and his apostles. This will be necessary to secure the conversion of the world, since there are great obstacles in the way. If the apostles needed the Spirit's power to aid them, so do Christians now.

"He showed that the aid of the Spirit is not necessary to work miracles, as in the examples of Balaam and Judas.

"This has been a blessed day. How short! When shall I enjoy a *never-ending* sabbath?

"*Lord's day*, 20. Evening, 10 o'clock. Before retiring, I wish to record the loving-kindness of God. Have enjoyed so much to-day, in the house of God, that I can hardly realize it is *myself* that is so favored.

"*Lord's day*, February 3. This morning, arose much depressed on account of the state of Zion in this city. Went sorrowing to the house of God, but our pastor so exhibited the truth that my sorrow was turned into *trust*.

"*Lord's day*, 10. Have felt for the day past, that, as a church, we need nothing so much as the descent of the Holy Spirit. Though our trials are many, and our temporal circumstances any thing but desirable, if the church were baptized into the spirit of Jesus, all would be right.

"*Lord's day*, March 10. Detained at home to-day on account of illness. Great privation. First sermon I have missed since Br. Hutchins has been with us. I have truly sat under

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his instructions with great satisfaction, and hope not without profit; but do not make those attainments I wish to; am a very dull scholar; I need *faith*.

"*Tuesday*, 19. Would record the loving-kindness of God in pouring out his Spirit upon us. Some eight or nine of our dear family have been brought into the liberty of the Gospel. Feel willing, to-day, that God should convert whom he will, if he will bring sinners to Christ.

"*Friday*, 22. Delightful morning, but do not feel on any subject as I have felt; can not depend on feelings. Wish to look away continually to Jesus my *all*.

"*Monday*, 25. Yesterday was the blessed Sabbath; a precious day to my soul. The work of the Lord is still going on in our house and in the first church. * * * My prevailing prayer respecting myself is, that I may think, speak, and act every moment, so as to please God. Lord help me *to-day* to do so.

"*Thursday*, April 11. Fast-day. I have been reminded that I ought to dress more, considering the situation in which I am placed, but have ever felt that my prosperity did not depend on externals, but on God. I have felt safe here, and wish now and *for ever* to rest on God for all.

"*Lord's day*, October 27. Think my desires for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit have increased within a few days, but have feared lest selfishness might be mixed with these desires. Think I feel more the importance of *personal* labor in the cause of Jesus.

"*Lord's day*, November 10. During the past week, my cry has been, O Lord, make me holy, humble, and child-like, so that I can honor thee at all times. If not deceived, have had an increase of faith in God, stronger love for him and his cause, a more ardent desire to be His entirely, and to think less of my

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own personal ease and enjoyment. The time has been, when I was looking forward to a period when I should have less care and anxiety; but I now pray that I may never desire any happiness, ease or rest, only what I find in laboring with all my might for God.

"A few days since, a poor female, formerly a slave, called on me. She was about making her escape from this pretended free country to Halifax, to seek shelter from the pursuer. I felt to exclaim, what a blessing is freedom! Oh that God would open some way to break the fetters of slavery from this land!"

TO MISS S. F. G.

"NOVEMBER, 22, 1850.

"* * * You speak of the amalgamation between the Church and the world, which exists at the South. In my opinion, this amalgamation is not confined to the South. Even in our own dear New England, it appears to me that too much of this spirit prevails. Where is the line of distinction between the professed people of God and the world, that is every where spoken of in the Bible? I do not see it, except in *rare instances.* This ought not so to be. I do not wish to excuse myself in this respect. Perhaps I conform to the world as much as others whose conduct I do not approve, for I have to mourn daily over my short-comings. But I know what I ought to be, and it is my daily prayer that I may be perfectly conformed to the image of Christ, and thereby glorify him in my body, soul and spirit continually.

"By your letter, I perceive your mind has been led to contemplate on the all-important subject of holiness. The subject is one that primitive Christians, and all others who have *lived by faith* on the Son of God, were familiar with. It is *not* a *new* doctrine. Professors would not have thought it so, had they

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not departed from the simplicity of the gospel. It is natural to man to lean on himself, and as soon as he loses sight of Christ, he seeks refuge in his own works. Look at the epistle to the Galatians. There the apostle reproves them for leaving the gospel and trusting to their own righteousness. So it has been in the Church ever since; having departed from their trust in Christ, a thousand inventions have been introduced, which, in my opinion, have diminished its *strength*.

"It is my prayer that, as your mind has been turned to this subject, you may not rest until you are conscious that you are living on God, *hourly;* until you know what it is to have Christ *abiding* in you and you in him. There is nothing like this *blessed union*.

"'A Guide to the Saviour' is a precious little book, just the thing for you; price, I think, fifty cents. * * * *

"I have reason to be grateful that God has continued to me my health for so many years. Pray for me, dear F., that I may be holy, humble, and entirely devoted to his service *during life;* then I have no fears for the future.

"As ever, your truly attached friend,

"M. WHITING."

1851.

MISCELLANEOUS RECORDS—REVIVAL OF RELIGION.

"*Lord's day*, January 19, 1851. To-day Br. Caldicott preached a sermon relative to the death of sister Emily Waldo York. Another dear sister has gone home to glory. May I so live as to have done all my work before the night of death comes.

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"*Wednesday*, 29. To-day, paid over to the Missionary Union $40, to support a Karen preacher, and $25 for a Karen pupil in Miss Vinton's school. Think I can bless God for the privilege of living in this age, when, if we can not preach ourselves to the heathen, we may contribute to the support of those who can. Have been thinking of my aged grandmother, who, while on earth, loved her Master's cause, but had no such privilege. I pray that God will accept the offering, and bless the Karen preacher, and make him instrumental in leading many sons to glory; and may the Karen pupil be early taught of God, and prove a blessing to his people.

"*Thursday*, February 27. My birthday; have reason to bless my covenant-keeping God, for his goodness to me the past year.

"Have felt, of late, a kind of inactivity in the performance of duty, that I have not been accustomed to feel, that I dislike—yes, *hate*. I have laid my case before God, begging that I might be changed altogether in this respect, so that I may accomplish much in a little time. To-day, have been favored with much activity; have done more than for many days past, and with much cheerfulness. How entirely dependent upon God I am! Blessed be his name for such assistance.

"*Monday*, June 9. Last evening, reviewed portions of my diary written nearly twenty-eight years ago. As I read over God's dealings with me, how he led me and enabled me to trust in him, I was humbled in view of what he has done for my poor and otherwise lost soul. Have thought much of it to-day; may I never forget it.

"*Wednesday*, 11. Yesterday and to-day, have allowed the trials of the boarding-house to occupy my thoughts too much. I know my Father has the charge of all that pertains to me, yet act as if I were dissatisfied with his arrangements. Having

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so many times tested his goodness, how sinful to be uneasy about things over which he has the whole control!

"*Thursday*, 12. This was one of the most delightful mornings I have ever seen. As I walked in our pleasant garden, I thought, surely I need not doubt the wisdom of a Being who has made such a beautiful world for his creatures. Have enjoyed school, to-day; less troubled about the boarding-house. When shall I learn to let my Father rule?

"*Tuesday*, 17. First fire-works in Charlestown, exhibited this evening. They forcibly remind me of the vanity of every earthly object. How can any one live on shadows? I long for more enduring substance. Nothing on earth satisfies me. I long, I pant for God.

"*Saturday*, 28. Visited the panorama of Pilgrim's Progress—was delighted and instructed. May thousands avail themselves of the exhibition, especially Christians.

"*Lord's day*, November 2. For several days, have felt an unusual spirit of prayer for the out-pouring of the Spirit, that sinners may be converted and God glorified. I pray that I may not give over till God pours out his blessing.

"*Lord's day*, 9. Have been detained, to-day, from Sunday-school and meeting with our own dear church. Have tried to spend the day profitably, but have been sorely tempted. Will God forgive my proneness to yield. Will he be pleased to bestow on me and the rest of the church, a spirit of prayer for a revival of religion. May I not rest till sinners are converted —in abundance!

"*Wednesday*, 19. The state of our dear church lies with weight on my mind. I long for a work of grace in our midst. This 'one thing' I have desired and do desire. Do not wish to have my desires for the salvation of sinners lessened, till God answers prayer.

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"*Thursday*, 20. Attended a large party; felt it was my duty, for certain reasons. Met with many old friends who always give me a cordial greeting, but I have no *heart* for such scenes. I had rather, yes, infinitely rather be with a despised few of the humble followers of the Lamb.

"*Saturday*, December 27. Some three or four have been converted and others are inquiring."

At this time there were evident tokens for good. The cloud of mercy increased, and in the winter of 1851 and 1852, the High-street Baptist Church enjoyed the last revival in which it was Miss Whiting's privilege to participate. In it she did emphatically participate; leading the inquirer to the cross of Christ; taking an interest in the exercises of the young convert; encouraging the members of the church and her pastor by her sympathy and prayers, as if with a kind of presentiment that this opportunity might be her last.

This season of religious interest continued marked more or less by frequent conversions nearly through the succeeding year.

1852.

MISCELLANEOUS RECORDS—LETTER TO MISS VINTON—FAILURE OF HEALTH.

JOURNAL.

"*Lord's day*, January 11, 1852. This is the third Sabbath that I have been detained at home. Two on account of an

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abscess on my hand, and to-day on account of the weather and a slight cold. Yet I feel not to complain. Have enjoyed my Sabbaths at home better than I expected. Instead of complaining, I have abundant reasons for thankfulness. The abscess on my hand has not been so painful as others have been, nor continued so long; being on my left hand, the place which above all others I should have chosen. Then I have comforts of a temporal nature of which many others under similar afflictions are deprived. Then again, suffering pain teaches me how to sympathize with the afflicted. So that I have abundant reason for gratiude. Now, my Heavenly Father, what shall I render to thee for all thy mercies? I wish I could devote the year just entered upon, wholly to thy service. But I know enough of my own evil heart to fear that it will be in the future as in the past, if I am not borne up by thy omnipotent hand. O Lord, *hold thou me up.*

"*Wednesday*, February 25. For several weeks past, the Lord has been pouring out his Spirit upon us. He has once more visited us and converted many souls. We have reason to bless him not only for his converting grace, but for the order and harmony that pervade our meetings.

"*Friday*, 27. This day I am fifty-seven years old. How much longer have I to live? This is a question I often ask myself. The present winter I have felt more like bidding adieu to earth than ever before. Nature has seemed to me like giving way, and I have had intimations that I am not only *growing* old, but *am* old. I feel sometimes a very strong desire for retirement, so that I may have time to meditate more on eternal things.

"*Monday*, March 8. Yesterday, twenty-two persons were received into our church; sixteen by baptism and six by letter. It was a good day to my soul. My first thoughts on awaking were on God and his wonderful love. My Bible-class was unusu-

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ily good. The Sabbath-school was not without its blessing. The precious truth delivered by our pastor was refreshing. The communion-season and evening meeting afforded rich displays of the goodness of God. Such holy exercises cause me to lose all relish for my daily employments. It was hard work to enter on the world again this morning, but I desire to be diligent in business, serving the Lord. What I most fear, is that as I advance in age I shall grow dull and stupid in my Master's service. I pray it may not be so.

"*Lord's day*, 14. Met the professors of religion and those who have experienced it the present term connected with the boarding-house. Had some freedom in speaking on what I thought would be profitable to them in future life, viz.: prayer, study of the Bible, benevolence; also of habits, such as slander, &c. Told them that the only way to live, is to cultivate the habit of living on Christ. I felt that Jesus was there, and wish to give him all the praise if any good was done."

TO MISS VINTON,

"MAY 11, 1852.

"MY DEAR MISS V——: You can not conceive the pleasure a letter from you gives me, and especially the last, as it was accompanied by one from a native preacher. The reading of these cast a glow of delight over our little missionary circle, at a monthly meeting in one of our seminary rooms.

"We have formed a little circle this term for the purpose of awakening a missionary interest in our young ladies who will soon leave us, that they may carry the spirit of missions wherever they go.

"I have read with deep interest the account of the meeting you mention, and almost fancied myself there, hearing from one and another the wonders God has wrought already among the

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poor Karens, by means so limited. But why should we wonder? God has promised that 'the heathen shall be given to him for his possession,' and the promise will be fulfilled. As Dr. Wayland said some time since, 'God would sooner dry up the Red Sea, than that his promise should fail.' You, my dear sister, are daily beholding these promises fulfilling. You see your dear pupils, one after another, turning from the worship of idols to serve the living and true God—native preachers rising up and saying, 'Here am I, send me to preach the Gospel of the blessed God.' Then again you witness a goodly company of once degraded pagans, assembling together, day after day, with those from your own happy country, reviewing the past and devising plans for the future, in order to make further attacks on the kingdom of darkness; and as your mind wanders over the past, you are ready to exclaim, '*What* has God wrought!' But a second thought, and all is plain; it is only the *promised* fruit of the *Saviour's sufferings.* * * * My very kind regards to my Karen pupil. Say to him I expect he will try to improve very fast while he is at school, both in his studies and in his love to the Saviour. I hope he will strive to imitate Him who spent his life in doing good to the bodies and souls of men. I hope he will become a preacher of the Gospel. Do you think he will? Ask him to write me again.

"I have long been thinking of making up a package or box for you, but have so many things to demand my attention, it has been neglected. Will you please to write me what you most need, and also what would be pleasing to my native preacher and pupil? Then, having an object in view, I shall be more likely to accomplish something.

"Dear M., how I should love to see your face once more in the flesh! Yet much as I wish thus to be gratified, I would not have you leave your *work.* I love to think of you in your

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Karen home, doing good. Pray for me, that I may be *Christ-like*—I ask no more.

"I think very much of the letter from Maw-yah-po, which I will answer. Please try to have him write often.

"Your ever sincere friend,

"M. WHITING."

JOURNAL.

"*Saturday*, August 28. Have had some cheering views of God's goodness during the past week. I desire that the remainder of my days may be entirely consecrated. My prayer is that I may be so spiritually-minded, so holy in heart and life, that a religious influence may go out from every action. I am too much like the chameleon—take my complexion from circumstances. I pray God that I may be so much like him, that all around may know that I am one with him.

"*Saturday*, November 20. Have been thinking of the many blessings with which I am surrounded, and wonder at the goodness of God in bestowing them upon one so unworthy. I look around upon my room, furniture, clothing, food, &c., all more than sufficient to supply the wants of the body. In imparting instruction to the dear youth with whom I am connected, I find much happiness. The Sabbath-schools and Bible-classes, church privileges, and one of the best of ministers—indeed I know not where to stop enumerating by blessings. I want to be thankful; but how can a heart so hard be thankful? Will it always be so?"

Health, a blessing our friend had enjoyed to a great degree through her life, was now evidently giving place to disease. Her attendance at the house of God was often prevented, the social praying circle more frequently missed her presence; but none, we think, who

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visited her during the few remaining months of her stay on earth, could fail to perceive that the spirit, quickened by a foretaste of eternal life, was fast learning to breathe the atmosphere of heaven.

1853.

EXERCISES IN VIEW OF INCREASING ILLNESS—LETTERS TO MISS VINTON—TO A KAREN PREACHER—TO A KAREN PUPIL—TO MRS. WHITING—TO MR. WHITING—ADDITIONAL RECORDS—CLOSE OF SCHOOL—DEATH—COMMUNICATION OF MISS B. WHITING.

THE reviewal of the last year's earthly existence of her whose steps we have traced thus far is commenced with peculiar feelings.

In the preceding pages we have caused her, in a manner, to live over again the life she has just finished, while, mentally, we have accompanied her. Gladdened by her joy, sorrowing in her sorrow, we have admired the providence which attended her pathway, and attempted to gather instruction for ourselves from the lessons she was taught. Now, we seem to be approaching the tomb. The records, too, of her inner life are drawing to a close.

After speaking of the uncertainty of the future—the possibility—even probability that her days are nearly numbered, she continues :—

JOURNAL.

"*Lord's day*, January 9, 1853. * * * Be it as it may, I

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only ask, living or dying, to be wholly consecrated to Christ. Feel, if it be the will of God, that I can as well lay aside all my worldly plans now as ever. The Institution, my long-cherished child, I can as easily leave it as I can raise my hand. I have but just this *one* petition to make, and that is, that I may be *wholly consecrated;* but at present feel that I am very far from it."

We can not help thinking that our sister was somewhat mistaken in her opinion of her own wants at this time. The spirit of consecration she appeared to possess already. Was it not *faith* that God *accepted* the offering she made of herself and all her interests, that was needed to satisfy her desires?

"*Saturday*, February 5. A special answer to prayer. How soul-humbling, that the great Jehovah deigns to listen to our cry, though he long delays! I see in this instance, he could not answer before; not before the recipient was in a *prepared* state to receive it.

"*Lord's day*, 13. Within a week or two past have felt like giving up the care of the seminary, and going away. But within a day or two have felt well, and think I must work as long as I can. By so doing, I can *give* more and make an impression on some minds, daily. Have felt during the week, to fall into the hands of Christ, to let him dispose of me as he pleases He will make the path of duty plain.

"*Monday*, April 18. For many long weeks I have not been able to write on account of illness, in which time I have been in a quiet state of mind, perhaps occasioned by stupidity. Have, however, had no disposition to complain. Think I have been

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dealt very kindly with. God has been good, *very* good. All I ask is a truly humble, *sanctified* heart; but oh! a great work is to be done before I have it."

This was the last record entered in her journal. Several letters of a later date have come to hand, which will interest her friends, as being the last of her correspondence. The first three were written to accompany a box of clothing she had prepared, and directed to Miss M. Vinton, Maulmain.

TO MISS VINTON.

"MAY 25, 1853.

"MY VERY DEAR M.:—As I have nearly completed the filling of the box, so long intended for you, I hasten to write a few lines, knowing not but they may be my last to you.

"Within a few weeks past, I have been reminded that my stay on earth would probably be very short. My disease is of such a nature, that persons afflicted with it sometimes live but a very short time. My physician told me that a case like mine had never been cured to his knowledge. By the advice of friends, I have recently applied to a homeopathic physician, who has apparently done me good. Whether I am better only for a season, the future must prove. This I leave with Him who 'doeth all things well.' All I have to say is, whether living or dying, I trust *I am his.* If not deceived, I have made a fresh consecration of all that I am and all that I have for time and eternity. I think I made the surrender, not only when I first gave myself to God, but within a few years past have desired to live so; but I have never before realized *such* a surrender as now. I have often begged of God to use any means he pleased, only to bring me into a state of *perfect* submission to his will.

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But it seems that nothing short of being brought to feel that I really was on the brink of eternity, in order to show me the wonders of redeeming grace, and the abundant provision Jesus has made to save his people *from* their sins, would be effectual. I have known this truth, in theory, for years; have had a speculative belief of it, but never felt it as I now do. Yet, dear M., I tremble while I thus write, lest, in some unguarded moment, I forget where my great strength lies, and then I fall. Pray for me, lest this may be the case. If my life is spared a few years longer, I pray that every moment of it may be filled up for God. Had I ten thousand souls, God should have them all.

"Is not this a good world in which we live? And doubly so, since this is the place honored by the labors, sorrows, and death of our exalted Redeemer. What a blessed example is constantly before us in the life of Jesus, our Prophet, Priest, and King! Yet we have *nothing* in *ourselves* to aid us in the great work of living like him. But oh! what a supply is found in him! Every *moment* we may avail ourselves of his aid, through the agency of the Comforter. O my sister, this is a theme which will fully occupy our souls through eternity. Surely, as the poet says,

"'Millions of years my wondering eyes
Shall o'er thy beauties rove,
And endless ages I'll adore
The glories of thy love.

Sweet Jesus, every smile of thine
Shall fresh endearments bring,
And thousand tastes of new delights
From all thy graces spring.'

"I send you a box with a few articles such as I hope will be useful. * * * The articles designed for the preacher and

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pupil are as you mentioned. I have written each a letter which, if they can not read, I suppose you will translate to them.

" * * * Let me hear from you as soon as convenient. May God bless you, my very dear sister, in all your labors and trials till death, and then take you home to glory.

"Yours, in much love,

"M. Whiting."

TO THE KAREN PREACHER.

"My dear Brother in Christ:—Such I trust you are, or you would not have been chosen by the great Head of the Church to declare the Gospel of the grace of God to your perishing countrymen.

"If you have a right appreciation of this great work—the greatest, the most honorable that was ever committed to mortals—you must feel truly humble before him who has called you into his vineyard. You must feel how impossible it is for you to be faithful to perishing souls unless you are constantly filled with his Spirit. This he has promised. When the dear Saviour left his disciples, to return to his Father, he did not leave them *alone*. He saw their hearts filled with sadness and sorrow, but promised them the presence of the Comforter; and when, on the day of Pentecost, they received such an assurance of his gracious presence, think you that they could any longer remain sad? No wonder, that amid the blaze of persecution they could go forth *rejoicing*. Blessed be God, my dear brother, this Holy Comforter has not left the earth. It is only for his ministers to obey the command, *Be filled with the Spirit*, and God will come down in mighty power and work wonders.

"As you well know, I have set apart so much of the avails

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of my labors as to enable you to preach the Gospel without the embarrassment of pecuniary affairs—at least I am told so. I have also made provision for you or some one else to continue the work when I am in my grave, till every Karen is converted to God. Long, long after this hand that now writes is cold in death, I trust, through my instrumentality, the Gospel trumpet will be sounded by some devoted servant of God; and when a few years have rolled their rounds, I hope to meet a goodly company of the redeemed from many a Karen jungle.

"I send you a few yards of calico for dresses for your two little girls. As I did not know their age, I may not have judged rightly in regard to the number of yards, but hope I have. The lamp I hope you will find useful.

"Adieu, my dear brother. Remember me in your prayers. Pray that I may be used up for God, wholly devoted to his service, and that when called to die my lamp may be trimmed and burning. I should like a long letter from you in the form of a journal, if you have time to write.

"Yours, in the Beloved,

"MARTHA WHITING.

"CHARLESTOWN, May 24, 1853."

TO THE KAREN PUPIL.

"MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND:—Though I have never seen you, yet I have a deep interest in your present and future welfare. My prayer for you is that you may so use your time, talents, and opportunities for acquiring knowledge, that, through the grace of God, you may make a devoted missionary to a portion of your fellow-countrymen. This is a great work, and I want you to feel, and trust you do, that in order to please your divine Master, you must renounce *all* for him. You must possess *much*

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grace. This, I hope you pray for daily. I suppose you know already that you must not indulge in a *single* sin, if you would have the favor of God. This favor is worth more than all the indulgences of earth, ten thousand times over.

"I send you a Bible and an ink-stand, which I hope will please you. The Bible I trust you will make your *daily* study. Read and study it as you would a letter from some dear friend. It is a long letter from the very best friend you ever had or ever can have. Be familiar with its sacred pages.

"In your studies, be *diligent*. 'The hand of the diligent maketh rich.' Be *punctual* in all your duties. This is a virtue which, once formed, will go with you through life. Be *persevering;* never give up on account of difficulties. Once conquered, they will increase your moral and intellectual strength. Observe habits of *order;* that is, have a *particular time* for each study or duty. In short, make the most of every minute, so that you may be able to do very much in this wicked world for your Master. I am expecting you will, and hope not to be disappointed.

"When I am laid in the grave, I hope and trust you will be telling the story of Calvary to multitudes of your fellow-countrymen now dead in sin.

"I want you to write a long letter. Tell me what you are doing and what progress you are making. Write a little every day, if you can, for one month, about your school, teachers, people around you, or any thing you please; especially about the progress you are making toward heaven.

"May God bless you, is the prayer of your unworthy friend,

"MARTHA WHITING.

"CHARLESTOWN, May 25, 1853."

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TO MRS. M. W.

"MAY 25, 1853.

"DEAR SISTER MARY:—Had I written you one week ago this day, I should have said, that probably this letter would be my last. I then felt that my disease was making rapid progress and might terminate my earthly existence in a few weeks; and even now, life seems to hang on a slender thread; but as I am so much better, I know not but I am to remain here a while longer. If so, I hope it is only to live for him whose I am, and whom, living or dying, I desire to serve.

"When I wrote you last, I thought I should make you a visit in the month of June, but at present think I had better not attempt so long a journey. I purchased a small library some little time since for your boys, thinking to bring it when I came, but would send it to any specified place in Boston, if you could get some one to call for it.

"It is a valuable selection for the boys; that is, for the older one now, and the younger one by and by. The books are not intended for religious readings, but for the attainment of literary knowledge; though when they learn to appreciate God's works and providences, they will make a pious use of all the knowledge they obtain.

"Say to the boys, they are a present from Aunt Martha, who has sent them on purpose to aid them in becoming great and *good* men. She wishes them, first of all, to remember that they are sinners, and have wicked hearts, which must be changed or they will be miserable for ever; that they never can please God, until they become pious—or Christians. Tell them, if she never sees them again on earth, she wishes to meet them in heaven.

"In the same box I send the 'History of Missions,' a very valuable work, which you and brother will like to read and see

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what God is doing and has done in the earth. The other small books are for private reading.

"Should health permit, I hope to spend a part of the vacation with you, but this I leave.

"'In every state secure,
'T is with the righteous well.'

"Adieu, my dear sister, till me meet.

"MARTHA."

TO HER BROTHER.

"JUNE 23, 1853.

"* * * You ask after my health. I have been able to be in school much of the time during the term, and never enjoyed school better. Indeed, the world never appeared more *attractive*, and, I may add, heaven never more *glorious*. For God, the ever-blessed God, has been and is the center of all my hopes and joys.

"There was a time, about eight weeks since, when I felt that death was very near; I then felt and realized that a boundless eternity was open just before me. I settled all my affairs and regulated my business, with the expectation of bidding adieu to earth. God, in his great goodness, gave me such views of his own precious self as I never before experienced. He opened before me the great and glorious plan of salvation, and enabled me to feel that I, a poor, sinful worm, was closely united to this great Being by a union that never could be severed. Consequently, my heart was filled with love. No wonder that this world, so beautiful, formed by such a hand, a world where our dear Saviour spent his life for us—I say, no wonder it had attractions for me as a place where I could labor and toil in the same cause. With such a friend I can safely trust my all. If it be his will that my work is done, or if he has more for me to

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do here, *it is all the same.* I think I have no separate interest from his. It is my desire to live hereafter, whether longer or shorter, to be *one* with him—his blessed will to be *mine.* Consequently, you see, I can not repine, although confined here in this limited circle. My wants are all supplied; I have an abundance of willing hearts, ready to do any thing for me.

" * * * That Heaven may bless you, my dear brother, in life and death, is the prayer of

"Your unworthy sister,

"MARTHA."

Until the foregoing pages were nearly prepared, it was supposed that Miss Whiting made no note of her feelings in the form of a daily record, after the last entry in her journal. A few pages have since been discovered in another manuscript, which will be inserted entire.

"May 10, 1853. Never before in my life did I sit down to record events with the feelings I now possess. Nearly thirty years since, God was pleased, I trust, to regenerate my heart and make me a trophy of his grace. I then felt that to be with Christ was far better than all beside. I longed to soar away and be with him whom my soul loved. To look forward, thirty years seemed a long time for me stay on earth, yet God has carried me through nearly that period. Now he has shown me that time must soon be exchanged for eternity. But I have pursued such a wayward course that I do not feel prepared to enjoy God as I then did. God has been good, exceedingly good, all my journey through; yet in me dwelleth no good thing. I can only say, if ever saved, it must be by unmerited grace alone.

"11. Have had my will written to-day, as my final one. In

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this act, have looked to my heavenly Father for direction. What I hold in my possession is his. He alone has given me ability to obtain what I have; besides, when he made me a trophy of his victorious grace—plucked me as a brand from the everlasting burning—I consecrated all to him without reserve, feeling I could live no more for *self*, but that all my property must be devoted to the upbuilding of his dear cause on the earth. How far I have done as he approves, the day of judgment must decide. Whatever in my life has met his approval, has come from him; to him be all the glory. These being my feelings, my friends will see why I have made the disposal of my property that I have. It is not that I do not love them, but the Church of the living God claims my first attention, because it is the purchase of my blessed Saviour.

"13. For the last two days, have been very much prostrated, especially in the morning.

"14. Very weak; think my disease* is making rapid progress. Called to consult Dr. G——. He says he thinks my case is a very critical one. Feel as if I may be in eternity in a very short time; but whether I live longer or shorter, I wish to be entirely consecrated to Christ. Let me sink into thy will, thou blessed Jesus.

"15. *Sabbath.* My heart is melted in view of what Jesus has done for my poor soul. As I lay on the sofa, this forenoon, and thought of his unspeakable love, my eyes filled with tears; if not deceived, they were tears of humble penitence, of holy joy. In my Bible-class, I felt like one saying her last words. It was a precious season.

"17. A comfortable day.

"18. In school to-day. Weak in body, but *happy*.

"19. My dear niece spent the day with me, and assisted in

* Diabetes.

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doing some things that could not well be done by others. I feel like doing up every thing before I become too weak. I want every thing so arranged as not to trouble the living when I am gone, and prevent my last hours from being wasted on the world.

"21. Feel stronger to-day and yesterday, than for several days past. Called again on Dr. G——; he says my symptoms are more favorable. Prayed to God to keep me from sin. My one petition is, *hold thou me up.* May I be consecrated to Christ the rest of my life.

"22. *Sabbath.* Have had help from God to-day. Blessed be his name.

"28. Can record the loving-kindness of God to me during the past week, in a manner that I could hardly have expected. Long has been the time since I have known, *intellectually*, that I ought to be entirely consecrated to God, and I have endeavored to live in some measure conformable to such a standard, but have never realized it as during the past week. If not deceived—and I trust I am not—God has been pouring a flood of glory into my soul, such as I have not before experienced. I have not words to express my gratitude for such an unmerited blessing. A short time since, I felt myself just on the confines of the eternal world. On the first intimation that I might be brought back to earth, I desired to be wholly the Lord's, whether living or dying. I felt that my happiness was of little consequence, but wished to be filled with the Spirit, that God might be glorified in me. Never did I more feel my utter *nothingness.* My cry was, Let me sink into thy will, thou blessed God! yes, and for ever remain there. *This* is now my whole desire—to *remain there.*

"June 26. Think I have not for years enjoyed such peace of mind—such a resting in God as I have during this season. Every object in creation on which I gaze, raises my thoughts to

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their adorable Creator. School, with all its cares, is perfect pleasure—indeed, I can not help praising my Saviour for allowing me such opportunities to do something for the creatures he has made in his own image.

"During the last week have suffered intense pain with my foot, but, *blessed be God for pain*, it makes me more grateful for relief from suffering. I doubt much of ever being well again; but not as I will, but as thou wilt, *blessed Jesus*."

"BLESSED JESUS." These words were nearly the last our departed sister ever wrote. They form an appropriate close to the long record of thirty years' experience, through which her entire dependence on Jesus for salvation had been felt and acknowledged, but now more than ever realized as she was drawing near eternity.

Through the whole season her mind was unusually clear and spiritual. The beauties of the opening spring, especially, excited her admiration. "Look!" she would say, pointing to the foliage of a tree near her window, "see the work of an infinitely wise and good Being—OUR FATHER. What a beautiful world he has made for us! Life never looked so pleasant."

Until the close of the summer term, she performed a portion of her accustomed duties in the seminary, and in the boarding-house was present at the last prayer-meeting. With some exertion she took her place among the members of the school, at the anniversary exercises in the meeting-house—and thus closed her work. She went to pass a few weeks of the vacation with her sister in Hingham, with the expectation of returning in the autumn—to resume at least

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a part of the responsibilities she had sustained so many years, but ere the autumn came, was called as we trust, to enter "the rest that remaineth for the people of God." *Her desire was granted.* Her work was done and she went home.

She died at Hingham, August 22, aged 58 years and six months. Her funeral was attended from the Baptist meeting-house in that place, and the body deposited in a family tomb, from which it was afterward removed to Mount Auburn. A monument has since been erected to her memory, at the corner of Beech and Poplar avenues.

It will be gratifying to know the exercises of our departed friend in her last hours. These, so far as she gave expression to them, will be furnished by her sister, Miss Bethiah Whiting.

"My sister had often expressed the wish that her usefulness might run parallel with her existence. This appeared to be not merely a transient thought, but the prevailing desire of her mind, though always subordinated to her Father's Will.

"When others were called to die suddenly, she would dwell upon it with peculiar delight, as if it were a privilege. Several instances occur to me, one or two of which I will relate, as illustrative of her feelings.

"On hearing of the sudden death of a very pious minister in the pulpit, she exclaimed: 'Oh, how delightful to go from such a place and such a service, to heaven—to join the angelic choir above—to exchange the cross for the crown! Why, it must be almost a translation;' with other remarks of similar nature.

"When ex-President Adams died in his country's service, at

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Washington, I was remarking to her that it must be very trying for such an aged man to be so far from home in the hour of sickness and death. She replied, with an emphasis, 'How can you say so, sister, when he died such a glorious death, with his armor on, finishing up life's great work. Why, it seems like the setting sun after having faithfully performed the duties of the day'—and added, 'I should like to go just so when my work is done, if my Father sees it best'—and her death seemed to harmonize with these views. She closed the summer term, attended examination, bade adieu to her pupils, took her last farewell of the teachers and trustees of the institution, with whom she had been so long associated; then, after resting a week or two, visited her sister in her native town, preparative to a longer journey she had in contemplation.

"She continued there more than a week without any marked change, confining herself to the house and garden, just as industrious and cheerful as in days of perfect health. Her friends urged her to lay aside her work and take more rest, but she insisted on making the most of time as it passed, and so continued to labor on while she could sit up, and even after she had taken her bed she rose and wrote a letter to a friend, which was the last effort of her life.

"I spent the day with her on the Saturday before her death, which occurred on Monday. She appeared unusually glad to see me, and said I must have been sent on that day, as my other sister was particularly engaged, and could not be with her as much as usual, and called it an angel-visit; and then spoke upon the providence and goodness of God, with the same confidence and love that ever characterized her. I was much affected at seeing her, as I thought, more prostrated, and expressed my fears that she was not as well as when I last saw her; but she thought me mistaken, only that she could not sit

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up as well, and her thirst had increased some on that day; but she thought her physician would give her something that would rectify that, as he had done before.

"She appeared as much interested in her field of labor as ever, and was arranging her plans with reference to her return to it, but thought she should wait a week or two till the school was organized. The day following she was still more unwell, and her mind was somewhat wandering. She lay in rather a stupor with scarce any pain, but her friends were still in hopes she would rally. The next morning, I was sent for, but she did not recognize me. I felt that I must have a parting word, and grasped her hand, entreating her to speak to me once more; but it was too late, her voice was hushed. I then begged her to press my hand, if she knew me, and then, if the Saviour was precious to her; but there was no response. The minister of the place came in and offered prayer, but apparently she heeded it not, though her countenance was unusually expressive. She cast a look of tenderness and love upon her friends as they stood by her bed-side weeping, but gave no other sign of consciousness. She then breathed shorter and shorter, till her spirit winged its way to her Saviour and her God."

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GENERAL VIEW.

It may now be profitable to take a more general view of the life which has come under our notice than could be done at any stage of the chronological course we have been pursuing.

First, let us consider that which appeared to be the mainspring of Miss Whiting's activity, viz., HER DESIRE FOR USEFULNESS.

Those who were acquainted with her during the first few years of her residence in Charlestown are aware that this desire to be useful, although strong, was then undefined in its aim. They remember that with a kind of restless ardor she would enter into any scheme which afforded the prospect of enlarging her sphere of action, as if the thought were constantly urging itself upon her mind, "I must live to more purpose."

Among the influences which tended to give direction to the current of her feelings, none were more operative than the inviting aspect which the missionary field presented. And the hope that her path of duty might be seen to lie in that direction appears to have been, for a long time, secretly cherished; indeed we think it was not relinquished until advancing years pointed to the end of life. More will be said of this in another place.

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This unsatisfied conviction that perhaps she was not doing quite the work whereby she could most effectually serve the cause of Christ, will, if we mistake not, partly account for the variety of objects in which she was found from time to time engaged. The flow of feeling, which she would fain have thrown into one channel, was distributed into smaller streams. "Man's heart deviseth his way, but the Lord directeth his steps."

Anxiety to make the most of life led to the habit of living by system as regards the *distribution of time.* Her pupils have not forgotten that the precept, "A time for every thing, and every thing in its time," was held in no less esteem than its twin motto, "A place for every thing, and every thing in its place." The plans she formed for herself were usually for short periods, and changed as circumstances required. According to her own testimony, the habit of living by system was specially cultivated, after she had learned by experience the inconvenience of having many urgent and apparently equal claims upon her attention at the same moment. The result, in view of the number of duties assumed, and the manner in which they were met, may serve to encourage her pupils to heed the precept and follow the example she has left them.

A very common attendant of the desire to be useful is, an *unwillingness to be laid aside from active service.* We are not surprised that the young convert, in the freshness of his emotions, should shrink from inactivity. Not only is he impressed with a new sense of his obligations to God, and of the wretched state of the world

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around him, but his views of what constitutes the work of God are limited; moreover, he must be taught that God is honored when his people *suffer* with meekness. Often, however, we find even those far advanced in the Christian race restless under the apprehension that they may be compelled to terminate their work before the close of life. So it was with our departed friend. It would seem that this did not arise, primarily, from the want of a spirit of resignation, for she often used to remark upon the comfort afforded by the reflection that we are in a kind Father's hands, who knows just what is best for us, and will order all things right. Neither did she appear to possess more than an ordinary dread of sickness or suffering. So far as we are qualified to judge, *an ardent wish to enter heaven* was at the foundation of this desire that labor and life might terminate together. She was willing to stay on earth to *work*, but the thought of being kept from the glories of the upper world, while of no perceptible use on earth, was painful. The fact that she was not called to experience the trial, serves to corroborate this opinion.

Not only did Miss Whiting desire to *do* good—to *receive* good was also her pleasure. Her spirit required nourishment. Our attention, therefore, is next directed to HER APPRECIATION OF THE MEANS OF GRACE.

Those who have watched the growth of Christian character in different individuals must have perceived a marked difference with respect to the channel through which they most readily receive biblical truth. While some prefer to sit down alone, and obtain spiritual nu-

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triment by contemplative study of the written Word, others seek, through the preaching of the Gospel, or similar instrumentalities, to be fed with the bread of life. We should expect, beforehand, that those who are almost constantly engaged in a routine of duties would be of the latter class. Much of the time they are able to secure for private devotion is required for self-examination, or occupied in secret prayer. They need to have doctrines and duties suggested, trains of thought commenced and hints presented, by those who have more time for contemplation than themselves. After what has been said of the multiplicity of duties devolving on Miss Whiting, it scarcely need be stated that she attached much importance to the preaching of the Word, as an aid to her growth in grace.

In the references to sanctuary privileges, which we find scattered along her journal, it is interesting to observe the kind of discourses referred to, as affording satisfaction at different periods. At first, indeed, every exhibition of truth—doctrinal, practical, or experimental—was seized upon with avidity. But after the first tide of emotion had subsided, those discourses are noted which seemed adapted to her particular case. The reflection must be encouraging to ministers of the Gospel, that while they bring out of the treasury of God's Word "things new and old," the Holy Spirit directs his own truth, applying reproof here and consolation there, as the case requires. For the young convert, salvation through the blood of the Lamb is the all-absorbing theme. For the growing disciple, the

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gifts and graces of the Spirit become a prominent object of desire, while the mature Christian loves to search into the deep truths of Divine Revelation.

Let us next consider the EFFECT OF EXTERNAL INFLUENCES.

The reception of truth is not all a Christian requires to fit him for heaven; he must needs endure the discipline of a state of probation; and the difficulty of leading a religious life, amid the cares, perplexities and temptations of the world, forms no inconsiderable part of that probation. Probably Miss Whiting was no more influenced by external circumstances than most people, but the effect of the world without upon the world within, could not be overlooked in the faithful portraiture of any human character. Of the influence of surrounding circumstances, she was herself conscious. (See Journal, August 28, 1852.) The wish we found recorded near the commencement of her religious course, that she might "wear the world as a loose garment," was a reasonable one. Yet we found it was not worn so loosely but that, sometimes, its cares produced the effect of unfitting her mind for religious enjoyment. But she strove against this, and we need not be surprised to find, in the years of ripened experience, an occasional reversion of that influence. (See Journal, March 8, 1852.)

Says the inspired apostle, "The trial of your faith worketh patience." Having adverted to her strong attachment to the public means of grace, it is interesting to notice, that in the privation of these means, the fruit

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was perfected according to the scriptural test. (See Journal, January 11, 1852.)

Although a believer in the personality of the devil, she complained but little of temptations from that source, usually attributing to a depraved nature whatever of evil she detected within herself. We therefore pass on to notice the effects of such INTERNAL INFLUENCES as were most perceptible.

Liability to depend on *emotional feelings* is another feature of our probationary state, but need not long detain us, for on this point one Christian's experience might almost be taken as a type of all,—the mere sensation of joy being usually mistaken by the inexperienced for the evidence of God's favor, and the emotion of sadness for a token of his displeasure; while the advanced Christian attaches far less importance to varying frames of feeling.

Another class of internal influences, viz.: *views entertained of Divine truth*, invites more attention. Many contend that if the heart be right, one's creed is of little consequence; supposing that doctrinal belief has but little to do with experimental religion. We have only to regard this question so far as Miss Whiting's belief affected her religious life and action.

Let us notice, in the first place, her belief that God is pleased to have his children resort to him in reference to their minute daily wants, temporal as well as spiritual.

In 1828, we find mention of the impresssion that "our *smallest actions* are not beneath the providential

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notice of our heavenly Father." This impression was deepened as life advanced, and also the conviction that he is willing to be inquired of respecting them. The progressive influence of this belief is illustrated in her journal.

"June 11, 1842. Have been troubled to-day about my bonnet. Without thought, ordered a better ribbon put upon it than was necessary. A dollar might have been saved for missions, if I had thought. This mistake I impute to not asking direction from God. Think I will make no more purchases, ever so trifling, without asking his direction. I have nothing of my own. All I hold in my possession, dear Saviour, is thine. Be pleased to teach me how I shall dispose of it.

"*Lord's day*, June 9, 1850. This morning arose feeling quite unwell, as if having taken a sudden cold. Was afraid I might lose the day. Resorted to prayer, and in my closet before God begged that he would heal my infirmities, both mental and bodily, that I might be enabled to honor him in my Bible-class, and get good to my own soul in hearing the Gospel. Much to my joy, was helped greatly in my class, and have seldom felt better than during the day.

"June 16. Having a friend with me to spend the Sabbath, was much afraid that I should be drawn from duty, and consequently deprived of spiritual enjoyment. But, in answer to prayer I think, was enabled to speak freely to my Bible-class concerning the great salvation."

The same year she wrote:—"Have had a *home* trial the past week—laid the case before God—begged he would remedy the evil. But how differently did he answer my prayer from what I anticipated! He first

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made me feel that he did not regard my cry by suffering a circumstance connected with it to fill me with deep anxiety; but I now see that very circumstance will probably be the means of removing the evil. My want of faith in God continually reproves me."

A member of the graduating class of 1853 thus writes: "Religion was not to Miss Whiting an abstract theory, but a practical reality. I remember," she continues, "at one time, when speaking of the pleasure as well as duty of committing our way unto the Lord, she remarked that a short time before, being in want of an article of dress, she asked God to direct her in its selection, and believed that he would. The first piece of goods that was shown her in the first store she entered, suited her. The price was reasonable, and she took it, believing that God had guided her there, for 'his promises,' said she, 'are not without meaning.'"

The influence of her views respecting the subject of full assurance was also quite evident. A fuller consecration could hardly be expressed, than we found at the close of the year 1824. Yet within three or four months from that time, she said, "When will this proud heart be humbled? Am afraid *never*." Repeatedly, the act of consecration was renewed, but an abiding assurance of its acceptance failed, for she was not quite sure that it is the privilege of saints in these days to live in complete subjection to "the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus," so as to be made "free from the law of sin and death." In 1840, she began to think others might enjoy this privilege, but could

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scarcely more than think it possible for herself. In 1848, she expressed herself thus: "Again and again have I read of the faithful dealings of God with his people in delivering them from the power of darkness. * * * Why is it thus with me? I find a constant warfare. Every reflecting moment convinces me that my heart is a sink of sin. Yet I believe the blood of Jesus can purify it, though faith and love are weak."

Two years later, she became more confirmed in the belief that this overcoming faith was her own privilege, and began more freely to declare her conviction to others. The increasing influence of the doctrine upon her mind did not allow her to rest until she felt that the long-desired blessing was found—the land of Beulah reached, and she could say, "My soul has experienced the great salvation." This was nearly three months previous to her death. Not far from that time, to a friend (Miss R. Howe) she remarked: "I have now got where I have for years longed to be, and feared I never should."

A correct idea of her state of mind may be gathered by the following extract from a letter received from one of our pupils who was a member of the seminary during the summer of 1853. After referring to some of her last interviews with the deceased, she continues: "Pleasant it is to recall these little incidents of familiar life; but holier teachings were among the lessons of those last days, and I much regret that they were not noted at the time. I felt that the dear friend

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was fast passing away, but it seemed impossible to forget the solemn, impressive words that marked the near approach to heaven.

"One day, I sat by her side, watching the effort to suppress complaint of pain or weariness—it was one of those sick days, when she remained in her room, and fearing conversation might irritate the thrilling nerves, I kept quite still, till she commenced speaking of the beauty in our world, how she had dwelt upon it, as manifested in unusual clearness this last spring. Nature and humanity had seemed to wear a new charm; every pupil was doubly dear, because gifted with a precious soul, and that after the image of God; the impress of a Father's hand was on every object, the leaves and buds were watched with love and gratitude that He made them. Then speaking of the Psalm, 'The Lord is my shepherd,' she referred to the verse, 'He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for HIS NAME'S SAKE;' she said this had been a delightful resting point. God had blessed us, all the way, not for our sakes but for his own glory. Then passing to the subject of death, she became so animated in view of the joy it would bring to stand in spirit before him she loved best, and to whom she owed every thing in time and eternity, it was like listening to one whose feet already pressed the wave. She spoke as if the certainty were all before her—such glorious views of heaven appearing, as covered the mere passage of death. The tears were fast falling over the meek face, and she said, 'Oh! '*He doeth all things*

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well;' how sweet, how comforting!' You can feel, dear friend, the fear that prompted me to say, 'Oh, don't go on, Miss Whiting, I'm afraid you are going home, even now.' To think of one sitting with some degree of active life in her, and feeling as if looking directly upon Canaan's shore, seemed too much for mortal, physical strength, and I turned away, clasping the warm, tried hand, as if a never-to-be-forgotten benediction was on my heart. Not again did she refer to this subject; but in recommending Christ to the young ladies as a Friend, her whole face and attitude were full of entreaty—of conscious joy in the possession. Her last prayer with us in the little meeting of Thursday afternoon was expressive of the deep yearnings of her spirit over those unreconciled to Christ. She laid, as it were, her hand upon the precious souls, pleading, feeling how sad was their destitution, and that she could not send them from her charge without weeping and fear lest all present might not meet in one unbroken circle in home and heaven. I can not thus write on, nor have I written this, intentionally; it was the impulse of memory bringing back the past that now has become a sacred treasure. Would that all those dear young friends for whom her spirit so yearned in prayer might become true friends of Christ!"

Were the compiler to add her own testimony, it would be in harmony with the quotation just presented. Miss Whiting's whole conversation during those last few weeks indicated a full realization of the spirit

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which prompted the Psamist to say, "Return unto thy rest, O my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee."

Enough has been said to show that she desired to render her belief practical, and did not rest satisfied without an evidence that its full power was exerted over her mind.

One subject to which allusion has already been made, we deem of sufficient importance to be presented more at length. The leading characteristic of her whose life we have been reviewing was, unquestionably, her desire for usefulness. One's usefulness, in her view, was measured by his or her influence in the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom, so that as many as possible might become its subjects. Hence

HER DEEP INTEREST IN THE CAUSE OF MISSIONS.

On the first Lord's-day evening after her removal to Charlestown, an address from a "Son of the Forest," touched a chord which only ceased to vibrate when her soul left its earthly tenement. That address could only *touch* the chord, the life which gave effect to the impulse already existed in the sympathetic element within her, then first roused to special action for the benefit of those who are ignorant of the way of salvation.

Its first vibrations increased her desire to know how she could labor in the service of God most effectually; then came the thought that "if called of God," she would rejoice to leave all and go any where at his bidding. Its pulsations were felt when a view

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of the prevalence of sin around her suggested the reflection, "even here there is opportunity to combat error *as well as in Burmah.*" And again: "Wish to be as much devoted to God here, as I have flattered myself I should be were I in a heathen land." As its power increased, it drew forth exclamations like this: "How it would delight me to spend the remainder of my days in some poor abode among the heathen, and tell them of a Saviour's love!" Again: "Heard of the death of Miss Cummings—wish I could fill her place!" And yet again, in reference to one about to go out as a missionary: "Longed to go with her—would gladly leave friends, country, and every thing here, if I could be useful in the cause of my Redeemer." The same spirit led to liberal contributions toward the cherished object, and special interest in societies for promoting the spread of the Gospel. It started the inquiry from time to time, "Am I in the right place?" And more than once led her to consult friends with reference to a personal consecration to the missionary work. It moved her, on one occasion, to pen the following record (Journal, March, 1831): "If Providence had so directed, I should have been, this morning, with some others, sailing on the mighty deep. * * * But God has ordered otherwise—I am still here—I know not what he intends for me, nor do I feel anxious, but must ask the favor of doing something for his cause."

For substantial manifestations of the same spirit in her latter years, see Journal, January 12, 1850, and

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January 29, 1852. Consulting her book of expenses, we find that in 1852, she contributed one hundred and seventy dollars to missionary objects. Still further, if with the mind's eye we glance at the unfinished year of her life and observe the last work of her hands, we find the cherished object still prominent. In the spring of 1853, she prepared a box of clothing and other articles for the Burman mission, which did not reach the place of its destination until after her death.

Dear reader, was Miss Whiting's life a useful one? We seem to see her again on the verge of time, waiting the approach of the reaper, death, to that part of the field she has been cultivating. Was the fruit ready for the harvest? The reaper comes—the stalk is cut—the fruit falls. But mark that fall! To what shall we liken it? Anon, a ray, issuing from the volume of revelation, lights up the scene and explains the mystery. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and THEIR WORKS DO FOLLOW THEM."

Many years have passed since a young lady, who had been connected with the seminary at Charlestown, chose for her field of labor the distant West. After her arrival there, in one of her walks, she met a child and inquired its name. "Martha Whiting," was the reply. Surprised at the mention of a name so familiar, she lost no time in seeking an explanation, and soon ascertained that the neighborhood had been pre-

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viously visited by a person from New England, who had spoken of the instructions received from her own loved teacher, and at whose suggestion this Western child had received its name.

It is not our design to eulogize the departed, and we could not, in justice to a multitude of other influences, claim for Miss Whiting all the beneficial results of the healthful moral atmosphere it has ever been intended should proceed from the seminary; but the simple incident stated above is sufficient to suggest the idea that she left a mark upon the minds of pupils which will be self-perpetuating in its character, even to the end of time.

Former members of the institution have sown, or are now sowing, the seeds of truth in China, in Burmah, in Hindostan, in Persia, in Greece, in Africa, in California, and the islands of the ocean. They may be found also among the Aborigines of our own country, and, in no inconsiderable numbers, scattered as teachers over the West and South.

In this connection, it may be well to allude to the provision made for the continued support of the Karen teacher and pupil already mentioned, or their successors, as long as such assistance shall be needed; also to a legacy of $2,200 left to be appropriated to missionary objects.

In closing this department of our work, we feel justified in drawing the conclusion, that if no other purpose were accomplished in her whole life than the advancement of the missionary enterprise—if even that

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were *the* work assigned her by the great Head of the Church, Martha Whiting has not lived in vain. *She "rests from her labors" and her "works follow her."*

Yes, she has left the scenes of earth, and doubtless human applause and censure, even if subject to the spirit's cognizance, are viewed with equal unconcern.

There are some who applaud, and the number is not small. Some speak of their participation in her charities, and say, "We have lost a benefactor;" others refer to the garment of salvation she taught them how to obtain, and say, "We have lost a mother;" many testify to her kindly instructions, and say, "We have lost a teacher;" and not a few rehearse the hours in which they "took sweet counsel together," and say, "We have lost a friend."

There are some, too, who censure, for those traits of character which fit one to accomplish any thing of importance in the world, seldom fail to expose the individual to criticism.

Considered abstractly, these criticisms may or may not be just. They may be deserved, for a faultless character does not belong to human nature in its fallen state; and, on the other hand, they may not be merited, inasmuch as the complainants themselves are fallible, and perhaps as likely to mistake as the person judged. Besides, we should bear in mind that, in all probability, a character really faultless would not be recognized as such, in contact with the world. Our own judgment of what should be, is made the crite-

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rion, and all who do not conform to it in belief and practice are of course in error.

That Miss Whiting had as few failings as most people, and that those she had resulted from errors of the head and not from the heart, is an opinion sanctioned by a long and intimate acquaintance. But we will give her critics a hearing.

One says: "She was too inflexible in the execution of her own plans—too desirous that others should yield to her opinion."

Who that has decision of character and definiteness of purpose, meeting with others possessing, it may be, like characteristics, but differing in judgment, would not be in danger of a similar charge? And what teacher has never been conscious of a tendency to think—rather, perhaps, to assume without thought—that as a matter of course, his or her opinion will be regarded? The occupation itself nurtures such an impression, and an instance is rarely found in which the service of forty years in that capacity has been performed successfully without it. It is worthy of remark, however, that when convinced of an error, Miss Whiting ever exhibited a readiness to relinquish even a cherished project, never, so far as the writer's knowledge extends, appearing tenacious of any proposition because it originated with herself.

Her habit of executing speedily whatever was presented in the way of duty, no doubt sometimes subjected her to inconvenience which might have been avoided by deliberation. Yet we would be cautious in

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condemning a person for obedience to the direction, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

Of herself, she says (Journal, June, 1839): "When I reflect on my delinquencies, my mistakes in the duties I do perform, I am almost discouraged of being or doing any thing that God will bless; but still I keep trying."

Another says: "She was too anxious to accumulate money, and saving of expense even to penuriousness."

In her book of income and expenses, which was kept with remarkable minuteness, we find, for the year 1825, her receipts for tuition amounted to one hundred and seventy-nine dollars. Of this amount, the sum of twenty-nine dollars and sixty-nine cents was appropriated to charitable objects. In 1827, her income was two hundred sixty dollars and fifteen cents, of which fifty-one dollars twenty-five cents was the sum devoted to charitable purposes. As her income increased, appropriations were enlarged. In 1842, the sum given to benevolent objects was one hundred twenty-six dollars and thirty-seven cents. From 1840 to 1850 inclusive, the money paid for the same purposes amounted to two thousand five hundred fifty-seven dollars and ninety-seven cents. From January 1, 1853, to August, the month of her death, nearly four hundred dollars were distributed in the cause of benevolence, beside generous donations not strictly charitable.

In her journal (Nov. 1834) we find this remark: "*I* tell of *giving!* I have nothing to give, for I am not

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my own, but profess to be bought with a price. All that I call my own is only *lent* me for a season, after which I shall be called to give up my account."

The voice of criticism is heard once more. "She was too strenuous," says another, "in advocating her own religious tenets."

To this we reply: if belief on any subject is worth advocating, surely that which relates to eternal things stands foremost in its claims. Moreover, if one article of a creed is more operative than another, perhaps two could scarcely be named which might be expected to prompt those who hold them to greater earnestness, than the conviction that all are exposed to eternal death who do not in this life become the disciples of Jesus, and the firm persuasion that he, the only Saviour of sinners, is a Divine Being.

Apart from these, we think Miss Whiting was not particularly anxious to enforce her own doctrinal views. It is true, she was a decided Baptist; but that she was not bigoted appears evident from the satisfaction she often expressed at the prosperity of churches of other denominations, from her willingness and even choice that different sects should be represented in the board of teachers, and from the testimony of many pupils qualified to judge.

The clause in one of her letters, "I care not by whom God sends, if he will only establish his name on the earth," was no unusual expression of the importance she attached to vital godliness, in comparison with which minor points of difference were thrown into the shade.

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In closing this review we remark, if the picture drawn is not truthful, it is because an acquaintance of many years has not sufficed to produce a correct one on the mind of the sketcher. It is a privilege to add the testimony of others, as contained in the following communications addressed to the compiler of this memoir:

FROM DR. BELLOWS, AGENT OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES.

"CHARLESTOWN, September, 1854.

"Intimately associated as I was for fifteen years with the subject of your memoir, in the management of the Charlestown Female Seminary, my opportunities were ample for learning the peculiar traits of her character, and I notice nothing in your manuscript which I have had the privilege of seeing, that I can not fully corroborate. Her remarkable success in turning many to righteousness, is accounted for by reference to her habitual prayerfulness. Every morning it was her habit to ask for direction to the best means of influencing the Misses to whom she had access, so as to incline them to the *truth*. Very little time passed in any year of my acquaintance with her, in which some individuals were not daily asking a special interest in her prayers for them personally.

"Her benevolence was remarkable, not only in inducing her to devote all she had to the good of others, but in trying to induce others also to do good. Of this I saw many illustrations; and one has come to my notice since her decease. A young friend and former pupil has presented a note of fifty dollars, which was given a long time ago, on the condition that the interest should be conscientiously devoted to some benevolent purpose; so that at least once a year, while she lives, she shall exercise her benevolence in doing some good.

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"But the most remarkable trait to which you refer, and which I have had many opportunities to test, was her willingness, and even thankfulness, to be told her faults. Many a time has the tear been seen to start at the suggestion of some mistake—some error in judgment—but never a word of reproach for the suggestion. Perhaps her only reply would be, 'If man can see so much that is wrong in me, what must my poor life be in the sight of God!' I think your record of her is faithful and true.

"Yours, &c. A. J. Bellows."

FROM THE REV. HENRY JACKSON, D. D., FORMERLY PASTOR OF THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH, CHARLESTOWN.

"Newport, December 6, 1854.

"My distinct recollection of Miss Whiting reaches back to the autumn of 1823. I remember that on November 9th of that year she expressed to me the very great satisfaction that she had enjoyed in listening to a sermon that I had in the afternoon of that day preached on the power and practical influence of faith in God; and the sentiments which she at that time avowed were illustrative of the great principles by which the entire future of her life was guided. I do not recollect the moment when she did not adopt it as the theme of her conversation and the basis of her action. Possessed of a strong and vigorous mind, and distinguished for her power of endurance and resolution that never tired nor abated, she seemed to be borne onward in her chosen pursuits with unabating delight for thirty years, when she ceased to labor, because God had by death removed her. Had Miss Whiting enjoyed in her youth the advantages that she sought with so much earnestness to furnish to those who came after her, and which formed the great end of her mature life, she had in some respects, it may be, have conferred a

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greater good upon society; but, to her praise be it written, that few improve with so much assiduity the limited means of knowledge to which she was compelled to submit. And it was the influence of her circumstances that brought her to Charlestown, and that inspired her with so great perseverance in the seminary with which she was connected, from its commencement in 1831, until her death.

"Miss Whiting had become hopefully pious previous to her removal to Charlestown in 1823; but she was not established in the principles of the Baptists until the spring of the following year, when, at noon of the 30th day of May, she, with four other disciples, was baptized in the Charles river, at the foot of the old burial-ground, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, and by the same hand was, in the afternoon of the same day, welcomed to the fellowship of the First Baptist Church in that town. And for the succeeding twelve and a half years of my ministry as pastor of that church, I ever found her faithful as a disciple of the Lord Jesus, and never had reason to regret the acts of that, to her, ever-memorable day. In her experience of the grace of God, she was particularly evangelical, founding her hope upon Jesus Christ and his atonement, and delighting only in the cross of him, by which she claimed to have been crucified unto the world, and the world unto her. She was remarkably interested in the truth as it is in Jesus, and no sermons engaged her mind so much as those which were based upon the merits of his death, the success of his intercession, and the extension of his dominion in the earth; and with no exhortations was she fully gratified, unless they were accompanied by strong and direct appeals to the consciences of the unconverted, and to believers, pressing upon them the necessity of their cultivating personal piety.

"Miss Whiting, as she had been in Hingham, was engaged

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in teaching a private school of her own instituting for some of the first few years of her residence in Charlestown. At length she seriously contemplated locating herself as a teacher in the west of our country. About the same time, a school of a character differing somewhat from that under Miss Whiting, was opened. Circumstances soon occurred to favor what was subsequently effected. The theological institution at Newton, for our young ministers, was then in successful experiment, and the thought was suggested that a seminary for our young ladies would be attended with proportionable advantages, and the scheme was no sooner proposed than means were immediately employed to effect it. The plan interested both Miss Whiting and the patrons of the other school. These schools were then united, and thus came into existence the Charlestown Female Seminary, which was opened for instruction on Monday the 9th of May, 1831. You, my friend, and those who were with you, cordially coöperated with Miss Whiting, and in this manner the long-cherished wishes of both your hearts were consummated; and suitable buildings were ere long furnished, and with what success that institution has been attended, my pen need not record.

"Your associate teacher, who now sleeps in Jesus, was always seeking the conversion, and their growth in piety afterward, of your pupils. And many young ladies have well repaid the pious toil she endured in their behalf. And neither she nor yourself has had occasion to regret the labor that you conjointly have bestowed upon many who have carried with them your mutual influence while living; and many who yet survive, live to bear testimony to your vigilant care; until in almost every land the seeds sown in your seminary have borne rich harvests, and are perpetuating successfully the fruits of righteousness in all spheres in the regions around you.

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"But I am extending my letter perhaps to an unwarrantable length; and it may be that I have written little which has not already found its way into your memoir, either by the pen of others, or from your own. But, even if this be true, I shall venture, notwithstanding, to send you this hastily-written tribute to the memory of one for whom I have ever cherished so high a regard, and who shared so largely in the early sympathies of my ministerial and domestic life. May her mantle long rest upon the young, and the youth long imitate the noble pattern that she has given of self-culture and of personal industry; of experimental piety and of active benevolence; and ever bear in their remembrance that the memory of the just shall not only endure, but that it shall also be ever blessed!

"With my best wishes for your personal usefulness and happiness, "I remain, as when your pastor,

"Your friend,

"HENRY JACKSON."

FROM REV. H. HUTCHINS, PASTOR OF THE HIGH-STREET BAPTIST CHURCH.

"CHARLESTOWN, Nov. 15, 1854.

"Having been the pastor of the late Martha Whiting for nearly the last four years of her life, it gives me great pleasure to learn that her memoirs will soon be published. Believing that her history will do great good, I discharge what appears to me a duty, in sketching such traits of her character as endeared her to so many, and caused her to be very extensively useful.

"1. The type of her piety was somewhat peculiar. She believed, with evangelical professors generally, in the preëminent importance of entire conformity to the will of God; but in

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addition to this, she insisted that the provisions of grace are such as to render its attainment an object of rational hope. This opinion was not the consequence of erroneous or superficial views of the law. So far from this, it can be truly said that the views and experience of but few, even of able and pious divines, of the extent and depth of the law, are more enlarged, and thoroughly evangelical. Those doctrines of the Gospel which humble the creature and exalt the Creator were to her preëminently precious. She frequently said to me, 'Let the law be magnified—let it take cognizance of the thoughts and purposes of the heart, and let all its curses be visited on him who fails only in one point; but do not on this account disparage the Gospel. 'Christ is become the end of the law to every one that believeth.'' The meaning of this and kindred passages she believed to be, that the object accomplished by perfect obedience to the law, is attained by faith in Christ. The righteousness of the law is fulfilled in all who walk not after the flesh but after the spirit. After quoting the exceeding great and precious promises, especially such as Ezek. xxxvi. 25–27, and 1 Thess. v. 23, 24, and others of like import, she would express herself amazed that any one should doubt the design and power of the Gospel to promote entire holiness in the present life. The provisions of grace are ample, and faith in Christ will render them available. Believing thus, she constantly prayed for entire purity of heart. She would frequently express herself in language like the following:

"'When shall I get complete victory over all my spiritual foes! Oh! how delightful it would be to spend even one day with a heart such as was possessed by Christ, in the days of his humiliation! 'As the heart panteth after the water-brook, so panteth my soul after thee, O God.'" Such were her feelings, with but slight interruptions, after my acquaintance with her.

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The burden of her prayer was for the baptism of the Spirit, as the efficient agent in perfecting the work of grace on her heart.

"2. She was distinguished for manly and Christian independence. As a Christian, she endeavored to think and act for herself. She was always anxious to avail herself of superior light, and the views of others she properly respected, but her opinions were formed under a solemn conviction of personal responsibility. The liberty which she claimed for herself she freely accorded to others. She did not consider a slavish reliance on human authority the foundation of Christian union, but believed that to be an honest determination on the part of all, to clearly perceive and honestly embrace the truth. In a word, this dignified independence, controlled, as it was, by a kind and courteous spirit, caused her to possess, in happy combination, 'the wisdom of the serpent and the harmlessness of the dove,' and, with other traits, enabled her to make an impression on her times.

"3. She loved the means of grace. The preaching of the Gospel and the ordinances of the sanctuary were more than her necessary food. Her mind glowed with a holy enthusiasm as she contemplated atonement, the law with its terrors and glories, and the fullness of Gospel provisions. She felt that Christ and him crucified is the substance of the Gospel, and when he was preached in simplicity she was instructed and edified. The cross was, to her, the center of infinite attractions as the only proper stand-point from which to view the character of God, the necessities of man and the design of the Gospel. Saying this, renders it unnecessary to add that she loved the Church. All who knew her will affirm that it was as dear as the 'apple of her eye.' Hence, she liberally contributed of her substance to sustain the institutions of Christ's house. She was unwilling that others should bear the burdens that properly devolved upon

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her. Her place in the devotional and other meetings of the church, when practicable, was always filled, and she would frequently express surprise that any Christian should unnecessarily break his covenant, by neglecting the appointments of the Church.

"4. She was a remarkably happy Christian. Her experience presents a full verification of the divine promise, 'The work of righteousness shall be peace and the effect of righteousness, quietness and assurance for ever.' Her spirit was still, quiet and subdued, yet her emotions flowed in channels broad and deep. She enjoyed much of the divine presence, and her inner being was held in a state of quiet, peaceful stillness, by the continued subjection of entire, voluntary activity to the manifested will of God. Scarcely a cloud darkened the horizon of her prospects during her last sickness. After it was certain that her disease was incurable, she said to me that she had no desire to have it otherwise. Though external circumstances, and particularly the arrangements of the seminary, were never more satisfactory, yet the attractions of heaven were infinitely greater than all earthly blessings. Her entire state during that period was an impressive sermon on the exceeding riches of God's grace to all around her.

"Such was the life and such the death of this estimable woman. 'Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace.'

"Having paid this brief tribute to her memory,

"I remain yours, &c.

"HIRAM HUTCHINS."

A few short extracts from letters received since Miss Whiting's decease, written by pupils who speak of her in terms of affectionate remembrance, will be given

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here. As they were not written for the public eye, and some of the quotations have been made without consulting the authors, their names will not be affixed.

"SEPTEMBER 22, 1853.

" * * * We often speak of dear Miss Whiting, so long our faithful friend and adviser, now gone home to reap her eternal reward.

"Her instructions related not merely to time, not only to our physical and intellectual wants, but she was concerned for our spiritual necessities. She strove to educate the soul. As she met us morning after morning in our Bible-class, and with a voice choked by emotion, and eyes suffused with tears, taught us in Wisdom's way, how precious did each word seem, even then! But now, as we remember those seasons, each word becomes doubly solemn, as if uttered by her glorified spirit. May we profit by her example!" * * *

"OCTOBER 13, 1853.

" * * * No more shall we receive the cordial greeting, the word of instruction or the kind admonition from the lips of our dearly loved Miss Whiting. Many and valuable were the lessons which she taught us, but more powerful than all was her living, daily example.

"The honor of God seemed to be the 'one idea' of her life. God grant that we, her pupils, may treasure her instructions, profit by her example, and so live that when *our* voices shall no more be heard on earth, we may all unite in praising our Redeemer!" * * *

"OCTOBER 24, 1853.

" * * * Already one, who was intimately connected with our school-life, has gone home. Was it not kindly ar-

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ranged that she should be with us to the last? She has seen us, her last class, complete our course of study, separate and go to our homes. She, too, has left school and gone home. Under the great Teacher's kind discipline, she has well finished *her* course of studies, and gone to her Father's house. She never will return as a scholar, but she may come on some kind errand —may witness whether we remember her admonitions. At least, being dead, she yet liveth by her *influence*." * * *

"JANUARY, 13, 1854.

" * * * It has long been my habit to give Miss Whiting some account of each year's progress, either by letter or personal interview, and many a sorrowful thought has the new year awakened, knowing that her strengthening words can never again be as quickeners and guides in the path before me. Yet let me check the feeling of selfishness, for she can render perfect service now, while before she struggled with a body of sin and death. The words of Jesus to his disciples of old, shall check personal regret! 'If ye loved me, ye would rejoice,' &c. And I will rejoice that what she so much desired has been granted; that she sees with spiritual clearness what she had believed with child-like confidence." * * *

"FEBRUARY 20, 1854.

" * * * However superior Miss Whiting's system of government and talent for gaining respect, it always seemed very *natural* for her to do just the things she did. Nothing foreign to feeling or manner was noticeable in word or movement. I used to wonder how she could be at home in every path she trod, and whether no misgivings, no self-distrust ever clogged her steps. Was the calm, visible strength acquired, or the direct gift of God in her organization?

"Going to her room one day, feeling faint-hearted, as if fail-

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ure were written on every pallet and brush, I found dear Miss Whiting making a lace cap. She smiled her own warm smile, and said, 'See, I am doing a little act of charity, and it is giving me great pleasure.' 'Why,' said I, 'are you a milliner? can you really do every thing, Miss Whiting?' Then she told me of her girlhood—that far back as she could remember, if any one else accomplished any thing in woman's line, she felt that she could and would do it. At one time a tailoress came to her mother's to make a coat; and she said: 'Why not make a jacket myself?' And after some little difficulty succeeded in completing one. So with her first effort in teaching. * * *

"No doubt this is familiar to you; but I refer to it because it did me so much good—spoken quietly, and yet so strong as if determined effort were sure of success if once its reasons were justifiable." * * *

"NOVEMBER 20, 1854.

"In recalling the example and instructions of this beloved friend and teacher, no feature seems more prominent than the practical views which she had of religion. She delighted to regard God as an ever-present Friend, and it was no unmeaning petition when she asked him to direct her steps.

"Her confidence in her Saviour was unwavering. Whatever were her sufferings, they were borne not only patiently but cheerfully. She kissed the rod and the hand which did not willingly afflict, firmly believing that 'God makes no mistakes.'

"She earnestly desired not only to be entirely devoted to God herself, but also that her pupils might be. Often have I heard her while deploring the low standard of piety at the present day, urge them with tears to be true *Bible Christians.*

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Speaking of her own personal feelings, she would repeat with strong emphasis,

> "'Tis sweet, 'tis *sweet to* lie *passive* in his hands,
> And know *no will* but *His*.'

"An expression frequently made by her in prayer was, that 'some part of the world might be better for our having lived in it;' and who can say that the world is no better for having had Martha Whiting live in it?"

CLOSING REFLECTIONS.

THE first period of every life on earth, whether vegetable, animal, or intelligent, is usually occupied in the development of powers which will be required in maturity to enable it to accomplish the object of its existence. This development is progressive. When creative power was manifested, "God spake and it was done;" but now, in evident wisdom, his plan of operation is to unfold, one by one, the latent powers or faculties by means of which the perfect being can fill its appointed place. Hence, in studying the entire history of any object endowed with life, our attention is principally directed, in the first place, to the object itself. We find in the infancy of its being, the outer world making more impression on it than it in turn imparts. Surrounding circumstances, although not creative, mold and influence it with almost inconceivable effect. But by-and-by, and that by degrees, the

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balance of influence is reversed. The world without becomes the recipient, and in the progress of our inquiries, we observe what is brought about for the common good as the result of its existence.

Thus far, we can trace a general analogy in the growth of all that lives on earth; from the feeblest plant which dies in its native soil, to the man who compasses the globe, and whose course involves the destiny of nations.

We have kept this thought in view, while tracing the spiritual course of the departed. In the commencement of her life as a Christian, we have recognized those pleasurable emotions, always and only experienced when contemplating the early manifestations of vital capacity. Advancing in her pathway, with the kind of interest awakened by watching the impress of the world without upon subsistences endowed with the mysterious principle of life, we have noticed the disciplinary effect of transpiring events and wayside influences. Again, with a satisfaction always attending the conviction that life was not bestowed in vain, we have glanced at the various means she employed to benefit her fellow-creatures.

But life on earth presents another season of interest —the close of its visible activity. Here the line of comparison grows dim, in consequence of our ignorance of death in its effect upon the vegetable and animal creation. No ray of revelation illumines their decline, while the Gospel enables us to discover light from the eternal world, shining as it were through the portals of the

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grave upon man's departing spirit. True, throughout the whole life of a Christian, we find that when analogy has exhausted every earthly object, there remain characteristics which find no parallel, and press home the conviction that "'tis not the whole of life to live." But when the pilgrim approaches the close of his mortal career, not unfrequently does he seem still less an inhabitant of earth, and, departing, leaves behind him the evidence that it is not "all of death to die." This, too, we have seen illustrated in the case before us.

And now, dear reader, pupil, friend, we must bid you adieu. That you each, with the compiler, may be profited by the study of life as here exhibited, and by it be better prepared to live, and die, is an object worthy the attention which has been given to the preparation of these pages.

Commenced under an inward persuasion that duty called to the work, prosecuted with increasing confidence that the undertaking met Divine approval, completed in prayerful hope that the labor bestowed may not be in vain, this biography is now submitted, not (voluntarily) to the critic's eye, but to the kind consideration of those who would be "followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises."

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APPENDIX.

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POETICAL CONTRIBUTIONS*

FROM FORMER MEMBERS OF

THE CHARLESTOWN FEMALE SEMINARY.

BY MRS. M. A. LIVERMORE.

"I have just returned from Charlestown, where I saw Miss Whiting; she seemed exhausted, much out of health, and longing for rest."—*Extract from Correspondence.*

At last it came—the hour of rest—
Brave toiler on the field of life!
When thou couldst stay thy weary feet,
And leave behind thee care and strife.

Worn with the steep and rugged way,
Thy steps were hushed on death's cold shore;
And while the waters washed thy feet,
Thou heardst the Saviour call thee o'er.

Voices of courage and of cheer
Came floating from the heavenly side;
And arms of tenderness and strength
Upbore thee through the mighty tide.

* The contributors will please receive the thanks of the compiler for their prompt compliance, at only a few days' notice, with the invitation to furnish some poetic expressions of thought which might form an appropriate close to the foregoing work.

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And angel forms awaited thee
Upon that bright and blessed shore,
Who, passing from thy care away,
To Heaven and home had gone before.

Now free from weariness and pain,
And bathed in Heaven's unspoken bliss,
Thou findest in that "better land"
A rest thou ne'er couldst know in this.

Soon shall we join thee: for we haste—
Whether by pleasure gayly led,
Or whether "shouldering weights of pain,"—
Still onward to the sleeping dead.

Oh, be it ours when summoned hence
Among that countless host to lie,
To go as joyfully as thou,
Rejoicing, e'en as thou, to die!

BY MISS H. M. BUSS.

"She left at vacation for heaven; yet in labor her spirit lingereth still."

There came to school's glad band the parting hour,
The hour when power centripetal must yield
To power centrifugal. Affection's kiss
With fond "good-by" had passed each friendly lip,
And quick the clustering circle was dissolved.
Wide scattered were they ere the last farewell
In echo-strains had gently died away.

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Time sped; vacation's swift-winged hours were o'er;
Again the classic band appeared re-formed;
Though here and there new threads assumed the place
Of old ones missed, the band was still complete.
But in the *teachers'* circle was a change
That thrilled through every heart, for *one was not.*
She whom that circle honored as their head,
Who, at the partings and the gatherings
Of more than twenty years had never left
Her seat unfilled, was in their midst no more.
For ever was she gone from that loved spot,—
She walketh not again her chosen stage,
The stage of scenes so dear, eventful scenes
To thousands in their life's full history.
While wearied ones dismissed their mental tasks
To seek a full recruit of yielding powers
In relaxation short, and fondly hoped,
With life renewed, again the mystic page
To con, or sway the teacher's scepter still,
She left her place, and rested but to die.
Yet, dying, lived. Her drooping powers revived
To need reviving ne'er again; her life
Renewed, to be for ever new; she left
The teacher's stand, for a celestial school,
Where now a pupil, with rejoicing heart
She learns, and shall for ever meekly learn
Of God, the Teacher of the Universe.

From term to term they meet and part—
A classic band—in that same hall
Where she, with smile and friendly word,
So long was wont to welcome all.

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They miss her there, they miss her still,
Her cheerful presence, speaking eye,
Her kind reproofs, her precepts sage,
Her teachings for a world on high.

The teacher-council miss her too,
Her minglings in each busy scene;
They miss her when for mutual aid
Their conclave-band each week convene.

Though gone, around that cherished spot
She loved and called her home, while here,
Methinks her spirit lingereth still,
To bless an institute so dear.

Her sacred influence long shall live,
Though noiseless in its path and power;
At home, abroad, it shall be felt,
Effective till time's latest hour.

Through circles spreading, widening still,
From closest in her native land
To mission grounds in every clime,
There worketh leaven from her hand.

Loved ones, with fruits far in the East,
And myriads scattered at the West,
The North, the South, shall joyful come
To join her in the heavenly rest.

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A FEW THOUGHTS

OCCASIONED BY THE IDEA THAT A CHRISTIAN FRIEND* HAD BEEN DEAD A YEAR.

BY MRS. N. R. SYMMES.

So the year has gone! Yes, one more year
I have toiled and fainted below;
My duties to God, how imperfectly done!
My growth in the good, how slow!

But thou—and how my heart leaps at the thought—
But thou from earth's shackles unbound,
With the burning choir of angels above,
With the ransomed in glory art found.

Oh say, since last we looked on thy face,
What bliss, what employments are thine?
Hast thou seen the Lamb with his mien of grace,
His countenance all divine?

Hast thou heard his sweet voice to thy pardoned soul
In accents of love often speak,
And say, "My Beloved?" Oh, that was the goal
Thy spirit *here* loved to seek.

Hast thou seen the bright angels—those spirits of light,
So swift his least wish to fulfill?
To "minister" gladly to pilgrims of earth,
To aid them to do the Lord's will?

The glorified saints!—Oh! tell, dost thou see,
From the North and the South as they come,

* Miss Whiting.

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From the East and the West—the thousands of saved,
Dost thou hear their glad "Welcome home?"

And say, dost thou raise *thy* soft voice with the throng—
The numberless throng of the blest—
In joyful acclaim as they come crowding on
To enter the sweet promised rest?

Hast thou heard the amazing, the rapturous sound,
Like "the voices of ocean" the Patmian said,
When echoes sublime through those arches resound,
"Alleluia! oh, glory to Him who has bled?"

Oh yes, thou *hast* seen, and more than the heart
Of the holiest mortal can ever conceive;
For on earth thy spirit was joined to thy Lord,
In peace this world never, no, never could give.

Yes, I know thou art now with the spirits redeemed,
And *I* long, how I long to be there!
Unworthy, alas! and sinful, I know,
Yet thy Saviour is mine—why ever despair?

Move on in thy sphere, thou glorified soul!
No sin, no grief enters thy beautiful home;
A few earthly cares, and a few earthly joys,
And with thee, by the River of Life, I will roam.

Oh, glory, all glory, to Him who has died!
Alleluia, to Him who was slain!
When the clogs of this mortal shall cumber no more,
Then higher and purer my spirit will soar,
My song sweeter, holier than ever before,
Shall bless His adorable name.

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FROM THE WATCHMAN AND REFLECTOR.

THRENODY,

BY MRS. E. T. H. PUTNAM,

FOR THE LATE MISS MARTHA WHITING.

In all the filing ages have been those
  Who gave in sacrifice the greatest good;
As, when heart-cloven by the hewer's blows,
  A sweet aroma yields the sandal-wood;—
As crushed, or beaten by the rains, the rose
  Its fragrance sheds in greatest plenitude.

Long since, the Syrian monk, St. Simeon,
  In blinded zeal, imposed upon himself,
The task, some thirty years to stand upon
  A column's top, denying earthly pelf,
High fame to win; but nothing having done,
  Was but a useless fossil on a shelf.

Within the Holy Sepulcher, recluses,
  For their devotions, hide themselves for years;
And anchorites have many pious uses—
  Penance of fasting, burning, wounding, tears;
While yet in all these varied abuses,
  To us but little save the form appears.

But she, whom late we mourn, on earth had made
  A crown of glory wherewith angels deck her,
For which she labored, sorrowed, loved and prayed;
  Albeit she no pilgrimage to Mecca,
Nor to the Holy Land had e'er essayed,
  Nor yet the wisdom of De Stael, or Necker.

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"'Tis wiser to do much," observed a sage,
"Though some deeds fall reproved, than labor naught,
As oft the critics do;" and, in an age
When labor and the plain attire is thought
By our sex, not in fashion's patronage,—
True fame her life of sacrifice hath wrought!

Her words have fallen like dew upon the flowers,
Alike upon the scentless, pale, obscured;
The fragrant, gorgeous, from luxuriant bowers,
The hardy, to the mountain blasts inured;
And woke them all to higher, nobler powers,
Their beauty, fragrance in new light matured.

And who of all her pupils loves her not,
Now that her smile is chiseled into gloom!
Who would the page of her past memory blot
With but a single word of fault or doom?
Ah! unto these, a shrine will be the spot.
That shall be consecrated to her tomb!

A shrine, more worthy than a thousand others
With higher sounding epitaphs of pride,
At which shall visit maidens, wives and mothers,
With the remembrance that the dead denied
Her pleasures, weal for many another's,
And thus her chosen Master glorified.

And now we think of her as crowned with them
Who are accounted worthy, and the just;
Each soul she turned to righteousness, a gem
Upon her crown, in an eternal trust,
While, evermore, a solemn requiem
From friends, resound the trees above her dust.

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WHAT NEWS FROM EARTH?

"Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation?"

ANGELS.

What news from earth? does Truth prevail
And overcome the powers of hell?

MINISTERING SPIRIT.

A soul, redeemed from error's chain,
Receives the truth, is born again—
Born from above;
Her Saviour, too, she owns divine,
And rays of glory round her shine,
And heavenly love.

ANGELS.

Give glory to Him who is mighty to save,
His life, to procure that redemption, he gave.

. . . . . .

What news from earth?—that ransomed soul—
Does love to God its powers control?

MINISTERING SPIRIT.

That soul o'erflows with love to God,
She treads the way her Saviour trod,
The appointed way;
Renouncing now the world's applause,
Espouses her Redeemer's cause,
Him to obey.

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ANGELS.

All glory to Jesus! anew let us sing,
Great Head of the Church and Zion's bright King.

. . . . . .

What news from earth? does Christian grace
Bring forth the fruits of righteousness?

MINISTERING SPIRIT.

Pity for those who yet remain
Enslaved in blinding error's chain,
Inspires her breast;
To high and low, to young and old,
The story of the Cross is told—
The truth confessed.

ANGELS.

Let joyful hosannas to Jesus arise,
He, with his own spirit, his people supplies.

. . . . . .

What news from earth? With courage true,
Does she the heavenly way pursue?

MINISTERING SPIRIT.

Her mind is filled with doubts and fears,
She's passing through a vale of tears,
A sorrowing way;
The world no comfort doth afford,
Nor yet the Word, so richly stored,
One cheering ray.

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ANGELS.

Oh, praise the great Shepherd who cares for his sheep,
His flock, though in darkness, he safely will keep.

. . . . . .

What news from earth? Has cheerful day
Scattered those gloomy clouds away?

MINISTERING SPIRIT.

Peace now prevails—celestial peace—
The light breaks forth and sorrows cease,
Joy fills her breast.
The Gospel table, richly spread
With heavenly fruit and living bread,
Invites her taste.

ANGELS.

Praise the crucified One for this token of love,
And the richer repast that awaits her above.

. . . . . .

What news from earth? Does heavenly food
Impart new strength to work for God?

MINISTERING SPIRIT.

Alas! the cares of earth oppress,
And inbred sin and fears distress
Her troubled heart.
Desires for holiness arise,
Her spirit pants to reach the skies
And be at rest.

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ANGELS.

Our merciful Sovereign we still will adore,
There is rest, everlasting and glorious, in store.

. . . . . .

What news from earth? Does holiness
The pilgrim's path illume and bless?

MINISTERING SPIRIT.

The prize is found—her Lord appears,
And love divine dispels all fears
And ripens faith;
Her raptures now no tongue can tell,
Her constant song is heard, "All 's well,
Come life or death!"

ANGELS.

Give glory to God who is faithful and true,
Proclaim through creation, his love ever new.

. . . . . .

What news from earth? WHAT NEWS?

MINISTERING SPIRITS.

We come,
To bear the ransomed spirit home,
Safe—home in heaven.

CHORUS.

Swell the song of redemption, let echoes resound,
"A SINNER FROM EARTH WITH SALVATION IS CROWNED!"

THE END.

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